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Dirty Work at the Crossroads

By GEORGE PATTULLO

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HARDTACK slouched on the seat of the wagon and let the mules go as they pleased. It was a pitch-black night and nothing could be seen of the road but the ghostly outlines of the trees that bordered it. He puffed on a cigarette; the assistant teamster beside him also puffed on a cigarette; both were breaking regulations, but what does a mule skinner care about regulations?

"It's awful quiet to-night," remarked Hardtack. "No barrage or nothing. The boys must of run out of rockets, I reckon, hey? Whoa there, Slum! What's got into you?"

What had got into Slum was the approach of a six-inch shell. It went screaming overhead, to fall in the field beyond them. A blinding burst of flame, a crash, and a geyser of earth spurted high in air.

The Ever Faithful Missouri Mules Have Been Shipped in Large Numbers to France, to Haul Supply Trains Across the Snow-Laden Fields From the Seaport to the Camps

"Boy howdy, but that one was close, Hardtack!" exclaimed his companion.

"Shucks!" replied the driver, steadying his team. "Two hundred yards is as good as a mile. The ol' boche ain't got a shell in his whole dog-goned army with my name on it, Wally."

"I reckon now you ain't scared of them babies a-tall?" the other jeered.

"Catch 'em in my teeth! It's got so I don't sleep good nights onless they put on a li'l' hate first." The mules settled to a steady walk again and the men lapsed into silence. Vivid flashes now zigzagged across the horizon ahead of them and to their right; the thuddering Evening Hymn had opened.

Hardtack was carrying up rations to his company in H 3—which is the official designation of their section of trench. Behind came two other wagons, one loaded with duckboards, the other with firewood and charcoal.

Suddenly the leading mules shied and the driver became conscious of a vague shape in front; also he heard the fierce throb of a motor.

"Right!" he bawled over his shoulder, and the two wagons in rear took the edge of the road to let an ambulance by.

But the ambulance driver remained unappeased. He had been forced to ditch the nose of his machine to avoid collision, and now he leaned out to yell: "Hi, you poor rookie! Why the hell don't you keep to the side?"

"Rookie!" retorted Hardtack in a hoarse bellow. "Rookie? Why, say, you li'l' shrimp, I done served more time in the guardhouse than you have in the army!"

This exchange of repartee seemed to please the assistant teamster.

"You sure got the best of him there, Hardtack," he remarked. "And you didn't have to lie, neither."

"They're awful fresh, them Buddy boys. From the way they act you'd think they owned the road. Why, them fellers run right down the middle at forty mile an hour without even a candle goin'. If they ever bump me, Wally—say, if I had my way, do you know what I'd do?"

"Uh—uh! What'd you do?"

"I'd put a bunch of them ambulance boys out mendin' wire when the moon was full."

"Sure!" agreed Wally. "And then send up a rocket for a barrage."

In perfect accord on this point they went along without further conversation, their progress marked by a rending creak and clatter that must have been plainly audible in the German lines; but that fact did not bother Hardtack at all. Presently they entered a village. It was dark, and still as death. The bare skeleton of the ruined church showed dimly against the sky line.

"Here's that fork again," murmured Wally. "Couldn't you make 'em move a little faster, Hardtack?"

"What're you scared of?" was the scornful rejoinder. "If one gets you it gets you, and if it don't it don't. That's all there is to it. No use dodgin'. It's just Fate."

"Maybe so," said Wally dubiously; "but I believe in helpin' Fate all you can. Git up there, Slum!"

In the center of the village the road split. It was this crossroads that gave Wally so much concern, for Heiny had a nasty habit of dropping a shell slap into the middle of it every now and again; and one never knew at what moment he would turn it loose. He had thrown five there in the course of the afternoon, as Wally well knew, because he had seen the results brought into a field hospital; so now the assistant teamster involuntarily braced his feet against a possible shock, precisely as you do when your car seems about to hit a tree. As for Hardtack, he probably didn't think of the risk at all. If he did, his mind was serene, for he hummed a tune and never altered his pace a jot.

The wagons passed the fork without misadventure and took the turn to the left. Soon the village was behind them and they were out on a screened road. On their right rose a twenty-foot camouflage screen of upright leafy boughs bound together with

wire, designed to hide traffic during the day from German eyes. Of course the boche knew perfectly well the location of the road and had his guns registered on it, but the artificial hedge prevented him to some extent from discerning what was going on there.

Whang!

"Oh, oh!" said Wally indifferently. A shrapnel shell had burst above the crossroads behind them.

"Ain't it a fright!" observed Hardtack—"ain't it a fright how much stuff they kin toss over without gittin' anybody!"

"That don't hurt my feelings none."

"Why, last Saturday night when they pulled that big bombardment the shells was comin' over three hundred to the minute along here, and a bunch of ambulances went plumb through it; yes, sir! And the only one that got hit had his headlights knocked off. What do you know about that, Wally?"

"But they got some of our boys."

"Yes; and how come? Four of 'em wouldn't never of been touched only they had to stand out in the street to see where the dadgummed things was bustin'. Some guys're just naturally boneheads, Wally, and that's all there is to it."

Shortly they arrived at a gap in the hedge. A faint road led off through this gap, which was protected from observation by a small screen a few yards back. The mules took the turn of their own free will; it was perfectly familiar to them, for they had made the trip to the trenches scores of times in the past.

The wagons were now in open country. Had it been daylight they would have been in full view of the boche lines—and there was more than a mile to be crossed before they reached their destination!

He Must Have Swallowed It

IT WAS lighter in the open, and the pair could see the frost glistening on the ground. When one of the mules stepped off the narrow path the grass crackled under his feet. The noise sounded like small-arms fire in the stillness, for it was bitter cold.

"Ain't it about time we hit that ol' bump, Wally?" inquired Hardtack in what he fondly believed to be a whisper. "I dassn't turn out account of the holes, but it's right along here somewheres, I know. Keep your eye——"

Crash!

The front wheels struck a deep fissure and the mules began to plunge. With a master hand Hardtack fairly lifted them out of the hole; then, standing up, lashed the team with his whip.

"You, Slum! You! Atta boy! Go it!"

The four broke into a mad scramble. And at the same moment there came the wicked rat-tat-tat-tat of a machine gun. Bullets whined overhead.

"Come on, you!" yelled Hardtack to the drivers in rear.

There was no need to urge them. They took the bump with a rush; it sounded like unloading a thousand trunks from a baggage car. And the boche sniper was spraying the spot for all he was worth.

In the lee of a ridge a hundred yards beyond, Hardtack pulled up. The machine gunner could not reach them there.

"Anybody git it?" he asked.

"Daley's shot in the cheek."

"The hell you say!"

Investigation developed that the driver of the second wagon had a slight cut on the left jaw. It was also brought out that he would not have been touched had he not been chewing tobacco; the bullet clipped the bulge.

"Who's got any?" he demanded. "I must of swallowed mine."

'Twas a merry jest and they went along in fine humor.

"That dog-goned sniper is sure a bear," remarked Hardtack. "It looks like he's got every spot in this whole sector enfiladed. The way he cracks down on the path up to the kitchen—— Stead-ay, mules!"

Wally answered, not without irritability: "Why the Sam Hill don't they go get him? Here he's been shootin' 'em up for two weeks now and nobody's so much as tossed a bomb at him."

"Can't locate him. But you got to hand it to him, Wally. Yes, sir, I'd like to shake hands with that guy—he can make that machine of his'n play Hock the Kaiser. We'll git him, though! Me and the captain're ribbing up a sure-enough surprise party. And when we do lay hands on him I aim to hold him down on the ground and bite his ear. Giddap, mules!"

They made the rest of the journey to H 3 without mishap. The men there could hear them coming a mile away and wondered why on earth the Germans didn't shell the party. The reason probably lay in the fear of reprisal fire.

That consideration has an important bearing on routine artillery work. All sorts of activities are constantly going on behind the lines which the other side might easily break up by shelling, but doesn't. True, they are apt to shower a point where unwonted movement is descried and make a point of peppering company kitchens and crossroads at odd times of the day and night; yet there is a limit beyond which they do not pass except during a real offensive. Men must eat—and two can play at the game of worrying ration carriers. The consequence is that small supply parties are often let alone when they could easily be broken up or destroyed. The reason may be, What's the use? Or it may be, You leave me alone on this and I'll leave you.

The company headquarters were in what had once been a tiny village. It was now a mere jumble of broken brick and stone. A few walls still stood, but they were wide open to the winds of heaven. Great holes gaped in them where shells had hit; not a roof remained.

Through this village meandered the trenches of H 3 sector, and under the deeper piles of débris were the dugouts. The company kitchen was located under the powdered ruins of a house on the edge of the place; sheet iron and sandbags protected it from shrapnel, but a six-inch shell would have sent it to Kingdom Come with one direct hit.

Arrived close to the kitchen the wagons halted.

"Say," yelled Hardtack, "where do you want this junk dumped anyhow?"

Followed a loud argument with the men detailed to receive it. A lieutenant heard the hubbub in his dugout and emerged hotfoot to quiet them.

"Stop that noise there!" he ordered while still fifty feet from them. "Don't you know the Germans'll hear you?"

"What if they do?" returned the mule skinner, unaware that it was an officer. "Don't you suppose they know there's a war on, you rummy?"

The officer went closer and made himself known, and for the next five minutes Hardtack moved stealthily and talked in what was a hushed tone for him—that is to say, he pitched his voice slightly lower than a Coney Island barker's. Then the lieutenant returned to his dugout, which left Hardtack free to resume his ordinary style of conversation.

"Well, how do you like this man's army anyhow?" he demanded of a recent addition to the company's ranks.

"I never get enough sleep. It's just one thing after another all the time. And the artillery——"

"Shucks, you fellows up here are sittin' on us! Why, you've got it easy, son! You're sittin' on the world!"

"You can have my share of it," replied the doughboy in deep disgust.

Hardtack merely grunted.

"Best war I was ever at," he said as he deposited a sack of spuds on the ground. "Say, gimme a match, somebody!"

"You can't smoke here."

"I kin smoke anywheres I got the makin's," was the answer.

In proof whereof he proceeded to light up. Rat-tat-tat-tat! The same machine gunner who had worried them on the road let fly again; the bullets came whistling between the kitchen and a pile of ruins, and the doughboys ducked swiftly for cover.

Said Hardtack: "My, that feller's got an awful mean streak in him! Dadgum if I don't believe he's got my name and address. Every time I come up here he cuts loose."

"He's a holy fright," assented the man crouched at his side. "Just keeps rakin' the parapets all night long, with a shot ever' so often over here and a few where the little bridge crosses that crick."

"Then why don't some of you guys bust him?"

"We can't find out where he's hid. And he knows every inch of these trenches. In the daytime, though, it ain't so bad, because another man takes his place and he shoots high and wild. It's the shrapnel that bothers us in the daytime. But this night-bird—— Hark! There he goes again."

Somewhere in the darkness the boche expert was spattering our positions. Hardtack listened for a moment and remarked: "Some evenin' when I got the time I'll come up and land that guy for you. Well, let's go! We got to be clear before sunup."

A Disappointed Mule

THEY finished the unloading and started back. It was now past midnight. Star shells were going up from the German lines; they had a startling vision of No Man's Land and a ridge laced with wire. The mule skinner watched the beautiful flares float and die.

"They're awful pretty, Wally, ain't they?"

"From a distance—maybe. But let's get away from here."

Nothing happened until they struck the main road; they negotiated the bump without drawing any fire, but a minute after debouching from the gap in the hedge they heard the whine of a shell. It landed in a field ahead of them with a deafening noise. Then another; a thud came from that one, but not the shattering crash they expected.

"Must of been a dud," said Hardtack carelessly.

A few seconds afterward the assistant teamster turned his nose this way and that.

"Don't you smell gas?" he inquired anxiously. "It seems to me like I smell somethin'."

Hardtack took a couple of sniffs. "How can I tell?" he retorted with heat. "Maybe if you'd take a bath now and agin, Wally—— Whoa, mules! Yes, there is too. I got some then!"

He sprang to the ground.

"Gas!" he yelled. "Put on your masks, you boys!"

The teamsters fumbled with their masks and then came tumbling from their seats. They groped in the wagons and extracted the headpieces for their mules.

"Steady now, you ornery——" admonished Hardtack, approaching one of the leaders.

Under the delusion that it was a nosebag with grain the mule willingly suffered him to put it on; but apparently the same idea possessed Slum, for he lifted his gigantic head and perceiving that he was being cheated started to bray at the full strength of his lungs.

"Just for that," muttered Hardtack through the mouthpiece, "just for that one thing you git yours last."

Presently the job was finished, but not without a delay that boded ill for the mules. The drivers clambered up to their seats and the wagons went creakingly forward—very slowly, for animals find it difficult to breathe in the respirators. They had hardly proceeded two hundred yards when Hardtack began to gasp painfully. He gulped and made uncouth sounds.

"What's the matter?" demanded his friend in a muffled voice. "You breathe like you're going to croak."

"Consarn!" yelled the driver, tearing the mask from his head. "The thing don't work good. I'd just as lief be gassed as strangled to death." And to prove it he took a long breath.

"You're a goner now, Hardtack," warned the assistant teamster; "it only takes a good whiff of that to kill a guy."

"Well, I ain't dead yet!"

(Continued on Page 133)

PHOTO FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY. FURNISHED BY COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

Day and Night, No Matter How Fierce the Fighting, the Transport Men Carry Food and Shells to the Front

Old Maids Have Warm Hearts

By GEORGE WESTON

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

MISS MARY MELTON was teacher of physics and algebra at the Hoxie High. She looked it too. As nearly as I can express it there was something in the sweep of her forehead, in the straightforward look of her eye, in the severity of her coiffure which seemed to be everlastingly extracting the cube root of *abc* or reflecting upon the height to which a column of water will rise in a perfect vacuum. Incidentally she wore common-sense corsets, common-sense shoes, white-footed stockings and boys' gloves.

Way, way back in her distant youth she had had a beau from Jewett City, and because one night he tried to kiss her against her will she slapped his face so hard that it nearly knocked his head off. He sat there with his head inclined on the sofa cushion until he could make out the points of the compass again, and then he sat a little while longer blinking his eyes and listening to Mary's folks in the next room, who had heard the slap and were sniggering to each other in rich and rare delight. Whereupon young Lochinvar muttered something that sounded ominous, picked up his hat and went back into the west again, or at least into Jewett City, where he was seen a few days later nursing a black eye in moody dignity.

He never came back, and the story became a sort of legend round Hoxie, probably having a lot to do with my heroine's subsequent career as an old maid.

The fall after her misadventure with her beau Mary started teaching school at the little Pigwauket schoolhouse, which was only half a mile from the Melton farm and as handy as the pocket in the proverbial shirt. She was a great favorite with her pupils, especially the girls, though the boys watched her at first with popeyed awe and apprehension, having heard at home the story of how she had given her beau a black eye. Mary taught at Pigwauket for eleven years and then she went to the Hoxie Grammar School, where she taught for another ten. So you can see for yourself that so far as years went she wasn't exactly youthful when she finally landed in the Hoxie High as teacher of physics and algebra. As a matter of fact she was in her fortieth year, though she didn't look it.

Meanwhile changes had been taking place at home. Mary's mother and father had died, her father being the last surviving member of his Civil War regiment, for the Meltons had always been good fighting stock, as I shall show you later and as you may have already guessed from what happened to young Lochinvar. After the death of her parents Mary's sister and brother-in-law ran the farm, adding to their income by selling cordwood in the winter and keeping a few boarders in the summer. Mary still kept her southwest chamber—the one overlooking Flat Rock and the sunsets; still brushed her hair severely back from her forehead; still strode along the country roads in her boys' shoes, talking at times to the birds and the cows, and sometimes even passing a few remarks to herself—a prim and hardy perennial who seemed to fit in perfectly with the snow-clad hills, the stone walls and the bleak west winds of Hoxie.

But even the coldest hillsides aren't always covered with snow and the bleak west winds give place at times to the balmy breezes of spring. So, too, on the night when my story opens, Miss Mary Melton in the chaste seclusion of her southwest chamber first fluffed her hair round her forehead and anxiously surveyed the result in the mirror. Next she did a more remarkable thing yet. She loosened her waist and pulled it out on each side of her chest as though to break her usual flat-fronted effect. Having thus altered her customary appearance she gave herself another good look in the glass, especially from the profile point of view.

"Hey!" she told herself at last. "Looks as good as hers, even if I am forty-two!"

This cryptic remark, I think, referred to Miss Price, a plump young lady who taught English and history at the Hoxie High and who, though she had arrived only the preceding term, had already found a beau in the person of Fred Tanner, who is known throughout Windham County for the high pitch of his voice and the large size of his feet.

However, to return to Miss Melton in her room that night, she next took a spray of apple blossoms from a vase and fastened it in her hair. And then, and not till then, she opened her Elements of Physics, turned to the frontispiece, which was a half tone of the author—a young scientist with dark eyes and a wealth of bushy black hair—and gently addressed him as follows:

"You an Old Maid!" Scoffed Professor Wigginson. "You're No Old Maid!"

"Good evening, Professor Wigginson. My class did very well with you to-day. Even Mr. Chapman spoke about it. 'How well this class is doing in physics!' he said. So you see what a clever young man you are and what a wonderful book you have written. Of course I didn't tell him how I admired your picture, and what an interest I took in your work! . . . How could I!"

Mary smiled an arch smile, shook an arch finger and continued:

"We studied Chapter Sixteen to-day—the one on color. Do you know that you use a very romantic expression in one place? You say that 'Color manifests itself as the crowning factor in some of the most wonderful phenomena of Nature: The turning leaves of autumn, the golden sunsets, the blush of a maiden.' Imagine! The blush of a maiden! And you a scientific man! I wondered whether it was spring when you wrote that chapter and whether the apple trees were full of bloom, as they are here this week!

"Oh, dear! . . .

"I was telling you last night about Miss Price and her beau. He was there again this afternoon, waiting for her with his big feet and his little car. And the airs she gave herself—I thought I'd die! If she only knew what a wonderful, famous man I admire!

"Well—good night—Mr. Wigginson." But evidently not satisfied with that she added in a lower voice "Good night, John," and blushing furiously at her boldness she blew out the lamp and jumped into bed; and that was the first chapter of an old maid's romance.

II

THE next morning the breeze still blew from the south, balmy with spring, and the apple trees in the old Melton orchard were more gorgeous than ever with color, more musical than ever with bees. Noting these things Miss Melton dressed herself with special care.

"Why, Mary!" cried her Sister Clara the moment she appeared downstairs. "What have you got on?"

"My clothes, I hope," said Mary, affecting a prim ignorance of what her sister meant.

"Oh, I don't mean that! I mean that fluffy little frill round your neck. I think it's just too sweet for anything. Where did you buy it?"

"I didn't buy it," said Mary, speaking with a few more degrees of stiffness than the occasion called for. "It's an old Christmas present that I've never worn before."

"Well, I must say it suits you. Makes you look ten years younger, if a day."

Which wasn't altogether displeasing to Mary Melton, if the truth must be told. And indeed she didn't look a day over thirty-two that morning with her fresh color and her lithe, active figure. She took an armful of apple blossoms to school with her and when she put them in the pitcher on her desk and looked over them at her attentive physics class she might have been Flora herself—not the bud, you understand, but the fullness and perfection of the flower. Mary loved that class. They were all girls but one, and he didn't shine by comparison, being a grumbling boy.

"Well, girls—and boy," she said, "have you all got your lessons this morning?"

"I've got it all but this picture of the spectrum," grumbled the boy. "There seems to be some mistake in that."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Miss Melton, pausing between each syllable and using the falling inflection.

"So you would presume to correct Professor Wigginson? Is that it, Perkins?"

Perkins shifted a little on his seat, being well familiar with the legend that Miss Melton had once blacked her beau's eye. "Guess so," he grumbled. "It speaks here in the text about the line *a b*, but I don't see any *b* in the picture."'

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Miss Melton again. "Well, girls, shall we help poor Perkins find the *b* in the picture?"

Eighteen bright eyes beamed upon teacher and nine giggles of satisfaction marked the prospect of heckling a grumbling young male. But when those bright eyes bent over the textbooks the giggles began to fade away and gradually die.

"Well, girls," said Miss Melton, smiling from among the apple blossoms, "have you found the missing *b*?"

"I don't think it's here, Miss Melton," reported one. "The *a*'s here all right, but I don't see any *b*."

"Why, how strange!" exclaimed teacher, turning to her own copy of the textbook. "True enough! It must have been left out by mistake. Someone ought to write Professor Wigginson and tell him about this strange omission. Don't you think so, girls?"

"Yes'm," said the loyal chorus.

"Don't you think so, too, Perkins?"

"Guess so," said the more grudging young male.

"Ah! You guess so, do you, Perkins? Very well, then. We will proceed with the lesson."

But as for Miss Mary she didn't proceed very far with the lesson. She was there in the flesh, you understand, but her thoughts were soon roaming ever so far away—roaming to New York, for instance, and wreathing themselves round the figure of a learned young scientist with a dimple in his chin and a wealth of bushy black hair.

"Suppose I wrote him! . . . Why not?" she kept repeating to herself in an awed sort of interrogatory. To which she finally answered in a burst of regret that almost amounted to abnegation, "Oh, I never, never could!"

Having got as far as that, of course it was only a few minutes before she was drafting out a few lines on the back of an examination paper, and as soon as school was over she hurried to Elmer Lewis' drug store and bought the prettiest box of writing paper in his show case. And if you could have seen her that night in her room!

But finally the letter was written, and Mary could hardly go to sleep for thinking about it. The next morning, too, it so filled her mind that at last she couldn't stand it any longer. She simply had to tell her class. Miss Price had come to school that morning in her beau's car, and perhaps that had something to do with Miss Melton's disclosure.

"Oh, girls," she began to her physics class, "and boy, I have such a secret to tell you! Would you like me to tell you a secret?"

"Yes'm!" chanted the loyal nine.

"And would you, too, Perkins?"

"Guess so," said the grudging young male.

"Ah, you guess so, do you, Perkins? Very well, then. I am going to tell you that I have written a letter to Professor Wigginson! There! Now what do you all think of that?"

"M-m-m-m!" hummed the loyal nine, but Perkins only snorted a little, for way down deep he saw a sort of nebulous vision of Professor Wigginson already sporting his black eye. "I will read you a copy of my letter," continued Miss Melton, "because you are such a good class, and such a conscientious class, and do your physics so well." And clearing her throat with a tuneful precision, she read them the letter:

"*Dear Professor Wigginson:* On page 106 of your excellent work, Elements of Physics, you will find a sketch of the spectrum. The bisecting line should be marked *a b*, but through a printer's error the *b* has been omitted.

"I am writing to call your attention to this, and also to tell you how much my class and myself have enjoyed your most excellent textbook."

"There!" said Miss Melton, beaming through the apple blossoms. "He is Prof. John J. Wigginson, M. A., Ph. D.—and I am Mary Melton, that's all; but I have ventured him that letter. Of course I don't suppose he will ever answer—a scholar and a scientist of his prominence—but anyhow I have read it to you. Now isn't that a pleasant secret? And aren't you all glad that I've read you the letter?"

"Yes'm!" cried the loyal nine.

"And you, Perkins—aren't you glad too?"

But Perkins, seeing the poor professor on crutches by this time, had to snort a little before he answered.

"Guess so," he said at last.

III

THAT was on a Thursday. It was Friday morning of the following week when Miss Melton greeted her physics class with the excited wave of an envelope.

"Oh, girls," she cried, "and boy! What do you suppose I received in the mail this morning?"

Her manner was such and feminine intuition in these matters is so keen that it didn't take the nine girls long to guess.

"Yes!" crowed teacher. "Think of it! A letter from Professor Wigginson! To Mary Melton! I declare, I'm so excited. And now, because you've been such a good class, and such a conscientious class, and have learned your physics so well, I am going to read you his letter—all except that part, of course, which is private and meant for me alone."

It was a short, almost formal letter, if you wished to read it that way; but from the doting, gloating, exultant manner in which Miss Melton read it it sounded like sugar and spice and everything nice. And when she stopped at the end of a sentence and said in tones which were rich with significance "The rest of the letter is private," you might have thought that the professor had laid his heart and fortune at Mary's feet, instead of saying:

Thanking you for your kind words, and wishing you every happiness in your future career, I am

Yours respectfully,
JOHN J. WIGGINSON.

But how Miss Melton thrilled as she read those words: "Every happiness!" Imagine it. "Every happiness!" And how she tucked the letter in her waist and let her heart beat against it all that day, and kept it warm under her pillow all that night!

The next morning, which was Saturday, she took her last monthly pay check, which hadn't been cashed yet, and went down to Norwich "to do a little trading," as we have a way of saying round Hoxie.

Her first visit was to a department store, where she bought a new dress and a new coat. The dress was a soft sky-blue serge—robin's-egg blue, the salesgirl called it—trimmed with white silk and apple-blossom ribbon. From which I think you can guess that it hadn't taken Miss Melton long to select it. And the coat was a saucy military cut, with a pleated back and a belt, and just as many pockets as a cow has legs.

Nor was that all. She next bought a pair of long silk blue ones—and then she bought a pair of five-dollar corsets, which were distinctly not of the common-sense variety but were very long in the hip, and low in the waist, and—and—well, to use the salesgirl's phrase again, they were very, very "sheeck"; which was just exactly what Miss Mary in her heart of hearts desired, though she had always called it "chick" and had never heard it spoken before.

"And now," she whispered to the salesgirl, in the low voice of those who speak about the secrets of the temple, "if you can tell me where I can get some—some corset covers—and things ——"

"Third aisle over," said the girl in the same low voice. "Lonzh'ry counter."

That was another new pronunciation for Mary, who had always imagined it was called "linger-ee," to rime with "clinger-ee" and "stingaree." However, she caught the girl's meaning all right, and while she busies herself in that part of the store where no gentleman may follow, you and I, dear masculine reader, will lean ourselves against this gentlemen's furnishing counter and see if we can analyze the extraordinary behavior of Miss Mary Melton, who hadn't had a beau for more than twenty years and who had now so suddenly fallen in love with a young handsome-looking man whom she had never even seen.

And yet, when you think it over, perhaps her conduct wasn't so extraordinary as it seems. The month before my story opened, for instance, Mary had met another high-school teacher, whom she hadn't seen for years. And, oh, how she had changed! In a few years this other teacher's hair had turned gray, her cheeks had fallen in, and her neck had taken upon itself that wrinkled appearance which is sometimes known as turkey neck. So, for all we know, perhaps Mary had wondered how long it would be before she would look that way, and had decided to have a love affair while yet there was time. And partly perhaps because of those great backward boobs who could never forget how she had blacked her first beau's eye, and partly because it was the spirit of love that she wanted more than the substance—the tender dreams rather than the rough awakenings—she had deliberately worked up a feeling for an unattainable young hero—in much the same way that many a young granger worships Lillian Gish and our mothers used to dream about John Drew.

"I Wondered Whether It Was Spring When You Wrote That Chapter and Whether the Apple Trees Were Full of Bloom!"

So far it was all clear enough, and probably would have remained so—a pellucid vision in the sunset of life—if young Professor Wigginson hadn't sent her that letter, which now lay cushioned against her heart—quite in the immemorial manner. For a dream hero, you understand, cannot write tangible letters, and if the young granger hears that Lillian Gish is taking a walk in Babcock's Grove he is apt to come out of his dream with a jolt and crank up his flivver just as soon as he can change his clothes.

Not that Mary had yet come out of her dream—even if she was beginning to change her clothes. For one thing, Professor Wigginson lived in New York, which is farther away from our part of eastern Connecticut than you may think it is, and for another thing, there was that awful disparity in their ages.

"He doesn't look a day over thirty," she told herself as she stood before her mirror that evening trying on some of her wonderful things; and suddenly echoing the sigh of the ages she eased her heart of the sorrowful plaint, "Oh, if people didn't have to grow old!"

It was just at that moment that her sister Clara came in, and catching sight of Mary in her robin's-egg skirt Clara stood there for nearly a minute, absolutely spellbound.

"Why, Mary!" she gasped at last. "You never told me a word about it! . . . And oh, what lovely corsets!" she suddenly squealed, her eyes roving over to the bed. "What ever made you get them?"

For all I know the reply was born of the question, though I'm inclined to think that the plan had been dimly floating in Mary's mind that morning while she was doing her shopping in Norwich.

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "I've been thinking of going to New York for a few days as soon as school's over—and I thought I might as well be ready if I do make up my mind."

IV

MISS MELTON had never been to New York, but she had seen plenty of post cards of it, and now, added to her other romantic pleasures, she began to picture the sort of house in which Professor Wigginson would be living.

Sometimes she pictured him living in a dwelling that had a remarkable resemblance to the Woolworth Building, and at other times she placed him in a scholastic-looking cloister patterned largely after Grant's Tomb. But no matter how she imagined his house she invariably placed him at a desk in a magnificent library, while through an open door gleamed the spotless paraphernalia of his laboratory.

"Not that I shall ever see inside," she sometimes breathed to herself, "but won't it be fun to find his street—and walk past his house—and maybe even catch him going in or coming out! I hope he lives near the Museum of Natural History, and then I could watch through the window."

From which you can see that Mary's plans for her holiday were modest enough. The New London boat would reach New York about seven in the morning, and returning would leave at six at night. So, as you can see, Miss Melton wouldn't have a great many hours for pleasure, especially as she had planned to visit Ellis Island, the Statue of Liberty, the new Hell Gate Bridge, the Hall of Fame, the Obelisk and Columbia library, to say nothing of the two museums and Fifth Avenue from the top of a bus.

"But first of all," she always told herself, "I shall find where 677 North Greenwich Street is—so I'll always be able to tell myself that I've walked past his house—but, oh dear, how slowly the time seems to go this month!"

Yet all things come to an end at last, and when Monday of the first week of July finally rolled round it would have done you good to see Miss Melton preparing for her sentimental journey. Personally I think you would have been surprised to see how well she looked in her new clothes, and I'm sure you would have been astonished to see her climb up on a chair to get the effect of her long silk blue ones in the mirror. And just before she put her coat on she did another strange thing which would have made you open your eyes.

She went to her bed and from under the mattress she drew out a small box which she had sent for by mail. This was labeled Tint of Youth and was filled with a purply red paste. After a few moments' hesitation Mary began to apply some of this to her cheeks with the end of a forefinger and straightway began to look so blotchy and purply and red that it quite frightened her and she ran for the wash rag with desperate speed, as though she thought she must rub it off before the color had a chance to set. And how she scrubbed her cheeks afterward!—till they fairly glowed with health and friction—and then she went down on her knees for a few minutes; and when she got up she took that Tint of Youth and threw it through the window as far as ever she could throw it. And that was the end of that.

Yes, and I want to say that when Mary Melton reached New York the following morning and made straight for the nearest policeman it was precious little Tint of Youth she needed. And if you had seen her at two o'clock that same afternoon, when she got off a car at North Greenwich Street and began walking along to Number 677!

"It isn't a very nice street down here," she said, looking up at the Elevated, which seemed to tower above her like a discouraged old pergola that had just about made up its mind that the roses would never grow. "Still," she thought, "perhaps it gets better farther on. I'm only in the hundreds here."

"Perhaps it's his old homestead," thought Mary with a sinking heart, "and he hates to move away. But wouldn't you think they'd fix these places up!"

An elevated train roared over her head and made her heart beat like drum fire, and she had hardly got over that when a trolley came clanging on, neck and neck with an ambulance.

"Oh, what a place!" gasped Mary. "I'm sure there's some mistake somewhere. How could anybody write in a racket like this!" By that time she had reached the six hundreds. "Well," she thought, "now I've come as far as this I might as well make sure."

Number 677 was in the middle of a block that was flanked on one corner by a saloon and on the other by a basement grocery store. It was a dirty red-brick building with a broken iron handrail on each side of the front steps and a squat mansard roof that looked like a low forehead. Underneath the doorbell was a sign, Furnished Rooms, and over it was another sign, Table Board Still with that feeling that it was all a silly mistake Mary rang the bell, and as though by magic an enormous woman came to the door—a woman who would have reminded you at once of Fontaine Fox's Powerful Katrinka.

"Does—does Mr. John J. Wigginson live here?" asked Mary.

"Yep!" said the Powerful Katrinka.

"Professor Wigginson?" insisted Mary.

"Yep!"

A horrible fear swept over Miss Melton, and for one dreadful moment the whole world seemed topsy-turvy, people walking on their heads and the houses standing on their chimneys. "You—you're not Mrs. Wigginson, are you?" she asked.

"No, no," said the other. "My name's Zwinger—Mrs Zwinger; and this is my house, where Mr. Wigginson hires him a furnished room."

"Oh, I see. And—and do you know whether Mr. Wigginson is in now?"

"Yep! He was a few minutes ago." She stepped aside and disclosed a flight of stairs leading up to the floors above. "Top floor back," she said, waving her massive arm. "Door at the right."

V

MARY started up the stairs and as she did so the street door slammed shut behind her. The stairs had been dark enough before, but now, suddenly shut off from the

light of day like that, they resembled those dark passages of the Pyramids which returning travelers love to tell about. As her eyes became more accustomed to the darkness, however, Mary became conscious that a gas jet was feebly burning in the hall above—a flickering light that seemed to make the gloom more dismal than the darkness would have been.

In the darkness, for instance, Mary wouldn't have seen the torn paper and cracked plaster on the walls, or the dirty carpet on the stairs, or the odds and ends of old furniture which filled the corners of the halls. Nor would she have seen the four closed doors on each landing—closed doors that might conceal anything and everything.

Behind those closed doors, for all Mary knew, desperate men might be lurking, armed to the teeth—desperate men with long arms, who could easily reach out, place a large hand like a plaster over the mouth of an unsuspecting victim and drag her into a darkened den to rob her of her train fare and her clothes. Yes, and who would be any the wiser? Hadn't she read of such things in the papers many and many a time? And bodies in trunks? And floating in the river? And missing girls who had never been heard of again?

But forewarned is forearmed. Mary clutched her umbrella tightly round the middle and kept her eyes wide open as she continued to ascend to the top floor back, and though she had a horrible feeling once when a gruff voice laughed behind one of those closed doors just as she was passing she finally reached the top landing in perfect safety.

Even then I think she would have turned round and gone away if it hadn't been for that old fighting strain in the family. Perhaps there was a little of the old Eve strain, too, though when you come to think it over Adam was just as curious as Eve was—or he wouldn't have tasted it.

"Anyhow," thought Mary, staring hard at the door at the right, "I'd be foolish to turn back now ——"

So reflecting she suddenly raised her hand and rapped against the door.

"Rap-rap-rap!" Shall we call it the Summons of Adventure against the Bolted Door of Circumstance? "Rap-rap-rap!"

"Come in!" cried a thin flat voice inside.

VI

YES; it was Professor Wigginson. Mary knew him the moment she laid her eyes on him. But oh, what a difference between the professor in the flesh and in the photograph!

There were the same dreamy eyes—the eyes that had seen the turning leaves of autumn, the golden sunsets and a maiden's blush as among the most wonderful phenomena of Nature; and there was the same sensitive mouth—the mouth of a man who had spoken of somewhat cruel experiments with frogs in his chapter on galvanism; but the black bushy hair was undeniably gray at the temples and undeniably thin on top. Moreover he looked thin and peaked, as though he hadn't wintered well. Yes, and he looked shabby, too, if the truth must be told—as shabby as the room in which he sat—as shabby as the battered old kitchen table which evidently served him as desk.

"Are you Professor Wigginson?" asked Mary.

"Yes," he said, rising rather unsteadily.

"I am Miss Melton, of the Hoxie High," she told him. "I wrote you last month about the bisecting line *a b* in your sketch of the spectrum."

At that a faint flush came into the professor's cheeks, though whether it was a touch of fever due to a too exclusive diet of crackers and weak coffee, or whether it was bashfulness at being thus alone in the presence of a determined admirer, or whether it was indignation that a nosy old maid should have come and caught him, so to speak, with his cap and gown off, is a matter which may never be known. Not that Miss Mary looked either old-maidish or nosy at that particular moment. Her glance was more of sympathy than of wonder, for though in some things she was rather less sophisticated than a child of six she hadn't lived forty-two years in this our world for nothing, and after her first glance round Professor Wigginson's study she knew that she was in the presence of a scholar and a gentleman who was rich in knowledge—but mighty near broke in everything else.

"I—I beg your pardon for intruding," she said, "but I was in New York—and I admire your Elements of Physics so much ——"

"It sold rather well—I believe." He bowed, though he had to hold to the table when he did so.

"You believe?" asked Mary, puzzled a little. "You know it did; don't you?" Which was the school-teacher in her.

"Frankly, no," he replied. "Won't you sit down? Thank you. Of course I knew in a general way that the book was doing well, and I'm glad it did, because I put nearly five years of my life into it. But you see," he continued, wishing perhaps to explain that shabby room, "I needed some money before the book was completed, and so I happened to fall into the hands of a loan shark—Mr. Bachrach, of the Professors' Loan Company, who makes a specialty of lending money to teachers and professors. Well, to make it short—he persuaded me to lump sum the accept—I mean to accept the lump sum of two hundred and fifty dollars for an assignment of my royalties for Physics Elements ——" He drew a full breath and gave Mary a wistful look as though he knew he was getting his words twisted. "And so," he concluded, "you see I haven't been kept in touch with the sales ——"

"But two hundred and fifty dollars for five years' work!" protested Mary, bringing her New England arithmetic to work, "Why, that's only fifty dollars a year!"

"I see you've studied physics as well as mathematics," he gravely assured her, though he meant to say it the other way round.

"I don't care!" cried Mary, the fighting spirit of the Meltons flaring up high in her. "I think it's a shame!"

Two red spots appeared on the professor's cheeks, spots partly due to the contagion of Mary's indignation and partly due to the utter discomposure of a proud man being run to earth by a feminine admirer in a mean little hole like that. "I'd like to meet that Mr. Bachrach or whatever his name is!" cried Mary again. "I'd tell him what I think of him!"

And as for Professor Wigginson, he smiled at Mary a little and blinked his eyes a little—blinked his eyes and swayed and caught himself precisely as a man does who catches himself nodding in a warm church on a cold Sunday morning.

"I always knew I needed a manager," he confessed; "and the worst of it is," he added, making a helpless gesture toward his desk, "my Advanced Physics will still take a number of months to complete, and I had to write Mr. Bachrach again yesterday, asking him to call."

"Why?" demanded Mary.

He essayed to give the classic answer, but somewhat mixed his consonants. "Because I meed the noney—money, you know. Close in here; if you don't mind—I'll stand at the window ——"

He rose then and gave Mary a charming, wistful smile—a smile that started in his dreamy eyes and seemed to tremble a little round his sensitive mouth—and then lurching a little he would have fallen if Mary hadn't been there to catch him and to half lead, half guide him to the couch beneath the window.

"What's the matter?" she asked, frightened half to death for the moment. "Don't you feel well?"

By way of reply he blinked his eyes with scholarly deliberation, passed his hand uncertainly through his once bushy hair, opened his mouth with the air of a man who is about to enrich the world with words of wisdom, said "M-m-m," and keeled right over, like a tired old vessel on the sea of knowledge—a tired old tramp steamer, say, on the ocean of education, that had been simultaneously torpedoed by those three gaunt U-boats that are sometimes known as Weariness, Worry and Want.

VII

AFTER the doctor had gone away—Mary paying him his two dollars in the hall and putting her fingers on her lips as she did so—she returned to her patient, who was propped on the couch, a little yellow yet round the edges but smiling feebly and in his right mind. Yet Mary wasn't smiling. She was too excited inwardly. For, oh, such an inspiration had suddenly come to her—an inspiration which was born in the warmth of her heart but which was brought perhaps to a quicker maturity by the thoughts of Miss Price and the insufferable airs with which she awaited Bigfoot. Yes, it was really a wonderful inspiration, and Mary meant to act upon it at once; but when she returned to the professor after paying the doctor in the hall her knees went wabbly and her feet turned cold, as old maids' sometimes will.

"Oh, dear!" she thought. "I'll never have the courage."

Yet when she looked at the professor she felt her mettle rising again, for the more she looked the more she felt confirmed in an old theory of hers, viz: That men are nothing but overgrown boys who do the thing they shouldn't do because they have no teacher to show them better. And in truth there was something of the overgrown schoolboy in Professor Wigginson's appearance just then, in his sheepish smile and apologetic manner, as though he knew he had made an awful botch of this examination and wondered what teacher would say.

"I—I'm awfully sorry—I gave you all this bother——" he began.

He couldn't have struck a better pitch for Mary's music. "Not at all," she said. "It seems to me that I came in at just the right time."

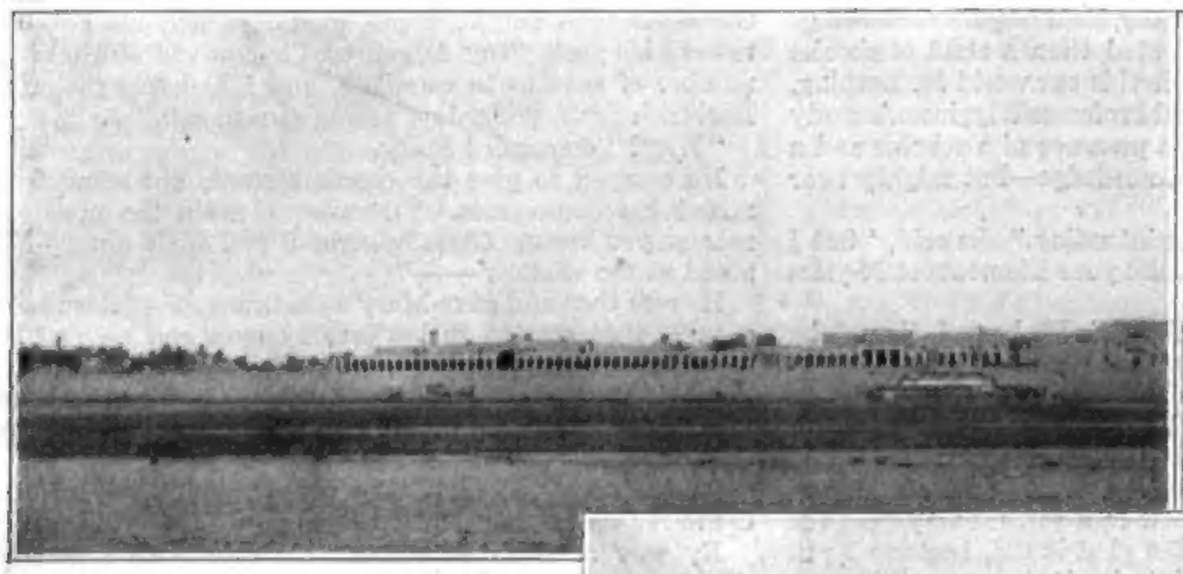
And assuming her very best schoolteacher's manner she added: "You heard what the doctor said?"

A troubled look appeared in his eyes.

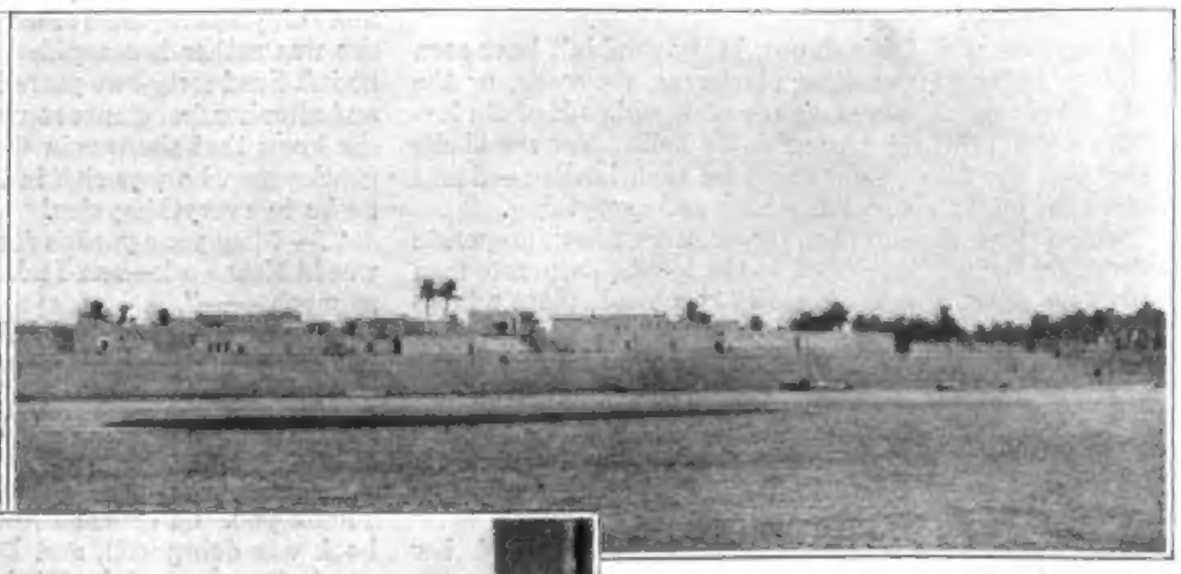
(Concluded on Page 104)

At the Very First Shake His Gloves Shook Out of His Hand, and Then His Hat Shook Off, and His Eyeglasses Shook Off, and His Necktie Shook Out, and His Fountain Pen Shook Up

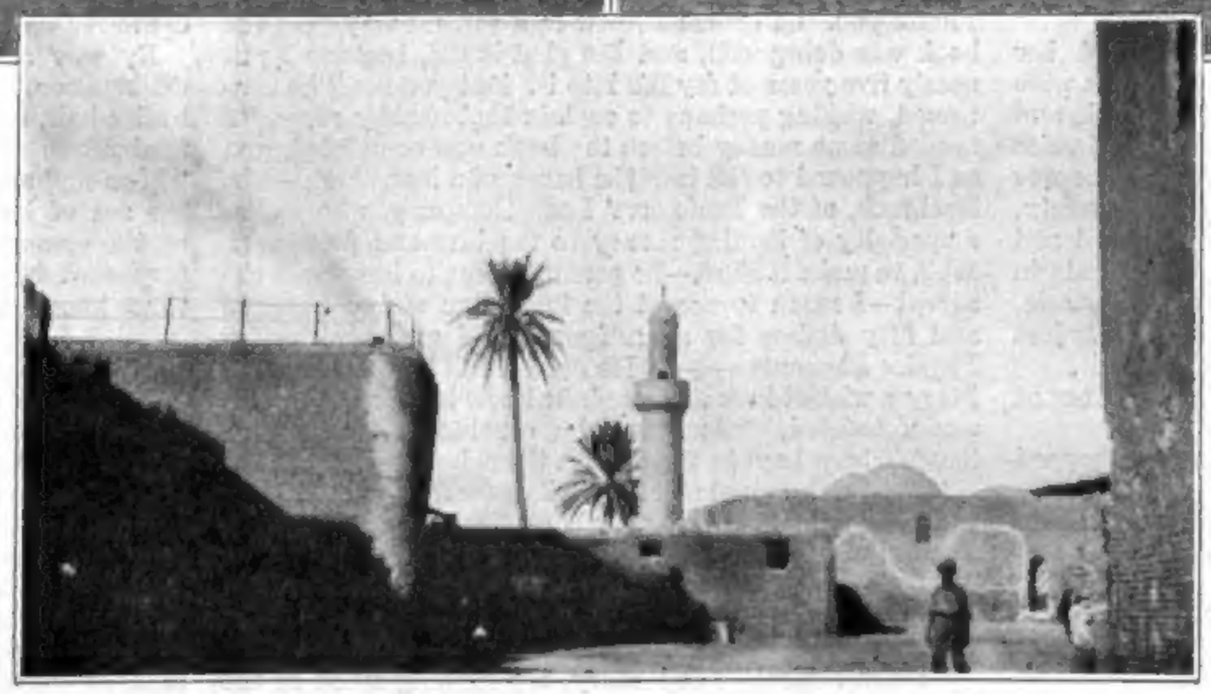
RECAPTURED KUT



The Restored Arcade at Old Kut



Old Kut-el-Amara



The Long Minaret of Kut and a Corner of the Hospital

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

APPROACHING Kut-el-Amara from the south by the River Tigris the first thing one sees nowadays is a tall obelisk. It stands on ground sacred to no people in this world but the British. It stands on the wide, shell-torn and deeply trenched neck of land—base of the peninsula on which the town is built—where for one hundred and forty-three days the shattered remnant of a British army withstood a double siege of constant bombardment and slow starvation.

This obelisk was raised by the Turks to commemorate the surrender of General Townshend and their victory over the British forces that had tried so long and so heroically to relieve him. To me it was as an exclamation point to punctuate my own astonishment!

I saw it first in the wonderful lights of early evening—a tall white shaft in a half-circling fringe of palm trees, lifting itself against a background of placid river, which lay in a short straight stretch to the north, reflecting the colors of the sunset.

Was ever anything quite so premature? It makes one realize, as nothing else could, how confident the Turks and the Germans were that they had the British in Mesopotamia permanently defeated. Defeated! It seems incredible that anyone could have imagined it. In the face of things as they have become, that obelisk seems to me to express a kind of whimpering entreaty, as though it felt itself strangely inappropriate and would get away if it could to follow its builders on the long trail of retreat to the north. It is a monument to monumental misconjecture, the ironic humor of it being unique and a thing in which Englishmen may now rejoice.

And they do rejoice! They laugh at it good-naturedly even while they tell the story of the specially beloved British dead who lie so near its base. Then one begins to think: What would the Germans do? Suppose they should break through at some point on the Western Front and find a monument raised on an old battlefield to commemorate a British triumph over them? Would they amiably smile and feel a kind of gentlemanly sympathy for a self-deluded enemy who had indulged in such a precipitate expression of finality? They would not!

The Vast Arabian Peninsula

ONE can fairly feel the grinding rage with which they would hurl themselves upon it. Every stone of it would be crushed into powder and stamped into the earth; and then, the noble and outraged German spirit flaming high in its solemn wrath, they would turn about and destroy everything else that in their previous occupation of the land they had been so criminally indulgent as to leave even partially intact. As for any innocent inhabitants who might have had the effrontery to gaze upon such an insult to the great German power—well, they would be dangerous enemies; and the Germans know how to deal with dangerous enemies.

Curious what a difference there can be between two peoples whose opportunities for spiritual development have been so largely similar. But did anybody ever scratch a German and find anything resembling an Englishman?

Kut-el-Amara! I have arrived at Kut.

But first comes new Kut, a mile or so down the river, and we stop there. It is another busy base of supply and transport activities, a main junction in the vast veinage of communication with the Front and, to my mind at least, the most interesting of them all.

That word "vast" comes rather readily to my pen, and for fear someone may have a too restricted conception of the land to which I apply it I think I shall pause to set down a few facts that may serve to justify my use of it. I do not know in square miles how large the section of the earth is that embraces Mesopotamia and the Arabian peninsula, and I have no reference book with me to which I can turn for such statistical information; but I do know that all India being set down in the middle of the Arabian peninsula would leave a margin of peninsular coast land uncovered, and India is counted among the great countries of the world. So much for the vastness as you gaze from the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates into the westward infinity of nothing.

From the mouth of the Shat-el-Arab to Kut-el-Amara by the River Tigris it is three hundred and fifty miles; from Kut on to Bagdad it is two hundred and fourteen miles; and from Bagdad to the outlying lines whereon the British Army is intrenched it is fifty to seventy miles farther. In other words the Mesopotamian Front is some Front! I am not permitted, of course, to mention the size of the army that is now engaged in holding that Front, but I can say without throwing caution to the winds that in any war but this it would be considered vast. England? England couldn't hold the Rivers Tigris and Euphrates!

Yukon, our Canadian skipper, had promised to get us to Kut by four o'clock, and he almost never breaks that kind of promise; but we spent a longer time than he allotted to us on the battlefield of Sunnaiyat, about fifteen miles below, so it was in the last soft light of another colorfully ended day that we drew up against the bank and made of ourselves an interesting addition to the conglomerate scene on the river front. And interesting we always were, it being in the nature of things that the arrival of the inspector general of communications should be regarded as somewhat of an event. Having just returned from a trip down to India it was six weeks or more since he had been up the river, and there was much to make long conferences a necessity. The base commandant and a number of other officers came down to the river bank to greet us, and the general, accompanied by the major, was soon off to base headquarters for the inevitable consultation.

By that time, having come all the way up the Tigris at the rate of about six miles an hour, traveling all the way by daylight and stopping everywhere, the work of war as it is carried on behind an army on active service had ceased to bewilder and astound me. It had not become commonplace or uninteresting by any means. Quite the contrary; it continued to enthrall me absolutely. But it was as though there never had been and never could be any other kind of work in the world, and I had come to a point where I could witness its immensities without expressing the emotions that arose in me altogether in terms of exclamation. I had acquired such familiarity with life as it is lived and achievement as it is put on record in Mesopotamia that I was able actually to indulge in critical comparisons. I had made selection of a few examples of efficiency and excellence in officers, institutions and general working methods and was beginning to be not so easy to impress.

They told me that Qurnah was the worst place on the river and Amara the best, and the spirit of local jealousy and pride with which such claims are made and maintained is a most amusing thing. The British soldier stationed at Qurnah boastfully enumerates its horrors—and the wonders he performs in their midst; while men of Amara dwell at length upon the superior advantages of their post—advantages that could never get themselves so listed if there were no such horrors as Qurnah's in the near vicinity with which to compare them. Whatever Qurnah and Amara may be, I decided for myself that Kut—new Kut, that is—exceeded them both in dust and dreariness and in its incessant rumble and rush of toilsome industry. Kut is the last base behind the advanced base, which is located at the end of the sticks of the open fan, let us say—an open fan representing as nearly as anything could the shape of the line of defense that lies round Bagdad.

German Rolling Stock in Plenty

FROM Kut to Bagdad there is a new railroad, and from junctions here and there along this road there are branch roads running out to various points within the battle zone. I asked both General Maude and the I. G. C. if it would not be considered unwise to mention such matters as these, but each in his turn laughed and assured me that the Turks know all there is to know about the general situation, with a few carefully camouflaged reservations perhaps, and that as far as they were concerned I might go ahead and comment as freely as I liked on anything that happened to interest me. I am not sure that this was not giving me too much liberty, but I have tried to be careful and, in any case, in a wide-open world as flat as a table top one feels that attempts at concealment are bound to be more or less futile, though it can be said of the desert that it does its own camouflaging most effectively.

There is one thing the Turks and Germans probably do know, and it pleases one mightily that they should: There is enough rolling stock on the railway between Kut and Bagdad to make sixteen trains of thirty cars each a daily possibility; and most of this rolling stock is Berlin-to-Bagdad-Railroad property. The Germans had accumulated at Bagdad a considerable quantity of construction materials and railway stocks of all kinds, intending, no doubt, to drive the British out of the country and finish their long-projected railroad down to the Persian Gulf; but things did not eventuate in strict accordance with the German plan, so most of this valuable and very useful material was captured by the Gott-strafed enemy. The first thing I heard at Kut was the shrill thin whistle of a typical Continental engine, and then I saw the long black train snaking off in the gray light across the dreary plain.

It surely would surprise Khalil Pasha and his Turkish legions if they could see this place now. It stretches along

the grimly historic river bank, covering an area that was a No Man's Land during the long siege—a No Man's Land lying under the guns of General Townshend's hemmed-in but valiant and defiant little army; and it has a population of hardly ever less than twenty thousand.

True, it is for the most part a city of tents—and an amazing sight it is! And true, the inhabitants are mostly coolie laborers of every nationality on earth that produces coolie labor; but in addition to the acres upon acres of tents there are long streets of fine hospital huts and many good permanent buildings for railway offices, construction and repair shops, engine houses and working quarters generally.

The permanent structures are all built or are being built to type, with a view to future necessities and the development of a real town. One wonders at this and asks questions which lead up to thoughts of the peace conference and speculations as to what will be the fate of poor old Mesopotamia as a pawn on the international chessboard. But the men who are doing the work concern themselves very little with such speculations. They know Mesopotamia, once the granary of the world, can be restored to splendid productiveness and prosperity; they have faith that at the war's end such principles will prevail as will make the greatest good of the greatest number the predominant consideration; and though they are building for present necessity they regard it as right—and British—to build while they are about it with a view to the country's future.

Life Has Begun to Resume its Normal Course in the Old Arab Town

A Land of Dust and Dusters

MOREOVER, they are interested in the effect they hope to produce on the viewpoints and dispositions of the native populations. They are all anxious to do what they can, while the opportunity lasts, by way of humanizing and civilizing the Arab, and every change for the better which they observe in his attitude they regard as so much gained for the general good. They are bent on showing him such fleshpots of Egypt as will tempt him to sustained industrial effort, and at the same time they are training him in righteous governmental methods. When the profits and losses of the war shall come to be added up and apportioned to the various countries involved it will be found that Mesopotamia, at least, has benefited immeasurably. So much for British occupation. The style of the buildings they are putting up is very attractive, and is the only possible style for the climate and the environment. It might be called modernized Arabian. Mud is the only available material, and of course it is ugly; but it is interesting to observe how its ugliness can be modified by right treatment. The new buildings look exceedingly like reënforced concrete tinted a soft golden brown. They have flat roofs, thick walls and wide verandas upheld by huge round pillars, while under them are the usual cellarlike rooms for the hot season.

The British have lived and worked and fought in Mesopotamia through three terrific summers, and they have learned that everything they do in the country must be done with the climate kept in mind as the principal consideration. But the architects and builders see no reason why artistic effect should be sacrificed altogether, as it has been in the old-time windowless and blank-walled houses of native construction, so they pamper their artistic tastes—and with most admirable results. They have even managed to make beautiful the mud roofs of their long hospital huts. And beautiful is not a too extravagant word.

They are double, these roofs, with an air space between them; the lower one projects in wide eaves over the reed-mat walls, while the upper one, being about three feet narrower, rests on invisible supports. The mud is laid on to a thickness of about eight inches, and with its rounded edges and gracefully curved corners looks like a specially attractive variety of thatch.

The electric power house at Kut is as yet only a corrugated tin shed, but out of that shed run many wires which branch off and spread out all over the great area, carrying current to hundreds of high arc lights which sputter and spurt, collect clouds of insects—which might otherwise be more pestiferously engaged—and turn darkness into something very much better than the noonday glare. And at Kut, as at Basra and Amara and other important points along the river, the working day—in some branches at least of the multiple enterprise of war—is twenty-four hours long.

We had pulled in alongside a wide cut in the steep bank through which automobiles and other vehicles are landed from boats when the river is low, and the A. D. C. and I, climbing up this long incline into the glare and the mysterious shadows of the night, went wandering.

The dust was literally ankle-deep, but one learns to pay no attention to that sort of thing. It is one of the principal duties of every personal servant in Mespot to keep a plentiful supply of cleaned boots on hand for his employer and to be always ready to take advantage of any opportunity that may present itself to clean said employer up a little with brushes and polishing cloths. My own servant, the wily and soft-spoken Ezekiel, always makes a great to-do over brushing me, and invariably tries to maneuver me out into a bright white light somewhere so that everybody may be able to observe his excellence and humble devotion. Lilwa, the major's boy, is forever sitting in some conspicuous spot on the deck brooding over a row of high military boots—polishing them with loving care until he can see his own smileless face in them; while the general's gentle slave simply follows him round.

One of the usual sights to be seen on our old boat is the great gruff major general standing in deep consultation with a group of other officers—on matters of serious moment, no doubt—while his boy sprawls at his feet plying oily flannels and whisk broom on dusty boots and breeches. The general walks off, apparently unconscious of the boy's existence, but the boy runs after him for a final whisk or vigorous rub, then lounges lazily back to other work, muttering to himself. About the uselessness of his affectionate care? Probably. He knows the general sahib will be back in a short time, dustier than ever. Everybody is always dusty and, as I began by saying, nobody pays any attention to it.

An Unbroken Procession of Supplies

THE A. D. C. and I had just time to make a round of the works before changing for dinner. We walked round a dozen young pyramids of hay and sacked grain, out to the railway sheds and sidings, where hundreds of laborers were filling cars with supplies for advanced base and the Front, and where a fine new hospital train was just having its precious load transferred to stretchers and motor ambulances; through the engine houses and workshops; past long rows of hospital tents, against the canvas sides of which soft lights gleamed palely; to the railway station farther up the line, where we glimpsed through the windows khaki-clad boys bending over telegraph instruments; out round remount and mule depots and the veterinary hospital; to the river bank, where lines of coolies laden with sacks and boxes were coming and going in unbroken procession loading barges for up-river and transferring the cargo of other barges to the big orderly supply dumps over by the railway sidings; up to the power house, where the dynamos were humming and the garish green lights were shining; and so to the high bund by our own river landing, where we stood for a while to watch an artillery convoy getting under way for the Front.

There were many screaming mules, whinnying horses and men barking low-toned orders and moving with the precision

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Kut, the Sacred City of the Longest and the Bitterest Siege of the Greatest and the Cruelest War, Lies on the Direct Highway of the World's Future Development
Above—Lines of Coolies Laden With Sacks and Boxes Come and Go in Unbroken Procession, Loading Barges for Up-River

A STRING OF BEADS

By DANA BURNET

THE girl with the enameled nose and the yellow glass beads leaned across the cafe table and smiled at the burglar who loved her.

"Don't be a piker, Jimmie!" she said.

The burglar sighed. He was a young man, neat and respectable-looking. Except for a somewhat romantic profile, he might have been a prosperous law clerk or stock-broker.

"Women," he said, "beat me! Only last week, Bess, you wanted a diamond brooch; and I got it for you. Now ——"

"Diamonds is vulgar," stated the young woman. "If you love me, Jimmie, as you say you do, you'll get me a string of pearls!"

"Lord, Bess!"

"Real pearls, Jimmie."

The young man drew a cigarette from a gold case adorned with initials not his own, lighted it, and blew a cloud of smoke toward the ceiling.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because," said the girl, and her blue eyes gleamed—"because pearls is the rage. Pearls is refined! I saw by this morning's Herald that nothing else would be worn this season. And all I got is a ninety-eight-cent string of beads and a diamond brooch!"

"That brooch came from one of our best imported Pittsburgh families," said Jimmie languidly. "I selected it with the greatest care. Pittsburgh millionaires always hang their wives with the best diamonds, somehow."

"They like to see 'em sparkle," said Bessie, and daubed at her nose with a hypothetical powder puff.

"Suppose the bulls get me?"

"You ain't never fallen down on a job yet, Jimmie."

"There's a first time for everything," said the young man. "And I'm in love."

"Oh, well; if you ain't got the nerve ——"

"I got all the nerve I need—and you know it."

"All right, then!" flared the girl. "If you want to marry me day after to-morrow and go to Atlantic City on our honeymoon, as we planned, you'll get me them pearls! If you don't want me ——"

A slow color came into the young man's cheeks. He looked at the girl; appraised her deliberately—her heavy, handsome face; her wavy blond hair; her big blue eyes.

"I want you, Bess!"

The girl put her hand on his; smiled wheedlingly up at him.

"Real pearls!" she said.

It was one o'clock in the morning. The great house in upper Fifth Avenue was dark and still.

Young Mrs. Gwynne-Jones lay motionless among the lace pillows of her chaise longue and watched the burglar fumbling at her boudoir safe. The room was lighted only by the glow of a grate fire. Reposing in shadows beyond the circle of firelight, young Mrs. Gwynne-Jones could see plainly the crouching figure of the man. He had come in through her door as she lay resting there; had swept the beam of his pocket torch over her unoccupied bed; then had gone to work directly at the safe, a small affair built into the wall beside her dresser.

Young Mrs. Gwynne-Jones had watched him with unusual interest. She had had a very tiresome evening—first at the opera, where the orchestra had played so loudly that she could not hear half the gossip; then at the Ritz, where some young fool of a billionaire's son had made love to her—very badly. She had been exceedingly bored.

There came a metallic sound from across the room; then a faint clicking of bolts.

The burglar rose from his knees—Mrs. Gwynne-Jones could hear his quick breathing—and held up to the fire some radiant treasure of a thing.

It was a string of pearls. The jewels dripped from his finger, like so many drops of golden blood. Young Mrs. Gwynne-Jones smiled.

"At least," she murmured to herself, "I shan't have to worry about them any more."

Still smiling her bored and beautiful smile, she lifted one slender white arm and touched the electric button on the wall beside her.

Instantly the room leaped out of darkness, like one of those quick vivid pictures that magicians draw upon the stage.

"Why pearls?" asked Mrs. Gwynne-Jones in a casual sweet voice.

The burglar started violently; moved toward her; then stood quivering, his glance fixed upon her face. In his eyes a certain wonder dawned—and grew. The pearls slipped unnoticed from his hand to the floor.

Mrs. Gwynne-Jones made a little gesture.

"You've dropped the pearls."

As one in a daze he stooped and picked up the necklace; stood dandling it in his fingers.

"Lady ——" he began; then paused, groping for words.

"By your manner," said Mrs. Gwynne-Jones, "I can't tell whether you are going to murder me or pay me a compliment. Please go on."

The burglar swallowed twice and moistened his lips with his tongue.

"Lady," he said, "it's worth a trip up the river just to look at you!"

Young Mrs. Gwynne-Jones laughed a light and melodious laugh. Did she know how lovely she was, lying there among her extravagant pillows, in her cloud of chiffon, with her dark hair showing through her cobweb cap, and the firelight tinting her pale cheeks? Did she not know?

"You're rather a nice burglar," she said. "What is your name?"

"McGeegan," replied the burglar hoarsely. "Jimmie McGeegan."

"Alias what?" asked Mrs. Gwynne-Jones.

"Alias nothing," said the burglar.

Mrs. Gwynne-Jones seemed greatly impressed by this fact. Here evidently was a most original burglar.

"I've had a very stupid evening," she said. "Won't you sit down and tell me about your profession?"

Jimmie gave a short laugh.

"That's right," he said, "josh me! You know I'm hypnotized. Why don't you call the bulls," he added gruffly, "and get it over with?"

"The bulls?"

"Yes; the cops—the police."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the lady. "Why should I do that? The law is only for the middle classes—and policemen are dreadfully orthodox. They'd probably arrest you."

"Yes," agreed Jimmie with a sardonic grin; "I guess they would!"

"Are you a very prominent burglar?" inquired the lady.

"For a young man," said Jimmie, "I've done pretty well. I ——"

"Do draw up a chair!"

"Are you joshin' me?"

"No; I never josh—as you call it. I'm quite capable of having you arrested or of ruining you, but I'm not vicious. Please sit down."

Jimmie cautiously seated himself upon the edge of a chair—a huge golden chair that stood near the couch. There was an ineffable sweetness in the air that he breathed, a perfume, a fragrance such as Nature could never duplicate; such as only illimitable wealth could buy.

"Only last week," said Jimmie, "I pulled off a job that the papers are still talking about. Maybe you heard about Mrs. Harmsworth losing her diamond brooch? But I guess you wouldn't know the Harmsworths. They're from Pittsburgh."

"Oh, Pittsburgh is quite fashionable now," interposed Mrs. Gwynne-Jones—"that is, as a point of departure. I remember that brooch," she continued. "It was rather dreadful.

"I really don't admire your taste in jewelry, Jimmie. I'm afraid you're not a connoisseur. To-night, for instance, you overlooked a priceless ruby to choose a five-hundred-thousand-dollar string of pearls. How did you happen to make such a mistake?"

"Well, you see," said Jimmie, "this job wasn't exactly a business proposition."

"Oh! It wasn't merely business that brought you here?"

"No," said the burglar.

"I'm glad of that," said Mrs. Gwynne-Jones. "I detest business and business men. Practically the only thing that one can do with a business man is to marry him. Are you married, Jimmie?"

"N-not yet," replied the burglar.

"Ah! Then you expect to be?"

He nodded.

"Soon?"

"Day after to-morrow."

Mrs. Gwynne-Jones sat up among her pillows and smiled at the burglar.

"I know now," she said. "You chose the pearls as a sort of wedding present."

"Something like that," admitted Jimmie.

"How delightful!" exclaimed Mrs. Gwynne-Jones. "A sentimental burglar!"

Jimmie blushed; then turned sulky.

"You're joshin' me," he said.

"No; really I'm not. I'm perfectly fascinated with you. I hadn't any idea that men still risked life and liberty to satisfy a woman's whim. And, compared with the ordinary method, it's such a frank way of obtaining wedding presents! I hope that the girl you are going to marry is both good and beautiful."

"She's good enough for me," said Jimmie loyally.

"And beautiful?"

The young man looked at Mrs. Gwynne-Jones and a dull color swept over his somewhat romantic face.

"I've always—thought so!"

The lady uttered a little sigh.

"The only beauty a woman has," said she, "is that which exists in her lover's mind. Tell me," she went on; "does this sweetheart of yours —— What is her name?"

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"I Never Dreamed," Said Mrs. Gwynne-Jones, "That Anything in This World Could Look So Cheap! They're Just What I Wanted, Jimmie!"

Europe To-Day and To-Morrow

The Line-Up—By Will Irwin

DECORATION BY JAMES C. McKELL

It is Only When the Country is in Supreme Peril, or When the Cause Fits Exactly the Political Faith the National Genius Has Worked Out, That a Democracy Will Fight

I DO NOT wonder that in the beginning of the European War the American people, especially those of the interior, found their minds confused. The mind of Europe was just as confused, for all the appearance of cocksure belief in their cause with which censorships and bureaus of foreign affairs camouflaged the press. In opinion and understanding we have gone far since that time. The bullets of the Western Front have released not only lives but thoughts. For all the voices clamoring to be heard in articulate Europe and America—voices of political philosophers, statesmen, historians, poets, novelists, dramatists—not one, before 1914, had really looked into the anatomy of the modern world and seen what lay beneath the surface. Certain obvious facts were, indeed, perceived; but they figured in the political thought of the times as causes, whereas they were really only effects.

The impartial and farseeing felt that Europe was dancing over a powder magazine. Germany, certain Englishmen and Frenchmen would tell you, was preparing and had been preparing for many years a war to create a universal German Empire. If you had agreed with them, and had asked them just why Germany was carrying herself for empire, they would have stared at you. What was extraordinary about that procedure? Why shouldn't any nation go out for empire if it could? To ask why was like asking why a hungry man eats. For the men in a position to perceive all this were mainly diplomatic imperialists of the old school or their journalistic followers. To their type of mind it was all self-evident.

No; not a voice spoke in Europe—not one—to reveal or to analyze the true political and social conditions on that most advanced and civilized area of this planet. Historians and political philosophers understand better now; after three and a half years of war they can look back upon the old dead Europe of 1914 almost as they can look upon the Napoleonic Europe of 1810—an era so completely past, so thoroughly done for, that they regard it with detachment. That sense of detachment from the good old days we knew in 1912 and 1913 grows upon one who observes Europe in this sad period of 1918 until he comes instinctively to regard the commonplace apparatus of the 1913 civilization, which surrounds him all about, a little as one regards the relics of Roman life at Pompeii. That old world is gone forever. What kind of world will come out of this melting pot we do not know, though some of us are trying dimly to guess.

New Buildings on Old Sites

SOMEWHERE in Switzerland last summer I happened upon an almost current number of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, wherein I found an editorial that set me thinking, as POST editorials often do. It was a mistake, said in effect my friend the writer, to suppose that the war was going to produce great changes in the social structure; and he drew an analogy from the San Francisco earthquake. When that disaster struck, he said, the citizens of San Francisco planned a new town. The old San Francisco had just grown; some of the streets ran very inconveniently; certain districts were without proper parks; the whole plan lacked unity. Now was the time, said the people of San Francisco, while the fires were growing cold, to lay out the city they wanted.

What happened? When the fires at last were cold everyone was in such a natural hurry to resume normal business that city planning went by the board. The new city, as it grew up, followed exactly the lines of the old. So, the writer argued, would it be with Europe after peace came. We talk now, in the exaltation that war brings, of the opportunity for great changes. But when the guns are stilled we shall be so concerned with resuming business that plans will go by the board.

Now this one-paragraph sketch of the reconstruction period in San Francisco did not go far enough; for the city, almost without the will of the inhabitants, did change. The downtown district, which had been built of flimsy redwood, was restored in steel-structure reënforced concrete. Where there had been old-fashioned tin bathtubs, or no bathtubs at all, there were now porcelain tubs and tiled bathrooms. Outer areas that had been beautifully suited for residence had remained mere sandhills up to April, 1906; now they blossomed with villas. Clubs and churches that had collected half a building fund took this opportunity to move and erect modern quarters. The San Francisco of 1914 was not the San Francisco of 1906, though the groundwork remained the same.

Let us take, however, another analogy—the French town of Pozières, for example. Over it raged the early attacks of the Battle of the Somme. When I visited that field in November, 1916, I was shown a smudge on the ground; and my Canadian escort said: "There was Pozières!" Only one corner of a wall showed that a human habitation had ever stood on that site. Houses, sidewalks, road pavements, churches, schools had been pounded into dust, trampled by the feet of Mars into a mesh of shell holes. When the inhabitants set out to rebuild Pozières their first task will be to ascertain the areas of property holdings. This cannot be done; the landmarks from which the surveyors have measured since Frankish days have disappeared. The layout of Pozières may easily be reapportioned, readjusted. Nay, more, it will inevitably be readjusted. The streets will not run as they did; the schoolhouse and *mairie*—even the church—may not stand where they were. The ground plan of Pozières will be different.

To carry out the analogy and to risk a little excursion into the dangerous land of prophecy, I believe there will be many a San Francisco in the new world that is emerging from the wreck of this unparalleled disaster, and many a Pozières. In many spots of the social structure institutions will remain as they were, but with a new spirit and a new outlook; in many, old institutions will have to be replaced by others of which idealists have dreamed scorned dreams for centuries long, but whose full flowering had to await the period after the disaster. By the clash of San Francisco with the old groundwork, but new structures, and of Pozières with a new and better groundwork, the world of the future will work itself out. Though the war is not yet over, the social, intellectual, political and economic reconstruction has already begun. We have entered the new house of thought; the door is closed; we cannot go back if we would. That is why we can look now upon 1914 almost as we can look on 1814, and see what was the matter with the European world from which we so suddenly and so violently emerged.

What the highest and most sapient of us failed fully to perceive was a clash, within and without the nations, between two hostile, irreconcilable principles. You may call them, if you wish, as the muckrakers did, privilege and nonprivilege. David Lubin calls them Paganism and Hebraism. Usually we call them aristocracy and democracy; and I shall use those terms for want of better.

The Aristocrat's Creed

DEMOCRACY, which gathered force and made itself felt in the eighteenth century, was still really a struggling political creed at the beginning of the twentieth. For the nineteenth century the period of invention and colossal growth in political wealth had so changed the face of the world, so altered the course of our thinking, that we all seemed to confuse an issue which was quite clear to the minds of our forefathers in the year 1800. Politically, economically, intellectually, two classes—the one intrenched behind old tradition, the other armed with new thought—were still struggling, as they will continue to struggle for many an age yet.

Just before we entered the war I tried to describe in this weekly the difference in the philosophy of these two classes. In this age of many voices one cannot expect a long memory from his readers; and so I must repeat in brief synopsis. Perhaps, however, it will not be necessary for me to define democracy and the democratic attitude; so I shall confine this description to the aristocratic part of this sharp division in humanity.

The aristocratic outlook is partly a matter of temperament and partly of self-interest become sanctified. The aristocrat, whether he be the duke's chauffeur or the duke himself, looks backward toward old forms and sanctions, toward institutions and material things ripened by time. He has made a religion of his political creed; a religion that expresses itself most openly in the divine right of kings. His idea of society is a class with a background of inherited power, wealth and refinement, ruling by the grace of God over inferior beings. Toward those inferior beings, such as tradesmen and workingmen, the moral aristocrat must, he declares, hold a benevolent attitude. The good things of life belong to the aristocrat by right, he thinks; but he should distribute them with kindness and charity. Only when the inferior classes begin to assert their claim to leadership and to a share in the distribution of those good things does the aristocrat, according to his own standards, feel it his moral duty to withhold them.

Instinctively in former times, and with a system of written philosophy to back him in the past century or so, the aristocrat has always held to the idea of a mythical state with a soul, for which, as a martyr for his God, man must sacrifice everything without asking why. In old years the aristocrat personified the state in the king; in later years he has tended a little to personify the state itself. The humorless modern Germans, with their tendency to take

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WITHOUT PREJUDICE

By Will Payne

ILLUSTRATED BY H. M. BRETT

IF YOU have ever traveled that way by rail you may have noticed some odd buildings five miles north of the city limits. There are nine of them, scattered at wide intervals over the level, weedy, sterile ground. Eight are only one story—long, low, bare, with metal roofs and rusty iron shutters at the windows. You never see anyone moving about them. In their aloofness from one another and their grim aspect, standing on that forlorn flat, *there is something* forbidding. They seem to say "Keep away!" The building nearest the railroad is two stories high and not so long, but dingy and grim like the others.

This is the old plant of the Dimoise Powder Company, dating back of the Civil War—though there was only one small building to begin with. Now it is hardly more than a laboratory. The time-tarnished brass sign affixed to the corner of the two-story building says Consolidated Explosives Company—whose overworked establishments are scattered all along the Atlantic seaboard.

At half-past five employees were coming out of the two-story building, which houses certain offices of the company. It was quite dark and snowing thickly—whereat some women's voices exclaimed in dismay, with regretful mention of rubbers and umbrellas that had been left at home. But in spite of the snow the outpouring crowd gave signs of the exhilaration of workers released from the day's toil. There were chattering and laughter as they trailed off to the south, huddled in upturned coat collars, some of them running. It was only a short distance to the trolley line, where they would board the cars that took them homeward.

At ten minutes of six Lindsay came out of the building—overtaking three or four stragglers just beyond the doorway. Seeing the snow he turned up his coat collar, then gave one sharp glance round the narrow scene which the electric light disclosed and strode across the flagging to his car, which waited as usual at the curb. The machine wheeled away, turning toward the city. It had gone only a little distance when he took down the speaking tube and directed the chauffeur to stop. He climbed out promptly, stepped forward and spoke to the man:

"Pull ahead eight or ten rods, run off the road, shut off your lights and wait for me. Don't make a noise."

With that he started briskly back toward the building he had just left. Halfway there he turned to see whether the lights of the car were visible and was satisfied when he found they were not.

At the seldom-used back door of the office building he took a key from his pocket and let himself in. As at the front door, four steps led up from the street level to a broad bare corridor which ran lengthwise through the middle of the building. Keeping close to the wall he ascended the steps cautiously, stretching his neck to look down the corridor. When it was in full view he found it quite empty and lighted only by an electric cluster at the farther end. So he ran forward noiselessly until he gained the door of Hewlett's room, on the right-hand side. Before leaving the building he had slipped in there and taken the spring lock off the hall door. It opened therefore at his touch, and when it closed behind him he drew a quick little breath of relief. So far all had gone well.

Save for the merest glimmer that drifted in through the transom over the hall door the room was quite dark; but he knew exactly where to find what he wanted. Stepping and feeling with care he laid hands on a small table and lifted it over to the door between this room and his own room adjoining it. When he had climbed lightly on the table his face was opposite the transom of his room and he stared into darkness.

His pulse raced and there was a slight pain from the extreme tension of his nerves. It was like waiting, gun in hand, for big game; only this was the biggest game.

A thin line of light disclosed itself in the darkness and projected across the room, bringing out a diagonal strip of the worn matting on the floor. Slowly the line broadened as the door opposite him—giving from his room to the larger one beyond—gradually opened. The cautious movement was continuous. He saw a hand on the knob of the opening door, a wrist, an arm. The next moment a figure was revealed. With a backward glance over the shoulder it stepped fully into his room, reached to the wall and turned on the ceiling lamp, then closed the door.

"It's Quite True," She Murmured. "I Did Lie to You. . . . Put Yourself in My Place, Mr. Lindsay. . . . You Shouldn't Blame Me for It"

It was a woman's figure. Her age might have been twenty-eight or even thirty; but the exact tale of years was immaterial, for her bearing and movements gave the impression of abundant vitality—an unabated flow of youth. She was of dark favor with fine brow and eyes, and her features were cleanly cut. She wore a checked black-and-white waist with broad collar and cuffs, and a brownish skirt—a very simple costume; but one felt that whatever she wore would have that air of becoming her. Her lips were parted and Lindsay realized the pull on her nerves.

She went quickly down the room to his big battered desk. Its roll-top was closed and fastened with a hasp and padlock. He had been at considerable pains about that padlock. An expert told him nothing short of dynamite would open it. He saw a shiny key in her hand. She applied it to the lock and opened the desk. As usual it contained a litter of papers. She began exploring the litter with swift, deft fingers. . . . . .

Even up to that moment—in spite of the circumstantial evidence—there had been a suspense, a stubborn and unreasonable doubt in his mind. There was no doubt now. His mind closed upon the unquestionable fact, closed with the sharpness of a spring trap. If he had paused to take account of his condition he would have found that the brittle tension of his nerves was gone and he was quite cool. He climbed silently from the table, opened the door and stepped into the room.

She heard the second step and faced him. He had seen a deer start and quiver that way before a leveled gun; but she had nowhere to run. Shrinking against the desk she whitened; her dark eyes grew round and liquid with fear. He looked at her firmly an instant and then said:

"Sit down! I want to talk to you."

It was brusquely said, yet only as a somewhat irritated employer might give a business direction to an employee. She sank obediently into his armchair, in front of the desk; and he sat down in the other chair, at the end of the desk. He had not removed his hat, but in the interval of waiting while he looked through the transom he had unbuttoned his overcoat and loosened the silk scarf round his neck. Being seated he crossed his long legs. His gray eyes, under tawny eyebrows, bored steadily at her face, but he spoke only with a businesslike brusqueness:

"Where did you get that key to my desk?"

She was exerting her will against the first panicky shock of fear, but it gripped her heart and her mind was in a tumult, so she said quickly "I found it."

Lindsay frowned at her and said tersely, with just a touch of disgust: "That won't do! I saw you put the key in the lock. I can call a guard in half a minute and you can explain to the secret service where you got that key."

Her dark eyes studied his face with a kind of intent fearfulness. It was easy to see that she was baffled and uncertain. He helped her on:

"There's only one honest key to that padlock. That one's never been off my key ring and the key ring has never been out of my pocket but once—when you borrowed it the other day, saying you'd left your key to the filing case at home."

She looked into her lap, as one caught in a falsehood well might, and replied, low, "I took a wax impression of your key then, Mr. Lindsay." Her voice was agreeable to the ear. Humbled and slightly tremulous, it sounded very feminine.

"I thought so," Lindsay replied uncompromisingly. "I remembered that this afternoon—when I was wondering how anybody could have got into my desk. I remembered your stepping in here and saying you'd left your keys at home and borrowing mine."

The slight frown on his smooth-shaven face gave him an aggressive look. His voice, full of nervous energy, seemed to hold a whip in hand: "Our nerves are on edge round here; especially after the secret service in New York got that fellow with a copy of Mr. Hewlett's letter. Maybe you don't know of that; but it happened. The lamp there gave you away."

He nodded toward the top of his desk, where a green-shaded electric reading lamp stood. The light from the old-fashioned cluster in the ceiling was not strong enough. When he worked at night, as he had been doing regularly the last month, he used the reading lamp. It was fed through a green cord attached to a wall socket above the desk. A switch in the wall socket controlled the current or it might be controlled by the switch in the lamp itself.

"When I got back from dinner and went to light the lamp I found it had been turned off at the wall socket. I never used the switch in the wall socket myself, but always turned the light off and on by the switch in the lamp. It gave me something of a start—finding the lamp had been turned off at the wall socket since I left to go to dinner. I remembered I'd laid my pen in the middle of the sheet I was working at, to mark the place. When I opened the desk I found the pen had been moved. I was positive somebody had been at the desk while I was at dinner."

When he finished his evening's work he cleared the important papers from his desk and put them in the vault with his own hand. But it had seemed that, since he got the ingenious padlock, he might leave things on his desk while he was away an hour for luncheon and two hours for dinner. Usually, nowadays, it was well toward midnight when he finally called the day's work done.

He made her the statement about the lamp bluntly, adding: "I'm willing to tell you that because I want you to tell me the truth. Who are you? Who are you working with?" . . .

She replied, low: "My true name is Müller. . . . I have a country too, Mr. Lindsay." It was a plea for sympathy.

"Were you planted here?" he demanded. "As I recall it you came before the war."

"It was four years ago," she said. "I didn't come as a spy. I was looking for a position. It just happened that I found one in this office."

"How did you get into the spy line?" he asked with no yielding.

She considered a moment before replying:

"A man came to me—a man I had known before."

"In Germany?"

Again the slight hesitation, considering: "No; in London."

He caught at that. "You were working for the German Government there?"

"No; I was working for myself. Something happened."

She looked prettily distressed and pleaded in an appealing voice: "There is no need of going into that, Mr. Lindsay.

It has nothing at all to do with this. I left London and came to America and found a position here. . . . You know whether I have worked faithfully up to now."

Up to now, in fact, Howard Lindsay had decidedly approved of this employee—on more grounds than one. The clerical work that went forward in the large office next door was in charge of Perkins, the office manager. Lindsay himself, scientific protégé and lieutenant of Thomas Hewlett, had only an incidental contact with it. But a good while ago he had become aware that the dark-eyed attractive young woman at the corner desk did her work intelligently. The workman in him liked her for that. He discovered in time, in the incidental contacts of business, that there was a capable brain behind that smooth brow, and a will to get the job done properly. Which also pleased him. Being thirty-three and a bachelor he couldn't have helped being aware, in however impersonal a way, that she moved gracefully, had fine eyes, pretty hands, a pleasing voice. It was nice to have her about.

The office was a grim old place, with rough-plastered walls, worn matting on the floor, battered furniture; a place, too, of remorseless toil; especially these last three years, with the whole world shrieking for explosives, for little brown cubes of substance as innocent-looking as corn meal, which would rend a battleship as though it were made of paper. Hewlett would come in, heavy-shouldered, with dim eyes behind powerful glasses, his lumpy baldness shining like ivory, and say absently, "Howard, I wish you'd ——" And having thus dumped a matter of eight hours' continuous toil upon his young assistant's broad shoulders the great chemist would paddle abstractedly out again. Being left alone Lindsay would glower and grumble to himself, yet knowing all the while that his task was meat and drink to him.

It was a pleasant little experience in the midst of all this when the graceful young woman glided in to the end of his desk; spoke in her low, agreeable voice; perhaps lingered a moment, smiling, while he made a jocular observation. When she went out something warm, colorful, gracious departed from the bleak room. He had never seen her outside the office, but his awareness of her was quite different from his awareness of the twenty or more others in the general office. "I thought very well of you," he said with a bluntness which a handsome young woman could hardly have considered flattering. "We all did, as far as I know. The question is, how did you take to spying?"

She answered more readily: "This man I mentioned came to me here five or six months ago. He is a German a spy, I suppose you would call him. . . . Germany is our country, Mr. Lindsay; she is fighting the world."

"Including the United States," he reminded her.

She felt that he yielded no more to her than a block of granite would. Her hands folded together in her lap.

"He wanted me to keep watch here see what I could find for him. At first I wouldn't: but he urged me a great deal. . . . If you were in Germany now, Mr. Lindsay, and the United States was fighting for its life on every side, and you could help ——"

She left the rest to his imagination, looking earnestly into his face. But he gave no response and she continued with a touch of helplessness.

"Three weeks ago he came once more. They'd found that Mr. Hewlett and you were bringing out a new explosive; something more powerful than any other."

He cast back in his mind an instant and demanded "How had they found that out?"

After a slight pause she replied: "I don't know, Mr. Lindsay. They don't tell me more than they think it necessary for me to know."

"There was more than one man, then?" he put in.

"Only one that I ever saw," she answered. "I say 'they' because I know of course there are others. I think they heard about some tests or experiments somewhere away from here. At any rate they knew about the new explosive. The man I am speaking of told me about the situation; everything, he said, would depend on this spring. It was life or death. He reminded me of the hunger in Germany all that. You know how desperate it is, and what they have endured. It's my own flesh and blood, too, Mr. Lindsay—my brother; my relatives."

"Did he offer you money?" he asked brusquely.

She hesitated over that an instant and replied openly, "Yes I have no money, you know. I depend upon my salary. He said it was right I should be well paid. If I did this service I should be taking a risk. Very likely at any rate I should have to go away—lose my livelihood. He said it was right I should be paid—the Fatherland would wish to pay me. He offered me twenty-five thousand dollars."

She looked into her lap and added humbly: "Of course the money was a temptation too. I suppose it sounds disgraceful when such great things are at stake, but I have worked for my living since I was sixteen. Very likely you don't know, but there's always the fear of being ill or out of work. Twenty-five thousand dollars was a temptation too."

For the first time he spoke with a touch of cordiality or approval, saying decisively: "Of course! You should have been paid."

That encouraged her and she said more firmly: "We talked over the situation here in the office. I told him about it. He said I must manage to get at the papers you handle. At first he thought the vault might be opened. But I found out that watchmen were always on guard at night. Then he said I must get at them on your desk. He gave me an assortment of keys several times. I tried them all, but none would work. None of the ways he told me of would pick the lock. He grew terribly anxious. Finally I made up my mind to do as he recommended about trying to get hold of your key and make a wax impression. He gave me a little box with wax in it and had me practice taking impressions of keys. I did borrow your keys and went into the filing room and took an impression. Then he made a duplicate key."

"When was that?" he asked.

"Yesterday," she replied. "When you went to dinner last night I came in here and opened your desk; turning off the lamp wrong, no doubt, though I never thought of that at the time."

"You found a formula on my desk and copied it," he said, as one stating a fact.

"No," she replied readily. "I copied only half of it last night. That's why I came in again to-night. I know it isn't very long; but you see I had to be very careful

Continued on Page 113

The Thin Line of Light Broadened as the Door Gradually Opened. The Next Moment a Figure Stepped Fully Into His Room

Our Navy and the French Coast

By RALPH D. PAINE

Photographs Passed by the Committee on Public Information

Winter in the Bay of Biscay

THE most vital business of a fleet of American destroyers is to meet the preciousconvoys of its own country far out at sea and escort them. This is the supreme duty of our own naval forces in the war zone—to clear the ocean road for the task in hand. Much publicity has been given the existing scheme of coöperation with the British Navy, but the splendid services of the American ships that were sent to assist the French off the shores of Brittany have been rather obscured and overlooked.

Since last October I have been at sea with them all, from the American fleet to the British destroyers, trawlers and submarines that patrol the North Sea and the Strait of Dover, and I am quite sure that nothing finer has been accomplished in these waters than the day's work of the ships and men who are doing their part with the Tricolor of France flying beside the Stars and Stripes. They were called "The Suicide Fleet" when they sailed from home last summer, a merry jest to indicate the odds laid against them in nautical circles; and the survivors, still plugging away at it, regard those doleful predictions as poor stuff. They have weathered a winter of fogs and gales and submarines, coastwise and offshore, the roughest job that mariners could face, mostly in yachts whose owners never dreamed that they could endure such desperate ordeals.

Like Gentlemen in Overalls

THEY were no regular navy crews that brought these converted pleasure craft across the Atlantic, but reserves, naval militia, and so on—many of whom were greenhorns and landlubbers. The skipper as a rule was the only trained naval officer, and the serious young men who paced the bridge with him were brokers, lawyers, merchants, chief clerks—learning to serve their country between spells of seasickness. There might be a few real bluejackets and a seasoned petty officer or two among the enlisted men, but the average ran to husky lads from the colleges, who dreamed of chasing submarines and were ready to eat 'em alive.

The son of the man who had owned the boat might be peeling spuds or washing down decks, his dearest ambition to win a rating as a boatswain's mate; or you were likely to find a lowly able seaman who could buy a yacht or two without crimping his bank account. It was blue-water democracy, all hands together, eager to make an efficient ship as soon as possible. This was no training cruise, mind you, but the stern business of war into which they had been flung. The soldier has his months of intensive training before he is put in the front-line trenches, but these zealous, unterrified tars were told to go to it, the sooner the quicker.

France had appealed for ships to help patrol her Atlantic coast. The need was most urgent. By strategic necessity her chief naval activities were based in the Mediterranean. The United States promised to send France such ships as could be spared. It was the best that could be done at the time, and this is why the yachts came bravely over to undertake what would have been a man's-size job for a regular navy flotilla.

Beautiful vessels these were when their patriotic owners turned them over to the Navy Department, but scarcely fitted for the routine of war duty abroad. Ruthlessly their amateur crews fell upon the luxurious fittings and palatial quarters and made them suit their own needs, carpentering while at sea, keeping at it during every spare hour in port. Saloons paneled in mahogany were crowded with bunks and mess tables, plate-glass windows were boarded up with storm shutters, rough partitions knocked together anywhere and anyhow, while racks of rifles and cutlasses decorated walls once sacred to the costly paintings by marine artists of note. Gun platforms covered the immaculate decks, and the ready depth bombs disfigured the graceful overhang. Such a seagoing yacht as this resembled an extremely elegant gentleman who had jumped into overalls, rolled up his sleeves, spat on his hands, and was prepared to tackle any old stunt that came his way.

And so they came rolling into the Bay of Biscay and sighted the bold headlands of France, not to mention plenty of reefs and shoals and tricky channels to daunt far wiser sailormen. Officers and men were shaken down a bit by this time, fairly well acquainted with the ship and with each other, and sublimely convinced, which was the really important thing, that they were about to show a few French admirals that this piece of Uncle Sam's navy could deliver the goods as well as some others.

An ancient port, rich in memories of sea fights, blockades and great sailors, welcomed the yachts and took them very seriously. They signified a maritime partnership and alliance that recalled the brave days of John Paul Jones, who also knew these coasts and people. They were the vanguard of a fleet, and they had come to aid in fetching in from sea the transports laden with American soldiers. The port took on a brighter aspect and tried to forget its many sorrows—a large city filled with the widows and orphans of sailors, its young men all gone, the great naval base tenanted by only a few cruisers, destroyers and trawlers.

The coming of the Americans foreshadowed a tremendous activity, quays and docks and roadstead crowded with cargo ships, the sheds and water front heaped with mountains of food and supplies for General Pershing's army. Great steamers moved in and emptied their decks of thousands of troops in khaki, who vanished in an uncanny manner as fast as they could be loaded into trains and hurried off to Somewhere in France. The American Army was soon conspicuous, but bringing it thither was a navy job, and the place remained as always a port true to its naval traditions, an admiral looming larger than a general.

Ready to Board a Suspicious Vessel

It is singularly fortunate that such a man as Rear-Admiral Wilson should have been selected to command the American naval forces in France. As the war goes on, the importance of his task will vastly increase and many more ships must be placed at his disposal. Meanwhile he has perfected an organization of the French coast and employed to the best advantage such vessels as have been granted him—the yachts and a certain number of destroyers. More than this, he has the tact and sympathy so essential for cooperation with the French Navy and people.

Night School in the Bay of Biscay

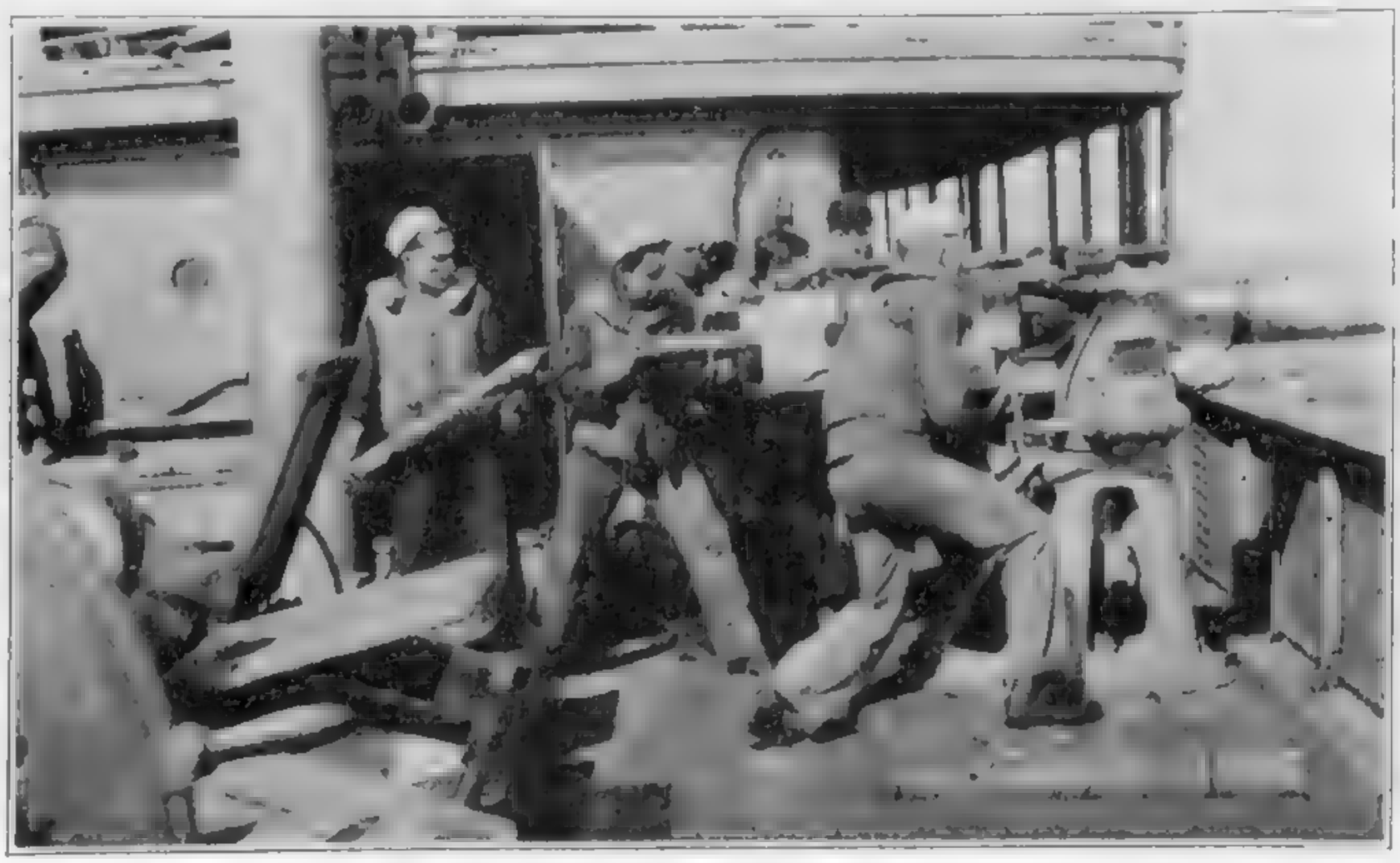
THESE bold seagoing yachts—some covered with gray paint, others disguised by delirious schemes of camouflage—soon discovered that the plan of operation was to set them going and keep them going. They were expected to help with the overseas convoys from American ports, and this was the spectacular part of the program; but more arduous and unremitting was the responsibility of protecting the coastwise convoys which daily pass up and down the French coast in mighty processions of commerce between the Mediterranean, Spanish and French ports and the English Channel and beyond.

The yachts had to learn this game, and they learned it by night, finding their courses in darkness and thick weather, herding a clumsy, nervous flock of twenty or thirty merchant ships, driving ahead when cautious pilots desired to anchor, joyously hoping and yearning for a shot at a submarine and winning their way to port, where they shoved more coal aboard and made ready for sea again.

The skipper of one of these industrious craft remarked when he came ashore for a day: "It's darn funny, but I made that southern-convoy run for four months without ever seeing it. Honest fact! I happened to do the trip by daylight last week and it sort of puzzled me."

It is different from any other American naval duty demanded by the war, because the men and the ships seemed quite unfitted for it when they started out.

They have adapted themselves to the conditions thrust upon them, taking the cards as they were dealt and playing their hand well, which seems to exemplify the American spirit at its best. Many of the men in the crews made heavy sacrifices to join the service, but there is no grumbling and the daily discomforts have no terrors for bluejackets who can sing while they sweat for hours, all black with



The Average Ran to Husky Lads From the Colleges, Who Dreamed of Chasing Submarines and Were Ready to Eat 'em Alive

grime, passing coal in baskets from the depths of a barge alongside.

Your crack destroyer goes clear of this, for she takes in her fuel with a hose from the oil-tanker and there is a real lay-off for the crew while in port.

The captains of these yachts, ranking as commanders and lieutenant commanders in the regular navy, have also learned many interesting things; among them the fact that the average intelligent American who has succeeded in other kinds of work ashore can be hammered into a useful watch officer or sailorman in surprisingly short order. He is shy of the technical training and discipline of Annapolis, and he would be far more efficient if he had them, but he gets hold of the essentials in the rough school of experience and takes his medicine like a little man. There were misfits and incompetents in these crews, of course, and they made costly blunders, but they have been weeded out and sent home or shifted to other duties. The doctrine of the survival of the fittest rules in "The Suicide Fleet," with an admiral as ready to punish delinquents as he is to praise those who stand the test. He was given these complements of raw reserves and he made the best of it, realizing that in a large measure their zealous devotion to the service and pride in being in the game made up for the lack of naval training.

About to Show a Few French Admirals That This Piece of Uncle Sam's Navy Can Deliver the Goods

A Bloodless Meeting

AS AN experiment it should have a distinct value at home. The wartime expansion of the American Navy has been so great that the percentage of trained officers and men seems absurdly inadequate. But the winter's work of the little fleet that is battered about in the Bay of Biscay has proved that young men with the right stuff in them can be taught enough seamanship in a few months to serve the purpose. One yacht has been torpedoed with heavy loss of life, and another broke her back on a reef; but these same disasters have happened to the American and British destroyer fleets and are inevitable in the war zone. The wonder is that the yachts have done so well and stood their punishment so long.

They lack the speed of the destroyer for taking the offensive against the submarine, but try to make up for it by no end of drill at the guns and a sincere belief that they are a match for any Hun that ever showed a periscope. It was one of the smaller yachts that fell afoul of a roving U-boat close in to the coast in a wicked gale of winds that made the problem of staying afloat and off the rocks exceedingly precarious. The big seas were sweeping the decks, the watch clinging to life lines for dear life, and the yacht coming up now and then to show little more than a funnel and bridge. Heading into it her speed was knocked down to two knots, scarcely more than steerage way, when a submarine was sighted no more than three hundred yards away, rolling near the surface, having come up to get its bearings and avoid stranding in the shoal water near by.

Here they were, side by side, the weather far too heavy to use gun or torpedo.

The general-quarters alarm was sounded on the yacht, whose half-drowned crew spluttered salt water and profanity at the submarine. The German skipper no doubt returned the compliments in kind.

"It was impossible to keep the forward gun's crew at their stations," sadly reported the commander of the yacht, "as there was danger of their being washed overboard. The after gun's crew tried to train on the submarine, but the seas were breaking over and they were unable to fire before the enemy submerged. It was inadvisable to attempt to use a depth charge because the speed of the ship had been so reduced, and I preferred to keep headed into it with the after gun ready for action rather than turn into the trough of the sea and endeavor to close in on the submarine. It was showing four or five feet of two periscopes when first seen and submerged three different times. When last sighted it had drawn away to a distance of about six hundred yards."

In this sociable manner they met and parted, and when the yacht returned to port her skipper was heartlessly guyed by his friends, who accused him of acting as a pilot for the submarine and showing it the way into deep water. The Hun followed along astern, said they, and was mighty thankful for the kindly assistance. Possibly it was the U-boat commander known to the fleet as "Mr. Kelly," a genial sport who had behaved like a real human being a rare exception to the rule. It was this Kelly bird who broke into the wireless while lying off the French coast, and sent this impertinent message in plain English:

Your war news very interesting but two or three words were badly sent. Please repeat and oblige.

After listening a while longer he shot this radio farewell into the air:

Good-by. I can waste no more time on you.

Many brave things have been done by the men of these hard-driven American ships, and one of them stands out superbly. It was the rescue of a man overboard in the midst of a storm even wilder than the weather just mentioned. This vessel was caught out in it while on convoy duty and her survival was little short of a miracle. The French marines called it the worst blow the Bay of Biscay had seen in eight years. Its violence was that of a hurricane, with a wind velocity approaching a hundred miles an hour, such a storm as would have sorely pounded and damaged a great Atlantic liner. The yacht was more or less knocked into kindling wood, both masts broken off and rolled out of her, all three boats smashed and carried away, decks gutted, life rails splintered, compartments flooded. The ship was rolling fifty-five degrees, or almost flat on her side, and when she plunged, more than half the length of her keel was in the air. In the midst of it the steering gear jammed and the ship was likely to broach to and founder unless it could be cleared. The chief quartermaster, E. H. Robertson, volunteered for the job and was presently washed overboard, carried off to leeward on the back of a roaring sea.

Not a Chance in a Million

THERE was not one chance in a million of saving him. He was as good as dead, and vanished. The ship was running before the storm and a quarter of an hour passed before she could be brought to, a very dangerous maneuver, which again swept her clean. The quartermaster had not gone down, but was visible on the lee bow, swimming with the courage of a man who refuses to surrender to the inevitable. Lines were thrown to him, but he was unable to reach them. Even if the boats had not been smashed it would have been impossible to launch one. A life raft was shoved over, and it floated toward Robertson so that he could clutch it and hang on.

This was merely to prolong his agony, however, for he could do nothing more to help himself. He had been in the water seventeen minutes, buffeted, strangled, freezing. The month was December, the temperature of

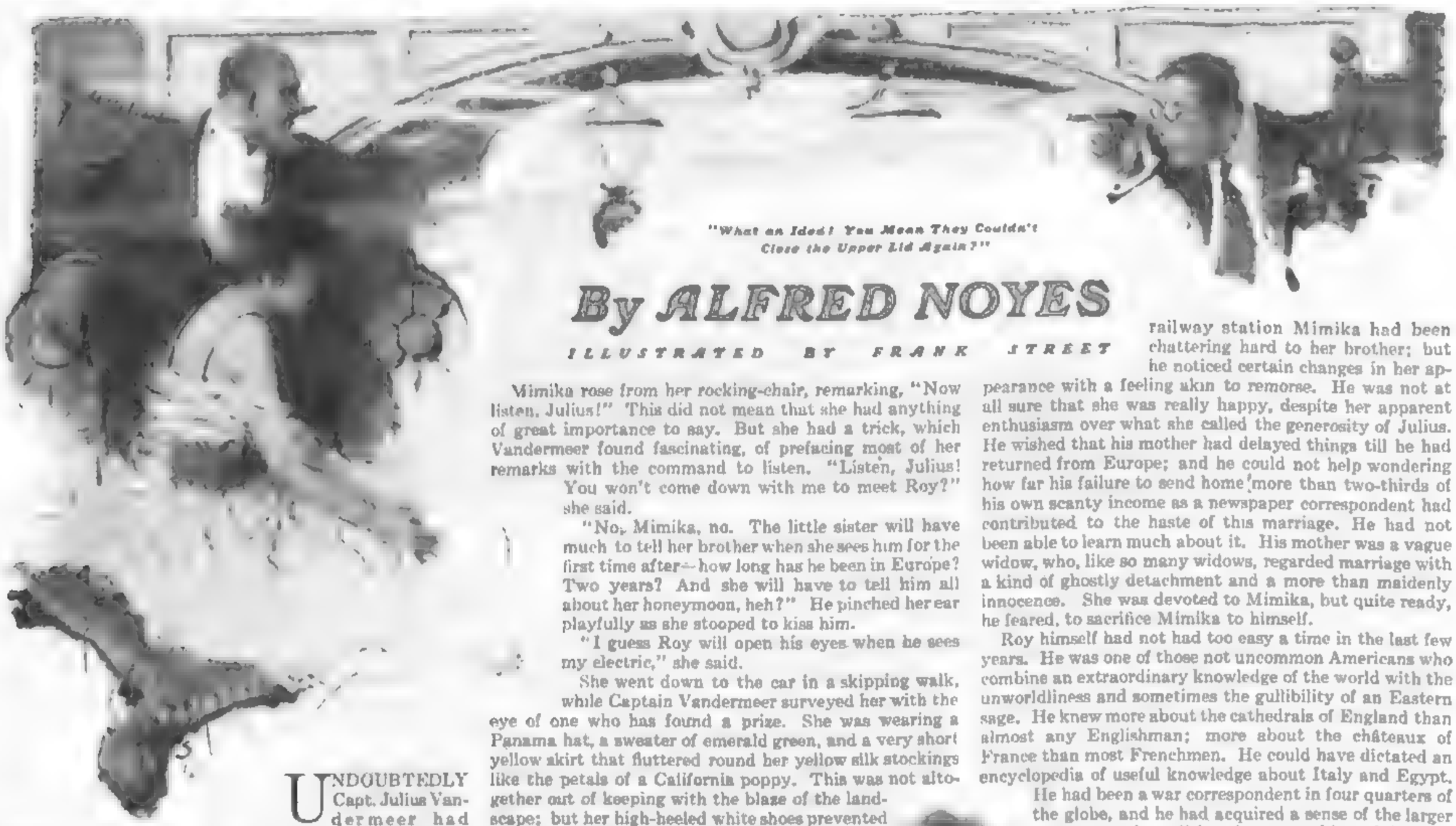
(Continued on Page 58)

Yearning for a Shot

The Men Believe That They are a Match for any Hun That Ever Showed a Periscope

Regular Tars After Six Months' Service

THE CREATIVE IMPULSE



"What an Idea! You Mean They Couldn't Close the Upper Lid Again?"

By ALFRED NOYES

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

UNDOUBTEDLY Capt. Julius Vandermeer had made a pile of money. A Dutch sea-captain who was the chief owner of his vessel in the first two years of the war was a lucky dog. A couple of voyages might bring him more than he could hope to make in half a century of peace. If he were lucky enough to make forty or fifty successful voyages across the Atlantic he could do exactly what Captain Vandermeer had done—retire from the sea, invest his money, look for a handsome young wife, and expect the remainder of his years to mellow round him like an orchard, dropping all the most pleasant fruits of life at his feet. Best of all, despite the gray streaks in his bushy red beard, he was only halfway through the forties, and he knew how to enjoy himself.

He sat on the veranda of his white bungalow under the foothills of the Sierra Madre, puffing at his big meerschaum pipe and explaining these things to the lady whom he had just married.

"Long ago I settled it in my mind, Mimika," he said, "if ever I came to be rich there should only be one country in the world for me, and that should be Southern California. Look at it!"

He waved the stem of his pipe at the broad slopes below. As far as the eye could see, from the petals that dropped over the dainty little electric car before the porch to the distant horizon, they were one gorgeous pattern of fruit trees in blossom. Masses of white and pink bloom surged like foam against the veranda; and the soft wind blowing across that odorous wilderness was like the whisper of wings at sunset in Eden. Behind the windows of the dining room a Chinese manservant glided to and fro like a blue shadow.

"Man lives by contrast, Mimika," Vandermeer continued. "For a quarter of a century salt water was all my world. Now I have chosen seas of peach blossom; and no danger of shipwreck, heh? Ah, but it smells fine, Mimika—fine! When I saw my fortune coming I asked a friend in New York what was the place out of all the world where a man might live most happily, most healthily, in the most beautiful climate, to the age of ninety or even to the age of a hundred, enjoying himself also. 'Southern California,' he said. At once I knew that my friend was right. I remembered San Diego when I was a boy, and the roses tumbling at my feet on Christmas Day. I remembered the women, Mimika; and the cantaloupe melons, cut in halves, with the ice melting in their lovely yellow hearts; and as soon as the money was in the bank I took the train to the City of the Angels. Los Angeles—what a name, heh? In three weeks I had found my ranch with its beautiful bungalow, waiting like a palace for its queen. In six months I had found the queen, Mimika, heh?"

Mimika rose from her rocking-chair, remarking, "Now listen, Julius!" This did not mean that she had anything of great importance to say. But she had a trick, which Vandermeer found fascinating, of prefacing most of her remarks with the command to listen. "Listen, Julius! You won't come down with me to meet Roy?" she said.

"No, Mimika, no. The little sister will have much to tell her brother when she sees him for the first time after—how long has he been in Europe? Two years? And she will have to tell him all about her honeymoon, heh?" He pinched her ear playfully as she stooped to kiss him.

"I guess Roy will open his eyes when he sees my electric," she said.

She went down to the car in a skipping walk, while Captain Vandermeer surveyed her with the eye of one who has found a prize. She was wearing a Panama hat, a sweater of emerald green, and a very short yellow skirt that fluttered round her yellow silk stockings like the petals of a California poppy. This was not altogether out of keeping with the blaze of the landscape; but her high-heeled white shoes prevented her from walking gracefully; and this was really a pity, for she could dance like a wave of the sea if she chose. Sadder still, her nose was white with powder and her lips looked as if she had been eating damson jam. This also was a pity, because in its natural state her face was as pretty as a wild flower.

Captain Vandermeer sat blowing rings of blue smoke for a minute or two longer. Then he entered the bungalow and went to a room at the back of the house which he had reserved as his own den. It was a very bare room at present, chiefly furnished by the neat little safe which he now proceeded to unlock.

He drew out a bundle of papers and examined them with loving care. There were American railroad bonds to the value of fifty thousand dollars; some Liberty Loan Bonds to the value of fifty thousand more; twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of Anglo-French bonds; and the same amount of the City of Paris, risky enough if the Germans were going to break through, but he did not think they were, and they yielded more than ten per cent. It was very wonderful, he thought, and he replaced them like a man saying good night to his child. Then he drew out a chamois bag and poured the glittering contents into his left palm. He was a very wise man in his generation.

"You never know," he muttered—"you never know what will happen, in these days, to bonds. These are perhaps the best investment of all. These are the reserves of my little army. It was a good idea to keep them. Besides, you can put them in your pocket and go where you wish at a moment's notice. It is not possible always to get money at once for bonds."

His face glowed with satisfaction as he put the bag in the safe and locked it.

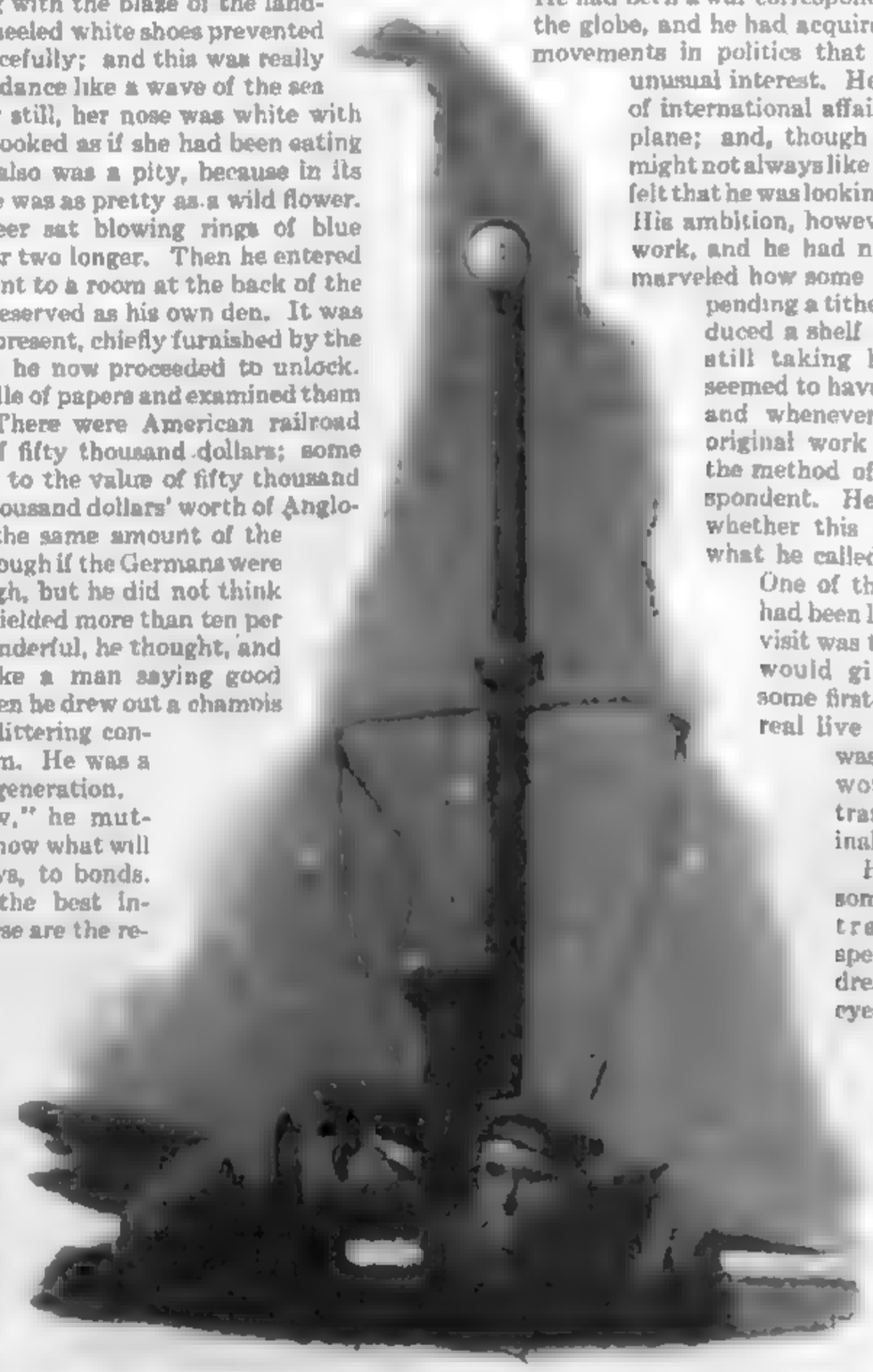
On the way up to the ranch from the railway station Mimika had been chattering hard to her brother; but he noticed certain changes in her appearance with a feeling akin to remorse. He was not at all sure that she was really happy, despite her apparent enthusiasm over what she called the generosity of Julius. He wished that his mother had delayed things till he had returned from Europe; and he could not help wondering how far his failure to send home more than two-thirds of his own scanty income as a newspaper correspondent had contributed to the haste of this marriage. He had not been able to learn much about it. His mother was a vague widow, who, like so many widows, regarded marriage with a kind of ghostly detachment and a more than maidenly innocence. She was devoted to Mimika, but quite ready, he feared, to sacrifice Mimika to himself.

Roy himself had not had too easy a time in the last few years. He was one of those not uncommon Americans who combine an extraordinary knowledge of the world with the unworldliness and sometimes the gullibility of an Eastern sage. He knew more about the cathedrals of England than almost any Englishman; more about the châteaux of France than most Frenchmen. He could have dictated an encyclopedia of useful knowledge about Italy and Egypt.

He had been a war correspondent in four quarters of the globe, and he had acquired a sense of the larger movements in politics that gave his opinions an unusual interest. He flew over the big guns of international affairs like a man in an airplane; and, though his European hearers might not always like his signals, they usually felt that he was looking beyond their horizon. His ambition, however, was to do creative work, and he had not yet succeeded. He marveled how some other men without expending a tithe of his energy had produced a shelf of books while he was still taking his notes. He never seemed to have the time for creation, and whenever he approached any original work he gravitated toward the method of the newspaper correspondent. He wondered sometimes whether this was due to a lack of what he called the creative impulse.

One of the things to which he had been looking forward on this visit was the opportunity that it would give him of obtaining some first-hand material from a real live sea-captain. Yet he was not sure whether he would ever be able to transmute it into an original book.

His boyish smile was in somewhat pathetic contrast with his gold-spectacled and curiously dreamy yet overstrained eyes, which sometimes gave his face in repose the expression of a youthful Buddha. His frequent abrupt changes between a violently active life and an almost completely sedentary one had not been good for him physically, and he was subject to fits of depression, relieved by fits of extreme optimism



"Captain, I Want to Warn You. There Is a Plot Among the Men to Kill You"

If only Mimika were happy he thought he might feel very optimistic about the material that Vandermeer could give him for the book he was contemplating. Indeed already he could not help sharing a little in her enthusiasm over her electric.

"And listen, Roy, we've got a marble swimming pool in the garden, all surrounded with heliotropes," she concluded, almost breathless, as they rolled up the long aisle of palms and pepper trees.

"Is that so?" said Roy. "And you love him, Mimika?"

"He's a dear," said Mimika. "And of course ——" She was going to add that Captain Vandermeer would do a great deal for Roy; but she had misgivings, and checked herself

She had almost broached the subject to her lord this morning, and had checked herself then, too, feeling instinctively that Vandermeer had grown rich too recently for him to help anyone but himself just at present

The introduction of brother to husband went off very well indeed Vandermeer was so hearty and held Roy's hand so affectionately that when they were getting ready for dinner Mimika ventured to approach the subject again.

"And listen, Julius, you'll be able to help Roy just a little, too, won't you?" she said, putting her hands up to her hair before the mirror in her bedroom.

"What do you mean, Mimika, by help?" Vandermeer's voice rolled in a very unsatisfactory way from the adjoining room

"Oh, of course there's only one kind of help Roy would accept," she replied hastily. "He's going to write something about the sea, and he thinks you might give him some hints."

"Why, certainly, Mimika. They say there's a book in every man's life." The voice was thoroughly hearty again now. "In mine I should say there would be a hundred books. I will tell him some splendid things."

The Submarine Will Never Rise to the Surface Again, and the Sea Will Never Betray the Secret

Even more jovial was the mood of Julius Vandermeer that evening after dinner; and he expanded his rosy views of the future to his brother-in-law over their cigars and a steaming rum punch flavored with lemon, which was his own invention for coping with the cold of a California night. He called it his "smudge pot."

"And now, Roy," he said at last, "I hope your own affairs go well. It is a great thing, the gift of expression. I wish I had it. Ah, what books I could write! The things I have seen, things you will never see in print!"

"That's precisely what I want to discuss with you, Julius. I have just signed a contract with the Copley-Willard Publishing Company to write them a serial dealing with the heroism of the merchant marine in wartime. I don't mind confessing that I told them a little about you—said you had no end of crackajack material I could use. The result was the best contract I've yet made with any publisher; so I owe that to you. The Star News Company was very well satisfied with my record as a correspondent; but I bungled the contract with them. If I can put this thing through it means that I shan't be a poor relation much longer. Now if you can only give me a good subject and put me wise on the seamanship and help me to get the local color the rest will be as easy as falling off a log. You must have had a good many experiences, for instance, with the submarines, when you were crossing the Atlantic twice a month."

"Experiences—why, yes, many experiences; but my good fortune comes—well—from my good fortune. I am like the happy nation. I have not had much history for these two years. But I have seen things—oh, yes, I have seen things—that were like what you call clews—clews to many strange tales"

"That's precisely what I want—a rattling good clew!"

"Well now, let me think. There were some interesting things about those big merchant submarines that the Germans sent at one time across the Atlantic."

"Like the Deutschland, you mean?"

"Yes; and there were others, never mentioned in the newspapers. One or two of them disappeared. Perhaps the British destroyed them. Nobody knows. But it was reported that one of them was carrying a million dollars' worth of diamonds to the United States. Think of that, Roy! A submarine full of diamonds! Doesn't that kindle your imagination?"

"Gee! I should say it would!" remarked Mimika, putting down the highly colored magazine in which she had been studying the latest New York fashions.

"Depends what happened to it," said Roy.

"Come, then, I will tell you a little story," said Vandermeer; "but you must not mention my name about this one. How did I come to know it? Ah, perhaps by some strange accident I met the only man who could tell the truth about it. Perhaps I was able to do him some small service. In any case that is a different matter. This story must be your own, Roy. It shall come from what you call your creative impulse."

Mimika plumped down on a cushion at her lord's feet to listen. He patted her shoulder affectionately with his big left paw, which showed up in a somewhat startling contrast with its rough skin and long red hairs against that smooth whiteness. With his right hand he filled himself the third glass of rum punch that he had taken that evening. He smacked his lips between two sips.

"Help yourself, Roy," he said, "and take another cigar. Yes, I will tell you. Take a sip, Mimika. That is good, heh? Now I shall need no more sugar.

"Well, Roy, just imagine: This big merchant submarine leaves Hamburg loaded with diamonds! A million dollars' worth of diamonds, all going to the United States, because it is necessary that Germany shall pay some of her bills There is a crew of only twenty men, because they need them for the U-boats. All of these men are sulky, rebellious They have been forced to do this work against their will. They were happy on their ships in the Kiel Canal, except that there was always the chance of being picked for submarine duty. When they are lined up for that—ah, it is like waiting to be named for the guillotine, in the Reign of Terror! They have courage, but their hands shake, their lips are blue and their hearts are sick. It is the death sentence. Either this week, or the next, or the next they will be missing. Certainly in eight weeks their places must be filled again; they are just fishes' food. Picture then the choosing of these men There is your first chapter, heh?

"Now for the second You must picture the captain He is the most rebellious of all, for his life has been spared longer than most, but his life on the submarine is a living death. He is a good sailor, yes, in any surface vessel; but in the first place the submarine makes him sick at the stomach the smells, the bad air, the joggle-joggle of the engine, the lights turned down to save the batteries. All that depresses him; and he has always the thought that, if one little thing goes wrong, he will die like a man buried alive in a big steel coffin, with nineteen others, all fighting for breath. It is a nightmare—the only nightmare that ever frightened him."

Captain Vandermeer certainly had a vivid imagination or else his own creative impulse, aided by frequent drafts of rum punch, was carrying him away; for his bulging blue eyes looked as if they would burst out of their canary-lashed lids

"Moreover, this captain has been in a fighting submarine that has shocked his nerves. He has grown used to scenes of death. He has come to the surface and seen many scores of men and women drowning, and he has watched them till he minds it no more than drowning flies. But twice he has found himself entangled in a steel net, and escaped by miracle. That is not so pleasant. When it was decided to send him to the United States on a merchant submarine, what was his first thought? What would be yours, Roy, in that position?"

"A bedroom and bath at a first-rate hotel," replied Roy promptly.

"You follow the clew very well, my boy. You have a clever brother, Mimika. The first thought of the captain is this: If I can get safely through the ring of the enemy the rest of the voyage will not be so bad. I shall make most of it on the surface, and I shall have a breathing spell in a great city outside the war. That will make the second chapter, heh? Now what is his next thought, Mimika?"

"Why, listen! If I once got to New York I should want to stay there," replied Mimika, helping herself to a large piece of candy.

"Ah, what a clever sister you have, my dear Roy!" said Vandermeer, and both his red streaked paws descended approvingly on Mimika's white shoulders. "How beautifully we compose this tale together, heh? But he has not yet reached America, and he has a submarine full of diamonds on his hands: also a crew of twenty men; also his orders as an officer in the German Navy.

"Well, let us suppose he has come safely through the ring of the enemy, after several nightmares. He runs on

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WAS MEINT DAS?

By RAY GILES

COMPANY K of the 706th Infantry had just finished gas-mask practice on a pleasant May morning in 19—. Returning to their tents Sergeant Scotty Kane was about to take his men out for bayonet work when one of the privates came up, eying the stock of his gun with a puzzled look.

"Who did that?" he asked, pointing to some words freshly branded on the wood with a hot iron.

Scotty looked. He saw five familiar words—"A world safe for democracy"—branded clearly but inconspicuously in small capital letters on the gunstock.

"Oh, yes," he replied to the group that had now gathered about, "I heard that they were going to do that."

"What's the idea?" someone asked.

"Got me; no explanations were given."

That night the men talked it over at considerable length. All the guns, the report ran, were to have the slogan put on them.

The word "democracy" came up for discussion. In spite of all the times the word had been in print there were still some men to whom its exact definition was not perfectly clear. But the boys thrashed it out in a very thorough discussion, and many a man went to sleep that night with a clearer understanding of the reason why his country was at war.

This went on out West, down South, up North and in the East—all over, wherever men were in camps or barracks preparing for war. There were some attempts at joking, but somehow the words lent themselves rather poorly to jest. Some of the newspapers took it upon themselves to comment on the move, but nothing worth noting here was said. The Government offered no explanation. Presently it was found that every gun and every helmet supplied to American soldiers in France carried the slogan. The helmets had the words indented in the front of the crown. But we must pass on to the more interesting part of our story.

Two months later every ambulance in France was plainly marked "A world safe for democracy." Tommy and poilu alike knew what it meant. The French girls shouted it in strongly flavored English as each transportload of Sammees marched through Paris. The great heart of France quickly responded to the incessant repetition of the slogan.

"A world safe for democracy" was fast becoming in its original tongue the slogan of the world outside of the Central Powers. The children of the Allied countries were taught it in their schools. Over and over the phrase was spoken, written, printed. Five million Americans carried it into battle on their guns and helmets—unnoticeable except to close observers, true; but a flood was lifting higher and higher, pushing against the walls of blind misunderstanding which Hohenzollern training had erected in front of the German troops on the Western Front.

Then American helmets began to leak into Germany.

Disarmed and bleeding, Privates Burns, Keene, Moore and Barrett stood before a little group of German officers, who still managed to laugh occasionally and venture an optimistic prediction about the outcome of the war.

In stepping close to Moore, who still wore his helmet, Capt. Ludwig von Schwimmen got a mild surprise.

"*Was meint das?*" he inquired sourly, pointing at the crown of the American helmet. Moore knew no German, so he could only shake a perplexed "No" with his head.

Von Schwimmen repeated his question to a brother officer who spoke English with German thoroughness. This second officer also examined closely the American helmet and did not seem particularly happy over the situation—even less so after seeing it repeated above the foreheads of Keene and Burns. He frowned and withdrew to his fellows and began to confer with them in low tones.

One of the German noncoms stepped up to look at the helmets which seemed to have so stirred up his superiors.

"Stand back!" bellowed Von Schwimmen. It would be fascinating to know the how-manieth proof this was that the Prussians never studied the open book of human nature.

"So," continued that officer, turning again to his brothers, "they hammer their fool words into the soldiers' heads to make them think that they are the saviors of the world."

"But," asked Captain Schwarzkopf, "our men will want trophies. Are we going to let them take those helmets home with them?" Plainly he had doubts about the matter.

The Lieutenant Meister ventured an opinion: "It will be worse to destroy them. What explanation could we offer for that? Listen: I will talk to our men." Turning to the good Fritzes under them he proceeded in his best Heidelberg manner:

"You heard the Captain von Schwimmen ask '*Was meint das?*' Good enough; so would you all when you look closely at the Yankee asses' helmets. They have at last come out in the open. The words on their helmets proclaim their determination to force their own inefficient, godless, money-grubbing form of government upon Germany. Jealous of the commercial growth of the Fatherland they would fight the form of government that made her so. The words are not to be perfectly translated into German, but that is their import. They mean roughly, 'No government but our kind.' Take the Yankee helmets home with you if you wish; your grandchildren will be proud of them when South America is a German colony."

There was some mild cheering. Privates Burns, Moore, Keene and Barrett trudged bareheaded to a German prison camp without knowing what it was all about. Their helmets passed into the possession of the German soldiers who had captured them.

Again, before we pass to the more interesting events that followed, let us look in on a secret conference held by German officers on the night of June fourth at K——.

An American helmet had gone from hand to hand round the table. To many it was the first news they had received regarding the Yankee phrase's appearance on helmets. Doubts were expressed, questions asked. The conference for a time seemed to be getting nowhere. Then the Captain von Goeltz inspected furtively but thoroughly his fellows. Good enough; they were all of the right kind. He thumped his stout fist upon the table.

"'A world safe for democracy'—— The silly children begin now to put their war platform in this way before the people of Germany. Shall we be afraid of it? No! Look!" And he reached down a German dress helmet from a hook overhead and pointed with his square-tipped finger to a brass ribbon across the front: "'*Mit Gott für König und Vaterland!*' Has not this thought been stamped for years upon the minds of all young men when their time came for military service in the Imperial Army? Are we going to be scared by a ten-pfennig scheme that we have provided against without knowing it? 'With God for King and Fatherland!' What value have their cheap, ninny words beside a sentence like ours? I say, let the men take home all the Yankee helmets they want.

"They will not separate Germany from its Prussian Hohenzollerns. How can they when there are two Prussians to every other kind of German? These North American Indians do not seem to realize that. They seem to think that we Prussians are only a handful. They might well remember that the poor fool Napoleon III also thought that the people of Würtemburg, Bavaria, Baden, Hesse-Darmstadt and some of the other states and cities would seize the opportunity to split away from the Prussians the minute he opened war on Germany, but by the fall of 1870 the softies were clanging at our gates to come and be one with us. How, now, will the Americans get the Lower Germans to try what they did not desire to do fifty years ago?

"'To Prussia!'" There was a clatter of autocratic heels on the floor as fourteen seidels were raised on high. "You and your Hohenzollerns and your army are the spine of the earth!"

With variations the same problem came up repeatedly along the Western Front. The various explanations given to the German troops regarding "a world safe for democracy" would make fascinating reading if all could be collected. At least we shall see in a few minutes how some of them worked out. One thing was certain: It was impossible to give good reasons why the American helmets were not legitimate trophies of war. So one by one, ten by ten, and finally hundred by hundred, they made their way into the homes of the German Fatherland.

"They Will Not Separate Germany From Its Prussian Hohenzollerns. How Can They When There are Two Prussians to Every Other Kind of German?"

Fritz Weisbein carried a big bundle in his remaining arm as he walked to his home in Hamburg. His mother was at his right, weeping yet glad. His father was very quiet, but Fritz knew by the old man's way that there was a long talk ahead between them when they got home.

And so it was. When the mother went to the kitchen and the two men sat in the front room the elder looked at the empty sleeve and said, "Well, what have you got to make up for it?"

"Two Americans," replied Fritz. He rose and went over to the table. Undoing the bundle he lifted out two helmets and handed them to his father. The father looked at them carelessly. "What are the dumb asses fighting for, anyway?" he asked.

"Nobody knows. Some say money; some say they are now one with the British; some say that they are only getting a big army ready for their coming war with Japan."

"But what do you think?"

"I don't know. Here is a queer thing they are putting on all their helmets."

The old man looked. "'A world safe for democracy.' *Was meint das?*" he asked.

"Wilson was elected by the Democracy Party. In a short time elections will again take place. This is a scheme to advertise himself into another term."

"Who told you that?"

"The doctor at the hospital."

The father thought a while. "To me that sounds like foolishness," he said finally—"even for a country that is all

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SHOT WITH CRIMSON

By George Barr McCutcheon

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

MR. PAUL ZIMMERLEIN'S telephone rang shortly before midnight. He lived in a small, exclusive hotel on one of the crosstown streets, near Fifth Avenue. A brief conversation over the wire ensued. A few minutes later he appeared at the desk in the office downstairs, dressed for the street. He was very angry.

"Why was I not informed when I came in this evening that Mr. Prince had called up and was expecting me to join his party at the Helvetia for supper, Mr. Rogers? He rang me up at nine o'clock and instructed you to put the message in my box."

"I have no recollection of ——"

"Of course you haven't! You never do have any recollection! None of you! I shall take the matter up with the manager in the morning, Rogers. It has happened before. The least you could have done was to stick the message in my box."

"I will inquire of the telephone operator. The regular boy is off to-night. If there has been any carelessness, Mr. Zimmerlein, it has been with her—not with us, sir," said the clerk, with the servility that is sometimes mistaken for civility on the part of hotel clerks.

"I haven't time to listen to her excuses. They have been waiting for me since eleven o'clock, and I have been in my room since ten."

"I know, sir. It was a little before ten when you came in."

"Well, be good enough to investigate. I warn you that I intend to complain in the morning"

"I'm sorry, sir ——" began the clerk, but Zimmerlein was already on his way to the street.

The night clerk scowled after him, and then retired behind the key rack to consult the operator.

"What's the matter with you?" he demanded. "Zimmerlein's sore as a crab about not getting a message that came in at nine, he says; and he's going to raise hell about it."

"Nobody called him up—not till just a few minutes ago. It's the old gag. I heard what the guy said to Zimmerlein—about calling up at nine and giving directions and all that bunk—and I had to hold my tongue between my teeth to keep from butting in and telling him he was a liar, and ——"

"Tell that to Mr. Coxhorn in the morning," broke in the clerk, and moved languidly away. That was the extent of his investigations.

The Helvetia was a brisk five minutes' walk from Zimmerlein's hotel. He did it in three.

"Is Mr. Prince entertaining in his rooms or in the café?" he inquired at the desk.

"In the café, Mr. Zimmerlein."

"Thanks."

Fifteen minutes later he sauntered up to a table at which a party of seven or eight people were seated. Nodding and smiling in his most amiable manner to the ladies he laid his hand on the shoulder of one of the men.

"Sorry, old man, but they didn't give me your message. I should have been sitting on the doorstep waiting for you if I'd known you really wanted me. Thanks for calling me up again. It was good of you, and I'll try to make up for all the lost time and trouble by being as agreeable as I know how to be."

He added an encircling smile. The ladies appeared to cheer up measurably.

The man addressed, a huge individual with a tremendous expanse of white shirt front, betrayed not the slightest sign of surprise or confusion. With all the profound affability of a Far-Westerner he made the newcomer welcome. If his steel-gray eyes bored inquiringly into Zimmerlein's for the briefest instant no one else at the table was aware of the fact. Nor did anyone observe the warning that shot back from the narrowing eyes of the belated guest.

A waiter produced a chair for Zimmerlein and placed it between two of the ladies, who with evident eagerness made room for him. His smile deepened as he shook his head, affecting dismay.

"Not yet but soon," he pleaded. "I ran across an old friend of yours out in the lobby, Prince. Stillwell. I told him you'd be happy to have him join you, but as he's just off the train he says he's filthy."

"Where is he?" cried Prince, starting up. "I wouldn't miss seeing him for anything in the world! An old pal of mine in Japan," he explained to his guests.

"If you will excuse us both we'll ——" began Zimmerlein apologetically.

"Come along!" interrupted Prince, grabbing the other's arm. "Good old Still! We'll bring him back with us if we have to drag him in. You'll love him," he added boisterously.

The two men hurried from the café. They did not speak until they reached a deserted corner of the hotel lobby.

"What's up?" demanded Prince.

"I've just had some damnably disturbing news. It's pretty bad, but I think I've got word to the right people in time to head off—trouble. I was just going to bed when I was called up on the phone. By Gad, he's cool-headed, I'll say that for him! Said he was you, and wanted to know why the devil I hadn't showed up over here. I was wise in a second. We met in the most casual manner at the corner. He will go a long way, that chap will, mark my words. He's as keen as a fox and as resolute as the devil. I can't explain here, Prince. We must get back to your party. My alibi lies there, you know, if I should happen to need it. You understand, don't you?"

"Certainly. I knew something was in the wind. Is it serious? Tell me that."

"It can be serious, desperately serious. But we can't do anything now. At one o'clock I shall ask you to excuse me, Prince. Engagement very early in the morning. Much-needed rest, and so on. And, by the way, we were unable to locate Folwell. He ——"

"Stillwell, wasn't it?"

"So it was. Gad, my nerves must be shot up worse than I thought. At any rate he had vanished."

"Have you managed to get in touch with anyone else?"

Zimmerlein permitted himself what was meant to be a smile, but was instead an ugly grin. "I've sent word to—you know."

"About the only way that's safe to talk in these days," said Prince, looking over his shoulder.

"You've done your share to-night, my friend, by simply being who and what and where you are. Nothing more is required of you."

"I'm not asking questions," said Prince, scowling.

"You have asked one!" snapped Zimmerlein.

"Oh, Lord! Haven't I a right to ——"

"There is nothing more to be said on the subject," said the other, fixing the big man with a look that caused him to quail. "You know as well as I just what our law is, Prince. I am not above it; nor are you. Now let us return."

Shortly after one o'clock Zimmerlein said good night to the host and the guests upon whom he had deliberately imposed himself, and went forth into the night. A short distance down the street he was hailed by a lone taxi driver, who called out in the laconic, perfunctory manner of his kind:

"Taxi?"

Zimmerlein walked on a few paces, and then apparently reconsidering turned back.

"Take me to the Pennsylvania," he said, and got into the cab.

When he took his seat it was between two men, who slunk down in the corners and kept their faces and bodies well out of sight from the occupants of passing cars and pedestrians on the sidewalk.

An unusual amount of clatter attended the getting under way of the car. The exhaust roared, the gears grated and snarled, and the loose links of tire chains banged resoundingly against the mud guards.

A quarter of an hour elapsed. Zimmerlein did most of the talking. Then as the taxi drew up in front of the little hotel in the crosstown street he got down and handed the driver a bank note. His last words before leaving the car were: "Remember, now! There must be no mistake, no slip-up. Be dead sure before you do a thing. He is to disappear—that's all. There must be no trace—absolutely no trace."

As he sauntered into the hotel the taxi rattled swiftly off in the direction of Broadway, its remaining occupants silent and white-faced, but with lips and jaws rigidly set.

"No complaint after all, Rogers," said he to the night clerk, rather jauntily. "My friend confessed that he hadn't called me up at all. It was his nice little way of stringing me. Assuage the poor girl's grief if you know how, Rogers. Tell her it's all right, and she can sleep soundly at the switch. Also be good enough to say to her that I apologize for myself and for my friend."

Rogers watched him enter the elevator, and once more strolled back to the switchboard.

"Hey! Wake up! Zimmerlein's just come in. He's stewed and says his friend's a liar. There won't be any court-martial."

The girl yawned. "Say, has that darned old clock stopped or is it still only ten minutes of two? It's been that for an hour. Never again for me. Next time Pilcher wants to get off till half past 'leven he needn't leave a call for me. I'm through accommodating that mutt. Two o'clock! And he swore he'd be here by eleven. I ought to report him. Do a guy like that a favor and he ——

"What was that you said about old Zim-zim? D'you say he was soused?"

"No. I said stewed. He's carryin' an egg on an oyster fork. I never saw him drunk before."

At his usual hour for breakfasting Mr. Zimmerlein briskly entered the dining room the next morning and seated himself at his customary table near the window. Two morning newspapers lay beside his plate of sliced oranges. His eyes swept the headlines on the front page. A slight frown darkened his brow. He looked again, a little more closely. Then he took up the other paper. A certain eagerness that had been in his eyes when he sat down gave

way to something bordering on astonishment. His interest passed quickly to the second, third and fourth pages.

There wasn't a line—not a solitary line about the sinking of the Elston!

He had encountered Elberon late in the afternoon of the preceding day. He was going into the club as the other came out.

"You will read something great in the morning papers." Elberon had said guardedly. "Perhaps even to-night."

"I am always reading something great in the newspapers," he had replied.

"They got the Elston. Report came about two o'clock. No details. I doubt whether it is known in Washington yet."

But the morning papers had no account of the sinking. Not a word. What did it mean? Could it be possible that their news traveled so much faster than that obtained by the eager, avid press? Were they even ahead of Washington? Elberon was in a position to know. He never went off half cocked. There wasn't the least doubt in Zimmerlein's mind that the Elston had been sunk; but why this amazing failure of the newspapers to —— He started suddenly. Comprehension flooded his brain. His eyes lighted up again. He understood in a flash. Suppressed! The news of the destruction of the Elston with all those vitally important men on board —— Why, of course! It had to be suppressed! Nevertheless, he decided to drop in and see Elberon on his way downtown.

As for last night's business, if it came to a head at all it was after the papers had gone to press. Still, he took the time to run through both papers with unusual thoroughness. It was barely possible that a paragraph, one of those widely spaced paragraphs that always exact attention, might have stopped the presses at the last minute.

He slid indifferently over the account of a disastrous fire along the water front of an American port from which heavily laden ships departed almost daily for French and English destinations. He knew all about that.

Elberon was not at his place of business. This defection on the part of Elberon exasperated him. It was a new sensation. He could not account for the sudden and admittedly unreasonable sense of irritation that assailed him, for after all Elberon regulated his actions according to the demands of his own business. The merchant's secretary announced that he doubted if his employer would be in the office before noon. He thought he had gone Christmas shopping with his wife.

"Damn Christmas!" muttered Zimmerlein as he closed the door behind him and stalked off into the counter-lined aisles that led by rectangular turns to the street.

The business of the night just ended had got on his nerves. His hand shook a little as he paused inside the doors to light a cigarette. It was a bad business; there was no use trying to make light of it.

Miss Mildred Agnew welcomed him with a cheery good morning, and the alert office boy went her one better by adding the information that it was "a fine day, sir."

"Any messages, Miss Agnew?" inquired Zimmerlein.

"A telephone call, sir, from the steward of the Black Downs Country Club. He says there is a leak and wants to know if you, as chairman of the house committee, will do something about it right away."

"A leak?" he demanded, stopping short.

"So he said, Mr. Zimmerlein."

"Get him on the telephone and ask him to come in and see me at once."

He was frowning darkly as the office boy relieved him of his hat and coat and hung them up in the closet. His mail received scant attention. As a matter of fact he swept the pile aside and touched a button on the corner of the desk.

Thorsensel came into the private office, carrying a roll of blue prints.

"Any word?" asked Zimmerlein, as the other carefully and deliberately spread the prints on the desk and weighted one end of them down with a heavy steel ruler.

"No. Not a word."

"It's—it's rather queer, don't you think?"

"You are nervous, Zimmerlein," said Thorsensel after a moment in which he studied the other with a keen and soul-searching eye. "It won't do, my friend. Nervousness tends to irritation, and irritation leads to impatience. You know what happens to the impatient, Zimmerlein."

"Damn it all, I am nervous! I admit it. Don't lecture me. I'm not going to lose my grit—or my head either."

"You can't lose one without the other, you know," remarked Thorsensel sententiously.

"What do you suppose has happened?"

"Nothing—nothing at all," said the other.

"You mean that—that they didn't pull it off? That is the very worst that could have happened."

"That is exactly what I mean. You need not worry, however. Trust Scarf to play it safe. If he saw that there was the slightest chance of failure he would have taken no risk. That's Scarf, my friend. Calm yourself. We shall hear from him before noon. He will have worked out another plan, you may be sure."

It may be mentioned here and now that Zimmerlein had consulted Thorsensel—the master mind—before taking a step in the affair of the night just past. He had gone directly from his hotel to the little French café down the street. He knew that it was the unvarying habit of the strange, silent engineer to drop in at this quaint place for a bite of something to eat and a bottle of red wine at midnight. Thorsensel never missed doing this. There was method in his consistency.

"I Should Like to Telephone, Aunt Frieda," Said the Girl Abruptly

A big and vital problem confronted Zimmerlein. He did not dare act without consulting his pseudo-subordinate. Thorsensel took the matter out of his hands. It was he who laid the plans. Zimmerlein became merely an instrument with certain functions to perform, and nothing more.

"I hope you are right," said Zimmerlein, absorbing some of the other's fatalistic assurance. "God help us if you are wrong."

"My dear man, God helps us because we are right, not because we are wrong," said Thorsensel, laying his big clenched fist upon the desk; not violently, but with a gentleness that suggested vast strength held under control by the power of a vaster will.

Zimmerlein drew a long, deep breath.

"You've heard about the Elston, I suppose?"

"Yes. They got her. I knew they would. That was the greatest tip we've ever had. Our report is that not one of the big bugs on board was saved. A number of the crew got off in boats, but they had to hurry. She went down in eight minutes. They made a good job of it, bless 'em. No wonder the night wind weeps! Now, we'll see what old England has to say for the invincibility of her fleet, and what she'll say to the United States for letting the cat out of the bag." He laughed aloud, for the first time in the memory of Zimmerlein. Several of the men in the drafting room looked up. They stared unblinkingly at the laughter.

The forenoon wore away. Thorsensel shuttled between the drafting room and the private office. He no longer laughed. The pleased, confident look had left his eyes; in its stead lurked something that finally developed into real, undisguised anxiety. An atmosphere of restraint settled down like a cloud over the offices. The uneasiness of the two principal figures in the place was acutely infectious.

The report of Peter Hooge, the steward of the Black Downs Country Club, who arrived shortly after noon, neither increased nor lessened the strain. He was unnecessarily alarmed. What if secret-service men did visit the clubhouse and question the employees? That was not an unusual proceeding. They were doing something of the sort all the time. But, said Peter, they obtained a list of all the members and guests of the club present on the premises at the time of the Reynolds explosion. Naturally, said both Zimmerlein and Thorsensel. That was just what they would do. Precious little good it would do them!

"I was obliged to show them my passports and papers from the Swiss Government," said Peter.

"Well, they were all in order, weren't they?"

"Perfectly. That isn't the point. The mere fact that they asked for them proves something, doesn't it?"

"You are too old a bird to be frightened by popguns, Hooge," said Thorsensel, gnawing at his mustache. "These fellows, from what I know of them, couldn't catch the scent of a polecat."

"I'm not so sure of that," put in Zimmerlein. "They've landed some pretty big fish."

"They've landed a pack of blatant asses," snapped Thorsensel. "Good Lord, man, you don't put Reistelen and others of his stripe in the class with—well, with a few I could mention, do you? They've only touched the surface, my friend. It is very deep, very deep, indeed, where the big fishes lie. Go back to your work, Hooge, and don't worry us again with trifles."

Late in the afternoon Scarf came in. He came as a stoop-shouldered, consumptive-looking, unwashed district messenger of uncertain age and stability.

"Well?" cried Zimmerlein, glaring at him.

"Where in hell have you been?" grated Thorsensel.

"That's just where I have been," replied the messenger, straightening his bent figure and drawing a long, full breath. He passed his hand across his brow. "Or rather, I've been close enough to get an unpleasant whiff of it."

"Don't sit down!" exclaimed Zimmerlein as the man prepared to sink into a chair.

"I'm all in; I've got to." And down he flopped. After a moment he leaned forward and fixed the others with burning, bitter eyes. "In the first place, do you know what's happened to Elberon?"

"No," fell in unison from the lips of the two men.

"Well, he's sitting up in the United States attorney's office with half a dozen experts trying to pump intelligence out of him."

An imprecation ground its way out between Thorsensel's teeth. Zimmerlein's lower lip tightened against his teeth.

"I had it from Zumpe. They went to Elberon's house early this morning—on the quiet, of course—nothing for the public—and took him down for a grilling. Zumpe says old Elberon has been getting pretty gabby with one or two people who ought to be good Germans but ain't."

"The infernal fool! I have warned him repeatedly," snarled Thorsensel. "He has been very thick lately with Kleinhans, the banker. I told him to take no chances with that man. I mentioned a few others too."

"Some of 'em are straight, eh?" queried Scarf, a twist at the corner of his mouth that went for a sneer.

"Straight? No! Crooked as rattlesnakes! I wouldn't trust a man like Kleinhans out of my sight. He actually thinks he's an American; that makes him worse than one. Well? Go on! What else?"

"That's all I know about Elberon. As for that other little matter ——" He stopped to wet his lips.

Zimmerlein muttered hoarsely: "Little matter!"

"I'm lucky, that's all," said Scarf, and again passed his hand over his brow.

"Get on with it!" commanded Thorsensel.

"We came within an ace of dropping into a pit—a bottomless pit at that. Why didn't you tell me that secret-service men were trailing him, Zimmerlein?"

"What? What's that you say?"

"Why, damn your eyes, Zimmerlein, that guy was suspected of giving information to the enemy. He's been watched like a hawk. We got onto it just in time. Don't you see what would have happened if they had followed us to his room? You don't, eh? Well, I'll tell you: We would have been nabbed with him before anything could have happened—caught in the very net they were laying for him. His pals, that's what they would have made of us; his comrades, mind you, not his enemies! How the devil could we have explained? And would they have believed him, no matter what he said about us? Not on your life! The very thing they were watching for would have happened. A rendezvous! They would have had him dead to rights—delivering information received earlier in the night to two German agents. Oh, what a diabolical joke it would have been on him, and what a devil of a mess we would have been in! I shiver every time I think of it; and I've been shivering all day, let me tell you."

"Secret-service men after him?" muttered Thorsensel incredulously. "What's the angle, Zimmerlein? What's the angle? You are supposed to be on the inside up there. What do you know about this?"

"I am completely in the dark. I can't understand it, Thorsensel. It—are you sure, Scarf?"

"Absolutely. They got Blechter; yanked him off the taxi when he stopped round in the next block according to plans. He was to wait for us there, fixing his engine as a blind, stalling for time. He put up a fight, poor fool! They got him just the same."

"Will he squeal?" demanded Zimmerlein, pacing the floor.

"You ought to know. He's your protégé," said Scarf succinctly.

"Better dead than alive, I'd say," said Thorsensel unfeelingly. "Go on."

"Well, from all I could learn, two of them waited outside the building and two of 'em were inside; I don't know just where. I think one of them was running the front elevator. All I know is that Ruddy and I barely had time to get out of the window and onto a little balcony and drop down to the one below before they smashed in the door. Twelve-foot drop too; and the balcony wasn't more than three feet wide. If we'd missed. Lord!"

"You were in his room?" cried Thorsensel.

"Sure! We got in through the building next door, sneaked up ten flights of stairs to the top. Got out on the roof through the 'dog house' and dropped down to the other roof. Sort of penthouse arrangement up there. Very simple after that. We had his apartment pretty well marked. Ninth floor front. It's closed except when he comes up occasionally from camp for a night or two. Family in the South somewhere, servants dismissed. We didn't waste any time. Had it all doped out. Went to his door and rang the bell. Pretty soon he came and opened it and asked what we wanted. We told him right off the reel that we were in the secret service and had to have a talk with him at once about a certain party he knows. He told us to go to hell. Then I showed him my badge and mentioned a name that bowled him over. He said 'My God' and drew back into the room. We went in and closed the door.

"I asked him first if there was anybody in the apartment—anybody that would be likely to hear our conversation. He said he was alone; his people were out of town for the winter. Ruddy asked him point-blank just what he knew about a certain party—all of it. He came back with a question. 'Has there been an arrest?' 'Yes,' says I. He sat down, limp as a rag. 'It's terrible—horrible!' he says. 'Who put you wise? How much is actually known?'

"That was enough for Ruddy. He stuck the gun under his ear and let him have it. He never knew what hit him. Ruddy dropped the revolver on the floor beside the chair—just where he would have dropped it himself; and then we started out to see if we could find anything in the apartment that oughtn't to be lying round loose. I forgot to say there was a silencer on the gun. We had just entered the first bedroom when his doorbell rang. Two hearts stopped beating right there and then. For a minute we were paralyzed. Then there was pounding on the door and we heard someone say: 'Open up or we'll smash it in!'

"No use wasting time on minor details. After we got onto the balcony below we opened the French windows and sneaked into a big apartment, darker than Egypt except when the light from a big electric sign down the street flashed every few seconds. We got out into the hall without rousing anybody and started down the stairs. Of course we thought it was the elevator man pounding on the door up there; he might have heard the muffled report if he happened to be near that floor. God was with us. We got down to the ground floor all right, but there we struck something worse than a stone wall.

"Two men were standing right in front of the passenger elevator. We jumped behind a curtain they have hanging there to hide the stairway. They didn't hear us. They were talking about Blechter. We knew in a second what they were.

"There was a cubby-hole under the stairs where they keep mops and brooms and such stuff. We got in there, leaving a crack through which we could hear. After a while the front elevator came down. We heard 'em all talking. They said he had shot himself, and they cursed their luck because they hadn't been able to take him alive. He must have been warned that they were after him. That's what they were roaring about. After a while we got out of the mop hole and sneaked down to the basement. The doors were locked and there were men in the engine room; a night fireman and a friend of his who was drunk and had come in to sleep it off. Somebody was walking up and down in the little court outside. We didn't dare risk a dash for it, so we hid under a pile of last summer's awnings for a couple of hours. When we couldn't stand it any longer we decided to put on a bold front and pass ourselves off as plain-clothes men. It was dead easy. The employees about the place were scared stiff. All we had to do was to look hard at the head porter and the back elevator man and tell 'em not to let anybody go near the storeroom for Apartment E 9—not on their lives. Here's the evening paper. You can read what it says."

■

LOUISE HANSBURY did not go out for her customary constitutional that morning. She rose, tired and depressed after a sleepless night. Soon after she had her breakfast—chocolate and toast and a prescribed porridge—she complained of a sudden and violent nausea.

Mrs. Carstairs went in to her, and was alarmed. She took the girl's temperature, and then called up the doctor.

"You have a fever," she said. "You must go back to bed. It's nothing, I dare say, but we have to be on the safe side, dear."

Louise betrayed her agitation. She pleaded to be allowed to dress and go out for her walk. There were moments when actual fear lurked in her dark eyes.

"I shall be all right in a little while, Aunt Frieda. Don't be cross with me. I must have eaten something last night that disagreed with me. The lobster; I ate a tiny bit of it."

"Very likely," said her aunt calmly. "All the more reason for being careful to-day. No, my dear, I must insist on your remaining in bed, at least until Doctor Browne has seen you."

"When is he coming?"

"The attendant said she could locate him and would send him here as soon as possible. He is out making his calls."

"The chocolate tasted queer this morning, Aunt Frieda," said the girl feverishly.

"Imagination. Nothing tastes right when one's stomach is upset."

"Oh, I want so much to get out for a breath of fresh air. It is a perfectly lovely day. I am sure Doctor Browne will say it's the best thing in the world——"

"Doctor Browne doesn't know everything," interrupted Mrs. Carstairs. She laid her hand on the girl's hot forehead. "You must go back to bed, just for a little while," she said. And there was an inexorableness in her tone that roused swift resentment in Louise. A rebellious, angry light smoldered in her eyes. "I know what is best for you. If it should turn out to be ptomaine poisoning——"

"It can't be ptomaine if it came from the chocolate I drank," said Louise, excitement causing her voice to tremble and to take on a certain shrillness.

"I am confident it is all due to nervousness," said Mrs. Carstairs. She spoke in a patient, consoling manner. "Doctor Browne will give you something to straighten out your digestion and you will be all right by to-morrow. You are not strong yet, you know. Just be patient, my dear. It takes time."

"I should like to telephone Aunt Frieda," said the girl abruptly. In submission to the gentle but unyielding authority of the older woman, who dominated as one with the power to scourge if resistance continued, she had begun to divest herself, rather helplessly, of the gay peignoir in which she had breakfasted. With feverish haste she slipped her arms through the loose folds and faced her aunt. There was defiance in her glance. For an instant it held. The calm smile and the tolerant shake of the head, as to a pleading child, shattered her resolve; she saw that argument was useless. The robe fell from her shoulders as she turned away with a sob in her throat.

"Is it important?" inquired the older woman.

"I—this afternoon will do as well, I suppose," replied the girl without turning her head.

"Let me call up for you, dear. It is no trouble at all. I can explain that you are ill."

"No, thank you, Aunt Frieda. It—it doesn't matter."

She hesitated about confiding to Mrs. Carstairs that she was going out to meet her lover. Something told her that it would be the wrong thing to do—something that for want of another name would have to go as cunning. She shared a vague, disturbing secret with Steele.

Mrs. Carstairs tucked the bedclothes about her.

"The doctor will be here soon, I am sure," she said. "Do you feel any better? Are you more comfortable?"

"I am in no pain, if that's what you mean. Just this wretched nausea. What do the morning papers say about the loss of the Elston, Aunt Frieda?"

"Nothing, I believe. Your uncle says there was no mention of it. I dare say the news has been held up for the time being. Waiting for full details. Wasn't it fortunate—wasn't it providential that the transfer to the Campion was so cleverly accomplished!"

A maidservant came to the door.

"You are wanted on the telephone, Mrs. Carstairs. Shall I say you are engaged?"

"Who is it, Wrenn?"

"A gentleman. I couldn't catch the name."

"I will see who it is."

After she had closed Louise's door behind her Frieda Carstairs stood stock-still in the long corridor. She put her hand to her breast and held it there, as if to transmit its vital strength to the organ which pounded so violently. Her tall

Continued on Page 101

"Then There Was Pounding on the Door and We Heard Someone Say: 'Open Up or We'll Smash It In!'"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

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The Third Loan

THERE are always exceptions to the rule. Right now there is an exception to an excellent rule: Go in debt for this Liberty Loan. Calculate how much money, with reasonably good luck, you can expect to have in hand during the next six months. Subscribe at least that much. Then hustle all you know to pay it up.

Really, there is no question here of keeping out of debt, for you are already in debt to the full amount of the loan. Your concern—the United States—has obligated itself to spend the money. The debt is incurred now. The more completely it is taken upon the individual shoulders of the rank and file of the people, the better the country's financial position will be. The more widely the loan is distributed, the less inflation there will be; and every individual with a debt to pay will have a spur to increased production and greater economy.

Go in debt for this loan!

The Vital Offensive

JUST where the battle line is drawn on the Western Front at a given time need not be of vital consequence. The important thing is the German losses; for this war will go on until the German people sicken of playing Hindenburg's game of conquest. When they tire of giving their lives for the aggrandizement of the Hohenzollern dynasty and the Junker caste they will take affairs sufficiently into their own hands to give a basis for peace.

Every plausible pretense of a defensive war fell away six months ago, when Russia's military power collapsed; for Russia was the only belligerent Germany had any reason to fear. Broadening conquests of Russian territory, after all menace from Russia had ceased, disclosed the intentions of the German Government respecting the war and made transparent lies of its pretensions of mere defense. The German people must begin to see that. When they sicken of it we shall have peace.

No nation not actually idiotic could attach any idea of permanence to a peace with Hindenburg and Ludendorff. Signing a scrap of paper with them could mean nothing more than intensive preparation for the next war. The war has reduced Austria-Hungary and Turkey to pretty effectual vassalage to Berlin. The Russian collapse and other misadventures have made an additional population of from forty to fifty millions subject to Berlin taxation and conscription. Swollen with that success, it would be far more dangerous than ever before. Nominal peace with it could mean, for any intelligent nation within reach of its long arm, nothing else than an intensive preparation for war, which in some important respects would be worse than war itself.

Two months may do it, or it may take ten years. No man can tell. But there will be no peace in the world until the German people sicken of playing Hindenburg's game.

The First Step

THE President has pointed out convincingly how much the nation needs a real budget system. He has urged Congress to take the first step in that direction by referring all appropriation bills to a single committee, as it used to do.

Chairman Swagar Sherley, of the House Committee on Appropriations, now points out convincingly how much the nation needs a real budget system. He urges the President to take the first step in that direction by having the secretary of the treasury supervise and collate all department estimates of expenditure.

Everybody admits the great need of a budget system. There is no dispute about the fact. The President says: Let Congress do it. Congress says: Let the President do it. Nobody does anything.

Chairman Sherley's suggestions are excellent. He proposes, essentially, to make the Treasury Department a supervising and coördinating fiscal organ of the Government, in the direction, at least, of the British plan—which has worked better than any other.

But excellent suggestions get nowhere without acts; and when it comes to acts the old differences between White House and Capitol still bar the way.

A War Board

MORE than a year has elapsed since the United States declared war. The ship program—most vital of all—is much behind. The airplane program is far behind. Underproduction and muddle are still features.

The war organization undergoes constant change. The pieces are shifted about. Individuals disappear and new figures come on the stage. There is a great stir. And what a plenitude of advice! A score or more of imposing councils, commissions and committees—containing very capable men too—act in advisory capacities, which means they are empowered to pass resolutions that nobody is bound to read.

Recurring reports of delay here and there—like that recently which said we were only a quarter as far along with airplanes as we had expected to be in March—are getting on the country's nerves. A year is a long time when the leading nations of the world are locked in a life-and-death grapple on which the hope of democracy rests. Most of the year 1918 will pass away before the weight of the United States can be exerted in any very effectual fashion against the Kaiser's lines; before our shipyards can do much more than barely turn the scale against the submarine.

The present system of managing the war has not worked well. There is room for doubt that it will work well. The experience of European belligerents points in a different direction. All our experience of the successful management of any big administrative undertaking points in a different direction; points to a small, able, all-powerful board, to plan the whole undertaking and see that the plan is carried out.

Of course the President cannot personally exercise the enormous powers lodged in his hands. Instead of virtually pooling them in a small, single supreme body, he scatters them about. Except as he is theoretically and legally responsible, there is no real repository of power and responsibility.

We believe the President's objections to a small, continuously sitting war board must give way in the face of accumulating experience.

Our Only Limits

EVERYBODY knows that before the war began Germany was, next to England, the world's greatest exporter. Part of that foreign trade simply disappeared. Nobody got it. As to who got the rest, some analyses and deductions by the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce point in the direction of England quite as much, at least, as in the direction of the United States.

Usually we measure our exports in dollars, and so see a huge increase; but this is partly accounted for by mere rise in prices, and it is a fact that the tonnage cleared from the United States for foreign ports in 1917 was slightly smaller than in 1914. Ship space was more economically used, and a greater part of our exports in 1917 was manufactured goods, whose value runs higher to the ton than raw materials. But measuring our foreign trade in quantity of goods gives a much less flattering view than measuring it in dollars.

In this connection Consul General Skinner, at London, lately reported upon the very elaborate organization England has set in motion to study and promote foreign trade, particularly with a view to after the war.

The direct war burden is, of course, relatively much heavier upon Great Britain than upon the United States. A far greater proportion of the population is with the colors; the financial strain is greater in proportion to national wealth. Yet England finds time and money and talent to do a good many things besides carry on the war. Ambitious housing programs, this careful and comprehensive promotion of foreign trade, and various other things, signify national energy, well organized and efficiently applied.

It vexes us to hear statements that labor shortage and so on set stone-wall limits—only a couple of yards ahead of our present performance—beyond which we cannot go. There are no limits, except our shortage of organization and vim.

A Time to Check Up

MOST of the things you do are done merely from habit. Mainly you eat, dress, go about your business and your amusements, in a certain way, just because you are used to that way. Only a comparatively small part of your actions is the result of reflection.

This is a fine time to reflect. A good part of your spending is a matter of habit. You have never really considered whether four dollars could not be made to answer quite satisfactorily where you have been used to spending five. You do not stop to look at a hat marked three dollars if you have been used to paying twice that.

But saving is the minor fraction. Producing, earning, is the more important thing. And that, also, goes a good deal by mere use and wont. How long since you have checked up your spare time and considered whether some of it could not be turned to productive account? Or really sat down with yourself and overhauled the shop to see whether you could not cut off an outgo there and extend an income here?

Not long ago an able and famous Wall Street man—now giving most of his time to war work—reminded other distinguished Wall Street men of a certain war work that all of them might well do. They are directors in various big enterprises—banks, railroads, insurance companies, manufacturing concerns. He said every one of them should give closer and more critical attention to the affairs of every concern he had a hand in, so as to make it more productive and economical.

Everybody who earns and spends at all can do that.

This war may last five years—ten years. Already it has wrought a vast overhauling of collective affairs. Europe is doing hardly anything collectively now merely because it used to do them that way. It is a fine time for overhauling individual affairs.

Illiteracy at Home

THE secretary of the interior recently addressed a letter to the chairmen of the Senate and House Committees on Education, from which we take the following:

"At the last census there were in the United States over five and a half million persons above ten years of age who were unable to read or write in any language. Seven hundred thousand men of draft age cannot read or write—cannot sign their names; cannot read posted orders or their manual of arms; cannot understand signals in battle; cannot write home or read letters from home. Illiterates in the United States above twenty years of age equal the whole population of twelve great Western States. Of our agricultural population three million seven hundred thousand cannot read a farm paper, an agricultural bulletin, a Liberty Loan poster, a newspaper, a Bible. Of the total number of illiterates in the country over fifty-eight per cent are white, and more than a million and a half—equal to the population of Philadelphia at the last census—are native-born whites. If the average productive power of an illiterate is less by only fifty cents a day than that of a person able to read and write—probably a conservative estimate—the country loses over eight hundred million dollars a year through illiteracy."

Of the number who can read and write in some foreign tongue, but not in English, the secretary does not speak, except to say: "What a commentary upon our educational shortcomings, that in the days of peace we did not teach these men, who have been here long enough to become citizens, the language in which our history and laws are written and in which the commands of defense must now be given!"

He asks the chairmen's interest in a bill before Congress making a modest appropriation to enable the Bureau of Education to launch a campaign against adult illiteracy. That bill is commendable—as a small patch on a great hole.

TRICKING THEM UP

By ROB WAGNER

THE fellow who said beauty was only skin deep exaggerated; ask any camera man, and he'll tell you screen beauty is very much thinner than that; it is quite superficial, in fact, having absolutely nothing to do with the lady's soul, bearing only a slight relationship to her contours, and depending least of all upon her skin. True, the claimant must furnish some sort of a tree upon which to hang superlatives, but it is amazing how shy she may be on ordinary charms, and still get on the pay roll.

"Say, old man, I want you to come over on Stage Four and see the greatest discovery of the year! Wow! Wow! Wow! She's going to drive Clara Kimball, Mary and Petrova to the drug store for suicide powders; see if she don't. We've had a beauty contest on, and I'll bet I've interviewed six hundred applicants, but this girl's got 'em all skinned a city block!"

Thus raved Emil Seigel, manager of the Pulchritude Studio, to the movie maggot from the East whom he was trying to interest and impress. So we all went across to Stage Four to see the girl who had broken the hearts of her six hundred less fortunate sisters.

"Isn't she a bit heavy?" asked the M. M.

"Yes, but she's taking massage and electric baths, and we'll get her down to one-twenty-five in a few weeks," answered the great discoverer.

"How about her walk? The girl seems rather awkward."

"True, she's lumpy in her gait; but I've got a dancing master for her now, and in a few months she'll be gracefuller than a packa swans."

"Her hair seems rather dead to me," ventured the man o' means.

"Oh, the lights will fix that," protested the enthusiastic Columbus, and then added: "Yes, I admit she needs tricking up a bit; but say, Sol, she photographs like a million dollars! Doesn't she, Jerry?"

"You've said it," I replied; for the young lady indeed did photograph like a million dollars—if you know what we mean.

Painting the Lily

Clara Compo Blabs Some Secrets

THE questions naturally rise: What constitutes film beauty and how does one attain it? Unless I'm a very bad guesser there are a hundred million Americans who wish to know; and upon the answer hang all the law and the profits.

The subject is deep, dark, mysterious; only a few people know the innards of it—and I am one of them. So it has seemed to me that I could do my bit in this ugly old world by tipping my cinema-souled fellow countrymen how to qualify for their highest ambition.

Credentials? There's where I've got you, for there isn't another man in the U. S. A. who knows half so much about human beauty as I. But, then, look at my experience. My father was a photographer in the eighties and nineties; and for twenty long years I witnessed the vanities of the operating room, the while attending an art school and working from a living model. When I grew up I became an illustrator for a New York Sunday supplement, with the beauty page as my special pet; and then, finally, I joined the ranks of the camera men in the movies. If the test of art is the amount of beauty expressed, then I claim the Medal of Honor for my present profession, for camera men have brought forth more beauty—artfully—than the combined poets and painters since time immemorial.

If this is not enough to qualify me as D. B.—Doctor of Beauty—I may add that I proved my eye by marrying the best looker in San Francisco—Westerners will appreciate the height of the praise—who incidentally is some little expert herself. Clara Compo, the wife of Jerry Compo, the fellow who is writing this tale, is perhaps the best-known hairdresser in Hollywood, having as her clients half the movie queens of filmdom.

I am compelled to state at the outset, however, that Clara has not—intentionally—given me very much information. She seems to be in cahoots with her sex to keep secret many technical triumphs of her art.

"Go ahead with your camera stuff if you wish, but you'll get nothing out of me for your old story. Women are perfect chumps to let the men in on the secrets of their toilets. Some of them go through life fooling their husbands, and the husbands love it. Take Agnes Waldron, over at the Climax, for instance. Do you suppose Jimmy Waldron knows that his dear little Aggie has a burned bald spot as big as a dollar and a quarter on the side of her head? They've been married going on four years, yet Jimmy has never seen her without beautiful hairdressing by day, and wearing a very becoming cap at night. Men like mystery in women, the same as women like mystery in religion. So a wife who grows messy or too familiar loses her one best bet. If some wives were as smart as the 'other woman' they wouldn't have so much trouble."

So, though Clara indignantly refuses to give me any help, it will be seen she occasionally drops a stitch or two, which I've picked up and woven into my story

A photographic studio is a wonderful place to study the human ego. Here is where the smallest vanities crop out—the men all trying their darnedest to look intellectual and important—"rooster stuff," Clara calls it—while the women brush up all their littlest coquetries. The one particular fact I learned in my father's gallery was that human beauty is very one-sided, either because of the way the hair is dressed or the face modeled. Omar rightfully asks if the hand of the potter shook in the making of many human vessels, for symmetrical perfection is rarely found.

The Confessions of a Beauty Editor

THE floor walker down at the Bon Ton may have a full face like a buckwheat cake, but a daily slant at his different elevations in a three-way shaving mirror has convinced him that he has a fine profile, while nobody knows better than Mrs. Oodles Ovit that the best angle on her imperious map is a left-handed three-quarters view. One learns much of anatomical imperfections in a photograph gallery.

As art editor of the beauty page—which was written by two horrid males of the staff, but signed by a famous stage queen—I learned how easily the women will fall for any dope that promises them additional allurements

But it is no easy task to think up new things for the ladies to do fifty-two weeks of the year. We had them dancing, swimming, climbing trees and lying on their back trying to kick the chandeliers—until our wits were exhausted. It is queer how so many women will become violently enthusiastic over the hardest exercise we can devise, just so long as it doesn't come under the head of work, and beauty is the

Even the Studio Dogs Suffer From Eyestrain

A Woman Wouldn't Smile While Pointing Out Her Double Chin

first intention. For all these calisthenics I drew wonderful layouts, showing by dotted lines the difference between the modern Annette Kellermanns and the Venus de Milo.

One day Bill Harman, who was responsible for more useless exercise than any other man in the world, had been sitting for an hour smoking his corncob pipe and thinking up a new one. His inspirations always came via the nicotine route.

"Boys, I have it!" he cried with diabolic joy. "How would it be to have 'em roll to reduce their hips? Of course sawing wood would be quite as efficacious, but that is useful exercise and lacks picturesqueness. Rolling sounds so darned reasonable I think they'll fall for it."

Thus the next Sunday appeared a beauty article signed by a famous actress that was destined to have astonishing results, for all over the United States—in bedrooms, on roof tops and upon the green bosoms of close-clipped lawns—fat ladies rolled in a riot of golden hopes that their hips would melt away under the centrifugal exercise. The joke of it is that those who roll long enough partially realize their hopes; but the same results could have been attained by beating carpets.

Wise as I thought I was in those sprightly days I really knew nothing of female beauty until I became a camera man in the pictures. In movie land, the same as in your world, we occasionally find a woman who is born beautiful; many of them, however, achieve much of their beauty with art's assistance; yet by far the greatest number have their finest beauty thrust upon them by the camera man.

Think of Trying to Register Innocence in the Face of a Battery Like This

Color Translated Into Black and White

NOW for the fireworks! The camera man a help to beauty! "Perfectly outrageous! If anything he is the archenemy of the elusive goddess!" Only yesterday Bessie Floppit went up to Bill Condon, her director, and said:

"Mr. Condon, can't we take the insert by the dressing table over again? I saw it run this morning, and Higgins, your pinheaded camera man, has as usual made my eyes look as though I'd lost my last dollar."

"Well, Bessie," said the wise old Bill, "why don't you cut out the night stuff?"

Lord knows, it's hard enough to trick up some of these dames at their best, yet we are supposed to overcome not only physical defects but their habitual lapses as well.

On the other hand, the camera man can work untold injury to a star by lighting up and exaggerating her misfortunes. We had one chap who went so far as to suggest a black list for certain up-stage stars who are always handing it to our craft. If this cruel scheme had gone through, every camera man in turn would have put the Indian sign on the crabbing lady, and her career would have been ended in six months. This quarrel between the camera man and his stars is due to stubbornness of the female mind in refusing to understand scientific principles.

The average movie actress will sit down before her dressing table and work an hour dossing up her foolish little face to her entire satisfaction, but of course she is not going to look that way on the screen. If she knew anything of the physics of light she would be aware that pale blue washes out and red comes up too strong on the sensitive silver. In other words, there are, photographically speaking, fast and slow colors, which when translated into black and white on the screen are either under or over valued. For instance, red is a very slow color and makes scarcely any impression on the silver of the film, hence prints almost black. Yet with this evidence continually before them these silly women keep insisting on making their lips up red, because they look pretty in the mirror. Yet, as sure as there is hypo in the tank, the same cherry lips are going to look like livers on the screen. Translating color into its true values is the triumph of good photography.

A young girl came to the studio a short time ago and created quite a sensation with her beauty. She had gorgeous auburn hair with a creamy complexion, and two little dabs of pink high on her cheeks that no make-up could have equaled. The tests, however, showed how little color counts in the pictures. Here her hair became quite an uninteresting black and her contours appeared to be commonplace. The pink in her cheeks, in fact, made them look sunken, so without her exquisite coloring there really was nothing left of her charm.

Many people think the studios are insincere when announcing their constant lookout for new beauties. "Absurd!" say the villagers. "We can pick out ten handsomer girls in our neighborhood than any they have in the whole of filmdom." But, alas, there is an amazing difference between ordinary human beauty and a good camera face. No, sister, you may look mighty good to Edgar, but the question is, Will you photograph like a million dollars?

Henry Goddell, the keen-eyed monster who presides at our window, has developed what we call a camera eye; he sees everything in terms of black and white; color does not exist for him. So when the daily procession files by he tells at a glance whether any of the soul-enhungered candidates will do.

If the lady gets by Henry, which in itself is a creditable triumph, she has not landed in the pictures by a long way; she is then up against the studio tests, and these are for two purposes: To learn whether she has photographic beauty, and to discover any graces she may have concealed about her person. A girl may have a perfectly beautiful face in repose, yet be a fright when she laughs; her full face may be pleasing and her profile like a perch; she may look well sitting, while she walks like a hippopotamus.

On the other hand, she may have a face that will photograph like a measly half million, but if she has exceptional grace, a winning smile or some other unusual attributes she may get by—she would at the Filmart, where I work, for instance. Yet at studios like the Pulchritude, where they stress physical beauty above all else, they'd lots rather have the million-dollar face, and then put the candidate in training to correct her defects.

As our art is essentially pictorial, looks go further here than in any other field of expression. Of course brains are desirable, but if it comes to a show-down we can dispense with them entirely.

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"

"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.

Pure Ivory Beauties

AND she said it. For there have been many large fortunes made by pretty faces behind which there were not enough brains to be mindful of a downpour.

It will be a shock to some of the fans—not to the most discerning, however—to know that sometimes entire sets of brains are furnished these pretty marionettes by their directors. All that is required of the baby doll is that she photograph like a million dollars. Consequently we find serious young students of the drama going into hard, intensive training for sheer beauty. Many of the processes are not unlike those applied to horses and dogs when their keepers are grooming them for exhibition purposes.

Exercise that will straighten the back; Greek posturing that will flex the arms; dancing for the legs; piano lessons for the hands; breathing stunts in awkward positions; dietary punishments; cracked-ice face massages; vibratory sedatives for hectic nerves; manicuring; hairdressing; baths of milk or rain water—and so on through all the wonderful gamut of stunts we fellows made fashionable through the beauty page.

We had one of these million-dollar dolls with ingrowing brains—who would grade about B5 in grammar school—and the studio provided her with a tutor in the hope that a faint light of intelligence would one day dawn in her pretty face; but we never got our hope. One director after another struggled to illumine her bovine face, but we finally had to drop her into the discard. It is one of the studio jokes to watch a new director fall for this million-dollar nonentity.

"What in the name of heaven is the matter with you fellows! Why, there's an extra girl out here who ought to be worth a fortune."

Then we all stall round and watch the director struggle to put over his discovery.

"My dear Miss Blight, don't you hear the rattling of the key in the door? The man is trying to get in. Register nervousness! Look frightened! Say, you show just about as much agitation as a bronze Buddha! Let's try it again."

After the third or fourth rehearsal the perspiring and profane director collapses into his canvas chair and says "Oh hell!"

(Continued on Page 26)

Even the Gateman Was Fooled—This is Mary Pickford!

"Tips so tender and sweet
For *Campbell's* delectable treat!
And our tip to you is order a few
And dine with enjoyment complete."

"Different" and delightful

Who can describe the delicate flavor of fresh tender asparagus gathered in early spring?

Nature never produced anything more palatable and inviting. And in *Campbell's* creamy *Asparagus Soup* you enjoy this appetizing quality in its full perfection.

On your regular meatless days or whenever you want something unusual for a company occasion or a pleasant surprise for any family meal you will find just what you are looking for in

Campbell's Asparagus Soup

It is always welcome, always salutary and satisfying.

The asparagus we use is grown on our own farms from an imported seed. It is a choice variety of superior flavor—mild, succulent and sweet.

It is cut from day to day as it matures, brought to us fresh from the fields, made into soup the same day. And by means of the Campbell method, we retain all its native sweetness and characteristic savor.

The tips we cut off and handle separately from the stalks, and cook them more lightly, so to retain their perfect flavor.

We blend them with milk, creamy butter and delicate seasoning. You can make the soup even richer if you wish by adding hot milk or cream according to your taste.

Its nourishing character no less than its delicious flavor should give this wholesome soup a regular place in your weekly menu.

Include it in your next order to the grocer, and have it at hand.

21 kinds **12c a can**

This war is *your* war!—Will you grudge Uncle Sam the *loan* of your dollars to win it? You get it all back with interest if we win. And if we lose—But do *your* part and we can't lose—**Buy a Liberty Bond today.**

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 24)

And when he looks up he beholds the whole cast grinning triumphantly at him. That day he pays for forty-two lunches at the cafeteria.

Where appearance alone is of such exceptional value one would think that movie queens would spend their time guarding jealously what Nature has given them and burnishing up their defects. The wise ones do. It is the silly pinheads who, not realizing that their lives are mostly bubbles, spend their elusive capital.

We have one famous queen, a little one at that, whose contract gives her two weeks' rest after each picture; and off she goes to a sanitarium, where she nurses her pretty face and body back to youth again. She will last for years with such intelligence. One of the most successful of the lot is guarding her charming youth with rare foresight. In the hotels and cafés where the whole world flocks to bask in the radiance of the silver stars this young lady is never seen. Living a life of utmost domesticity she hits the feathers at 9:30 every evening, leaving her mother and sister to go abroad and attend to her social duties.

Another wise one, a well-known vamp, who really has not great beauty but who capitalizes what she possesses to the limit, takes even more elaborate care of herself. She absolutely refuses to work in the morning; and this for two reasons: She thinks she looks better in the afternoon, and she wishes to use the early hours of the day for exercise, massage and beauty-sleeping. Further to insure her candle's burning at but one end—and that very lightly—her screen labors are confined to the hours between two and four.

Furthermore, this same vamp is the camera-wisest of them all, for she has tests of every costume and set in which she is to appear. She knows—oh, if more of them did!—that surrounding colors make a vast difference in one's make-up. But even she has one weakness: She simply won't give up the rouge on her lips. Her camera man labors with her in vain, for she still believes in her mirror.

If somebody will only invent a reflecting glass that will give proper values to all colors it will be a photographic godsend. Our laboratory chief is now working on a blue one that seems to promise success, but the question is, Will the women give up their luminous liars and stand for the blue truth?

Bad News for Chemical Blondes

IN THE early days of the cinema we knew very little of tricking up our beauties. Shooting mostly in the harsh sunlight we used diffusers only on interior sets. Talent was secondary then, as beauty unassisted was absolutely essential. But the Queen of Sheba could not have stood the raw lighting of those first pictures. To understand this just take a slant at the snapshots you made of Hortense at the beach last summer and see how many of them would look beautiful to anybody but yourself. But now, with the perfecting of artificial lights, we perform wonders. Though the studios are mostly glass we use not only the diffused light but mix it with all sorts of artificial rays of strange actinic value.

Before wading further into this subject—the most comprehensive of all sciences, for it extends from making silk purses out of piggies' ears to painting of the lily—suppose we take our film favorites, feature by feature, admitting frankly what the gods have done for them, giving their make-up the overonce; and then generously accord credit to whom credit is due—namely, the camera man and the electrician.

First let us begin with the types—blondes and brunettes. There are no others, for browns and reds are merely degrees of black. It will be interesting to note that the arts of make-up and lighting clash violently in photographing artificial blondes. Unfortunately peroxide has not the same actinic value in the camera as it has in the eye, and a young miss who has accomplished a gorgeous aura of molasses-candy hair will be shocked and chagrined to know that it will come up very dark on the film. Yellow is a positive color; down to a certain point it will photograph quite light, but beyond that point its heavy pigmentation will cause it to appear dark. Consequently only those artful blondes who have bleached their manes out to a colorless hemp may hope to fool the horrid camera.

Even real blondes under certain conditions film dark, so we usually try to ring in some back-lighting. This illuminates the loose hair, and we get a halation of light through her crown of glory that is at once convincing and beautiful. Also, we endeavor always to shoot blondes in dark sets, and brunettes with light backgrounds. Black against black loses the contour edges and the shape of the head is entirely lost

The Camera Man Adds a Few Necessary Touches

So important is the lighting of hair that long and thorough experiments should be made for each set. As this would take too much time and energy on the part of the star the studio permits me to have wigs made in exact imitation of the lady's own thatch, and placing this either on a head form or on the sconce of an inexpensive extra girl I rehearse all the lights and camera shots I am to make in the picture. So, when the scene is ready to shoot, everything is prearranged to get the best results

As blondes require less light than brunettes we often have complex problems when opposite types appear in the same scene. The laboratory man is jumped on if the dark faces appear too swarthy, so he develops for these values; in which case the light faces will be undeveloped and will come up a chalky white As it is foolish to key up a whole cast of dark faces to match the blonde we ask her to use one of the heavier grease paints so as to key her down. However, many of them are stubborn, and in spite of everything they make up to look well in that darned old mirror of theirs

Nature's Protectors

I WAS handed a famous lead once who, wishing to stand out from the rest of the cast, made up white as Columbine. I argued and labored with the lady to no effect. She knew what she wanted; and besides, who was I but an interfering and suspicious camera man? And furthermore, if I tried to tell her where to head in she'd have me fired, by heck! This latter threat proved a slight embarrassment, for I am the only man on the lot who can shoot Maizie Duquette, and she's tied up with a big contract. I gained my artistic point by subterfuge When the picture was projected the dear lady was amazed to discover that her face had the same color value as all the others, and to this day she does not understand how it happened.

I do; I simply told Bucks, the electrician, to flood the rest of the cast with lights from the baby spots, but not to turn a single arc upon the face of the calcimined lead.

Every biologist knows that brunettes are only blondes with heavy pigmentation in their cosmos. This coloring substance is a protection against the actinic rays of light. In the tropics there is great necessity for this defense, but as we go farther north we bleach out, until arriving at the upper latitudes where the light is weaker we find the blond Germans and the blonder Norwegians. For the same reason the blondes cannot stand the strong lights of the studio, and some of them suffer exceedingly from this cause. The reason dark eyes appear dark is because of the coloring matter in the iris; that is why they can stand strong light best. In close-up photography the iris of light blue or gray eyes will wash out nearly white, leaving nothing but the two small black spots of the pupils. So when I have such a shot to make I always have everything dark behind the camera, put on a dark coat, and even cover the tripod with black velvet.

Then by lighting from the sides the queen is kept from squinting, and as she is looking right into total darkness the pupils of her eyes open to the full size of the iris, which gives them great brilliancy in the picture.

As painfully trying as it is to sit before the fierce glare of the studio lights there is some curious bird instinct in humans that makes them look into them. When the director calls "Lights!" and the switch is turned I have observed that almost invariably everyone will

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While One Camera Shoots the Lady's Face, Another Makes a Closeup of Her Foot and the Fatal Letter

The Comfort Car

Ⓗ

Hupmobile

Confessions of an Opera Singer

By KATHLEEN HOWARD

The Interior of the Darmstadt Opera House, Which Could be Closed Only in Case of Destruction by Fire, Serious Epidemic or Martial Law

AT THE beginning of the season the director's family was still in the country, where they remained until the opera had been running for some time. My sister and I met his wife and daughter for the first time at a luncheon given by him at the hotel where we had arranged to take our two o'clock dinner, after trying all sorts of unsuccessful ways of dining in private. The stage manager of the drama, the first and second *Kapellmeister*, the "Bureau Chef," the *Helden Tenor*, *Helden Bariton*, High Dramatic, Colorature, my sister and myself were all invited. Just as we were seating ourselves the *Schauspiel Regisseur*, Herr S——, noticed that there were thirteen at table. He turned as white as a sheet, jumped up and, scarcely stopping to apologize, hurriedly left the room; nor could he be prevailed upon to return, though the director followed him into the hall to remonstrate. He protested that one of our number was certain to die within the year as it was, and he wished to insure its not being himself by refusing to sit down at all. Curiously enough, his prophecy came true, for the director's young stepdaughter died very suddenly soon after.

Herr S—— was a most unpleasant person, as I discovered later, and I was always thankful that my identification with the opera personnel kept me out of his way. He had a sort of spurious veneer and ingratiating manner, which were at variance with his hard, square, passion-scarred countenance. He pretended an enormous admiration for the American woman, and that very day, before luncheon, he showed me with great pride a small American-made patent-leather shoe, which he took out of the tail pocket of his frock coat, telling me with a leer that it belonged to a girl of my country, where the women had the most beautiful feet in the world, and that it was his talisman and never left him! He bore a bad name among the women players in the company. One of the little actresses, a girl of good family, in her first season, used to tell me unpleasant tales of him in her rapid, ungrammatical French, whenever I met her; and she always referred to him as "That beast!"

Our *Helden Tenor* of that season was an uninteresting personage, a quite elderly man of enormous routine and mediocre equipment, who had sung in all sorts of opera houses and was on the last lap of a long career. He was said to be nearly sixty and was quite bald, but he managed to make a surprisingly youthful appearance on the stage. He had been at it so long that he could make an attempt at acting almost anything—even youth. His sprightly legs in Fra Diavolo were quite adolescent. He kept himself discreetly to himself, and was never seen in the cafés or on the streets with his colleagues.

A Little Dog's Vocal Stunts

HIS greatest joy was a tiny dog, whose tricks he delighted to show off to everyone. The little thing would whine for a soprano, growl for a bass, howl for a tenor, bark when told "The director's coming!" and sit up and beg at the word salary in a very amusing way, and his master was intensely proud of his accomplishments.

The lyric tenor of the first season was a peasant from Swabia, with a droll accent and a lovely voice, which he forced in a most agonizing manner. He would shake all over when he sang a high note, and yet his natural voice ranged easily to high D sharp—I have even heard him sing an E. His dialect and his ignorance made him the butt of the company, but he was very good-natured and took it all in good part. He used to say: "Yes, I know. My wife is a Frenchwoman and she tells me to say Mignon; but I'm a peasant—I say Mischnong." She was years older than he and of better class. She had helped him to the little study that he had had, and out of gratitude he had married her, but they were said to disagree very consistently.

The *Helden Bariton* was quite a nice fellow, big and burly, with a good voice; he was a great favorite with the public, whom he had pleased by marrying, out of the chorus, a townswoman who adored him.

The second *Kapellmeister* was a vague, weak creature, henpecked by his vain little wife, who was never happy unless she was the center of someone's admiration. She was inordinately proud of her small feet, and our little friend, the lyric barytone, used to make her furious by insisting that mine were smaller! Her dream was to go on the stage, too, if only to sing pages in Lohengrin and Tannhäuser; and later her hope was realized, I heard, when several of them went off together in April to a one-month season on the Russian frontier. The colorature soprano was a Dutchwoman, speaking German with more accent than I did. She was very fair, very fat and very lazy, and she had a capacity for food that I have seen equaled but never surpassed. She dined with us daily, and woe to the person who had to serve himself from a dish that had been passed to her! Eat until you could hold no more was part of the creed of all my colleagues. Anything short of absolute repletion, and the meal was considered a failure. "Are you full?" one would ask the other gravely. "I am not full." And this was a grave cause of resentment against the hotel management. I must say that most of them reached this desirable consummation long before the colorature soprano, for she continued placidly as long as there was any food in sight. She would even finish anything left on another's plate, and our table always looked as if a horde of locusts had visited it.

Those colleagues of my first engagement are stamped upon my memory, representing, as they did, so much that was new to me—a new nationality, a new profession and in many cases a new social class. Taking them all together they were a pretty decent lot considering their antecedents and surroundings. As a general rule I think the actors were apt to be of a somewhat higher social class than the singers, as a remarkable voice occurs when and where it will, while a vocation for the acting stage presupposes a certain amount of education and refinement of surroundings; though there have been, of course, some notable exceptions.

They wanted us to meet the officers of the different smart regiments. The Red Dragoons in particular were supposed to be all-powerful in deciding the success or failure of a singer, and my colleagues kindly thought we ought all to have the advantage of this. One or two of the women of course had affairs with them, and as Marjorie and I did not care to meet the officers in just that society we were sometimes hard put to it to find a good excuse. Once my sister went to bed for several days, though perfectly well, to avoid a particularly pressing invitation. Later we met these officers through letters from our relatives.

The opera soubrette had an affair of years' standing with a tall, ungainly White Dragoon. He was a harmless idiot and she a smart German-Polish girl, a nice little thing. We each had a benefit before leaving the Metz engagement, when we were showered with flowers and gifts from our friends and admirers, also sharing in the box-office receipts. R——, the soubrette, told us the day after hers, still breathless from rage, that "He"—she never called him anything but that—had sent her an umbrella, bound in the middle of a huge sheaf of roses. He had not sent it over the footlights so that everyone might see its splendor, but had sent it to her rooms. When he called on her, expecting soft thanks, she berated him soundly, and succeeded in so enraging his usually placid self that he threw his big saber through the window, sending it crashing into the court below.

Neither Marjorie nor I ever received an offensive word or look from an officer. They used sometimes to send me post cards after a Carmen or Amneris night, closely scribbled over with signatures and greetings and phrases of admiration, all highly respectful. It always pleased me very much to receive these cards.

The members of most stage societies organize a fête every year for the benefit of their society, and that spring we had a fancy-dress ball. A lady is chosen at these balls by popular vote to be Rose Queen. I was chosen that time and had to parade round the room on the arm of a portly major, who often sent me flowers and books of his own poems. I wore my Carmen dress of black satin with gold flowers, and my scarlet Spanish shawl. There was much cheap champagne drunk to the popular toast of "General Quenousamong." This was originally *Que nous aimons*—To those we love—and the general meant that everyone was to join in. The French touch was considered elegant, just as "couzank" was the polite word for cousin and "satank" for satin. Balls of this kind are highly popular and a great contrast to the usually simple lives of these small-town people.

A Tenor in a Tantrum

ONE form of simplicity I never adopted was the quite general one of eating one's evening supper, consisting usually of a bit of sausage, black bread and butter, out of bits of paper casually put down among the objects on the table in one's bedroom. When one had finished one simply rolled up and threw away the greasy papers, and the thing was over.

Sometimes a meal may be captured free. One of our comics in Metz had to fish at the back of the stage in an operetta. He was always furnished with a salt herring by the property man, which he would suspend solemnly out of sight of the audience for a while, then slowly draw up and proceed to eat. A clean-picked spine was all that remained by the end of the act, and he had had his supper.

Often the performances supplied me with welcome comic relief behind the scenes. I learned, for instance, that the text of the Anvil Chorus sung round me as I lay on the canvas-rock couch of Azucena, in Trovatore, was: "I told you long ago the sausage tastes of soap."

Once, in Tiefland, the old man in the first act was presented with a large lump of limburger cheese, which he had to sniff and hold gratefully for a long time, while his rejoicing colleagues slapped their knees with glee in the wings.

Sometimes the humor was replaced by other less agreeable emotions. At my benefit, the last year of my engagement, I was to sing Carmen. I wanted a popular guest tenor from a neighboring *Hoftheater* to be my José, and he finally agreed to come. He would not come in time for rehearsal, and I did not see him until I turned my head in the first recitative and saw him making his sword chain. From then on he directed me in lordly tones throughout the first act. I had often sung Carmen in Metz, and the audience knew most of my business and expected it; also, as I had prepared the rôle in Paris and spent months of study on it, I did not see why all of my business should be changed on my own festive night. Therefore in our short talk before the second act I told him my positions as nicely as I could, he saying to everything, "But why? Why?"

I stood this as long as I could and told him all the whys, till finally I said, "Because I want to!" At this he lost his temper and left the stage. I was surprised, but supposed he was nervous. From then on things went from bad to worse. Everything Carmen said to José he thought Howard was saying to him. I tried to whisper that I meant nothing by it—that that was the way I played it; but he grew blacker and blacker. Finally in the last act I struck him with my fan, my usual business to make José let Carmen pass. He rushed at me and caught my wrists and shouted, "What's the matter with you?"

I was frightfully upset and nearly crying by then, but had to go on. At the last, as I lay on the floor and he stood

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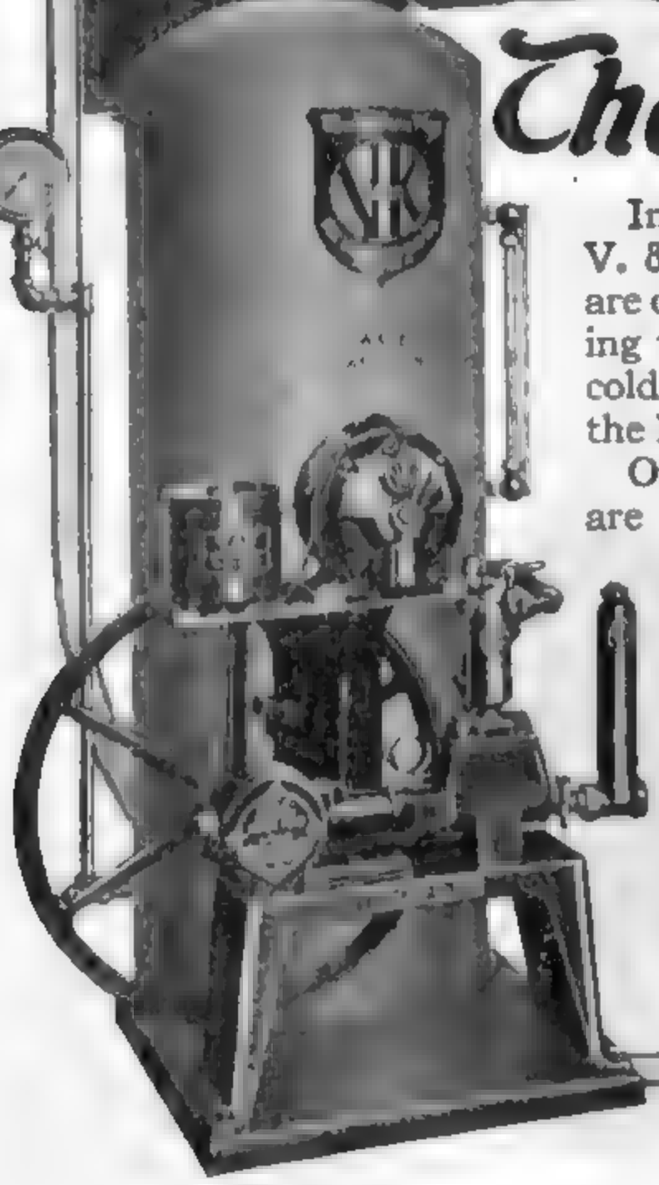
The Water Servant of America



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over me, he deliberately threw his heavy dagger in my face; and I, a corpse, had to move my head to avoid being hurt. He rushed to his dressing room and cried and shouted for a half hour before his wife dared to go in and calm him. I believe it was all jealousy. He had been most popular in the town and could not bear to share a performance with anyone. The next day I could hardly hobble; all my bones seemed wrenched; but everyone was most sympathetic and kind.

The bells in Metz were most numerous and depressing. The cathedral near us chimed all day an out-of-tune singsong. But the depression of the first year culminated in a smallpox epidemic, which broke out shortly before the theater closed. Marjorie dreamed of it just before it happened, and that I died of it, which of course haunted her all through the outbreak. It was frightfully mismanaged by the authorities. The suspects were called for by policemen and carried from the houses to an open wagon—this in February and March—and driven to the hospitals. The barracks where cases occurred were isolated; but in our daily walks we passed them with shudders. We were both so tired and had had so many shocks and eye openers as to what life really is that this last nightmare completely obsessed and unnerved us.

Our policeman neighbor carried suspects, and of course his uniform was never even fumigated and we knew it. The dear little daughter of the director's wife was taken away from home one night, in spite of her parents' remonstrances. She was ill of rheumatic fever, and the authorities heard of it, pronounced it smallpox and took her away in the open carriage. She died in a few days, and no one ever knew whether it was smallpox or not. Her mother never quite got over it; the child was so sweet and young.

The wagon used to stand in the street, before a suspect house, with children playing round it. The police seemed to run the whole thing, and would carry bedding out of the houses and leave it to be burned in the street. We were told that the very poor used to steal this bedding at night. Of course we were vaccinated, but our vaccinations did not take. The last performances of the season were abandoned, as everyone was afraid of crowded places, and I left for Berlin on business. While there my throat became frightfully sore, and of course I thought, "Aha! I have it!" And of course I didn't have it. I returned, worn out, to Paris and rested there.

Studies With Jean de Reszke

ABOUT this time I went first to Jean de Reszke. His beautiful house near the Bois with its little theater was the scene of much nervousness and many struggles to become *prime donne*. The master opened my eyes to the beauties of style. His Wagner, better than the best Wagnerian singer I have ever heard; his French style; the wonderfully Italian and yet manly interpretations he gave the Puccini and Verdi rôles—were all an inspiration to me. With a pupil he considered intelligent he would take no end of trouble, and a "*Bien*" from him was a jewel above price. The tales De Reszke pupils sometimes tell me of the wonderful things he told them and predicted for them have always amused me, because in all the time I was in his studio I never heard anything like it.

I was so infatuated by my work with him, and so humbled at the vista of endless effort it opened before me before his ideas could be carried out in every tone one sang, that I asked him one day if I should not spend the next winter in his studio and leave the stage for a year. He thought the matter over seriously and advised me to go on with the stage, for the routine I was getting was as valuable a teacher as he was. It would have been a great privilege to spend an entire year with him, and if I could have afforded it I should have done so.

The second year of my first engagement was drawing to a close and I was much exercised over the next step. I wanted to try for one of the *Hoftheater*, not the very largest and most famous, but a place with a good orchestra and carefully prepared productions. There seemed to be no vacancy in just such a theater, and my agent offered me a contract for a great *Stadttheater*, probably the first municipal opera house in Germany. Their contralto, who was a great favorite, had a contract for a great royal opera, and they felt sure she would be engaged. With some misgivings I signed the contract and then began the long dickering to arrange the guest performance which should decide my fate. They finally asked me to sing Azucena at an afternoon performance. It had taken so long to find a date which suited us both that a good deal of time had elapsed between the signing of the contract and their letter. I of course refused to sing an afternoon performance; and it was finally arranged that I should sing Carmen on a certain date. There is a sort of unwritten law that they shall choose one part and you another, but it is not always observed. This difficulty over the rôle should have warned me that there was something wrong.

I traveled all night, and arrived to find a rehearsal on the same day as the performance. It was a rehearsal, without orchestra, of the scenes in which the "guest" takes part. All my colleagues were nice to me, but I saw the contralto watching from the wings and she gave me a dagger glare; so I thought that something was "rotten in the state of Denmark," as she was supposed to be leaving voluntarily. I sang well that night and had a real success with the audience and with my colleagues. They all said to me, "Oh, you are certainly engaged after a hit like that." But I felt a premonition which increased to a certainty when I heard that the director had not troubled to watch my performance but had left the theater in the middle of the first act.

I left the next morning, and in a day I received a letter from the director saying that I had not had quite enough experience to sing their repertoire. I learned some time afterward that their contralto had sung one of her guest performances before I went there, had failed to make a sufficient impression, and had decided to remain where she was. This had been settled between her and the directors before I sang at all. Still they had let me sing with no prospect of an engagement, and allowed it to appear to be my fault that I was not engaged. Legally, of course, they were quite within their rights, as I could have sued them if they had not given me a chance to sing the guest performance called for in my contract. But any singer under such circumstances would infinitely prefer to be told the facts. Later, I once begged a director to tell me if it were really worth while to give a trial performance in his opera house. He said certainly, they were not considering anyone else and really wanted to hear me. I sang there, with one of the biggest personal successes I have ever made; the *Bürgermeister* and all the committee—it was a municipal theater managed by a committee with the mayor at the head—came on the stage to congratulate me; and I had to take nine curtain calls alone after the last act. I was not engaged, however, and found out that they had already decided to engage a contralto who had sung one guest performance before me and the other directly afterward. This sort of thing happens to even the most experienced native-born singer. Of course these performances are paid for, but the fact that one had sung without being engaged became known everywhere through the weekly theatrical paper, which gave the repertoire and singers in each opera of all the reputable opera houses in Germany. But the fact that the management never intended to engage you was not generally known. If you had bad luck like this three or four times it injured your standing as an artist. Our stage society tried to make each theater confine itself to issuing only one contract at a time to fill any vacancy it might have, which would largely prevent this evil.

A second disappointment followed right on the heels of the first one. I had a second string to my bow, as there was a vacancy in a very good *Stadttheater*, for which I was anxious to try. I opened negotiations with them through my agent, and after the usual delay arranged the guest performances. Their contralto was also leaving voluntarily. I was to sing the two Erdas and Ulrica in the Masked Ball. When I got there I found this changed to the Erdas and Fricka, which I had not sung for a year. Then they demanded Frau Reich in Merry Wives without a rehearsal instead of the Siegfried Erda. I was very unhappy, for I knew from this that things were going badly and that they had no intention of engaging me, no matter how or what I sang. The director wrote me that in spite of my great talents my voice was not quite large enough for their house. The truth was that their contralto, who was of the same religion as most of the committee, had been offered an increase of salary to remain, and had accepted. The directors themselves felt badly over the way they had treated me, and the manager telephoned to a *Hoftheater* not far off, where he knew there was going to be a vacancy, to recommend me to their director in the highest terms.

This was Darmstadt, the capital of a small principality, famous for its opera house, which had existed for a hundred years. It was a town of about 100,000 inhabitants, and the residence of the reigning Grand Duke, Ernst Ludwig. His mother was the Princess Alice of England, daughter of Queen Victoria. He and his second wife, Eleanor, lived with their two little sons at the palace Princess Alice's money built for them. It was really not a palace at all, but a large, roomy, comfortable house. His beautiful sister Alix married the Czar of Russia; another sister married the Kaiser's brother, Prince Henry of Prussia.

At the Darmstadt Opera House

THE opera house, called *Hoftheater*, stood high in the second class. In the first class were Berlin, Vienna, Dresden and Munich, with possibly Hamburg. Then came Cologne, Frankfort and Leipsic, and the *Hoftheater* Hannover, Stuttgart, Mannheim, Wiesbaden, Darmstadt, and so on. In the third class were the smaller *Hoftheater* like Coburg, and the *Stadttheater* like Mainz. In the fourth were the smallest *Stadttheater;* and last of all came the little towns, which had a one-month season of opera in the year, after the seven-month theaters were closed. The first-class houses were open all the year, with a four or six week vacation for the singers at different times, so that they should not all be away together. The next class mostly had a nine-month season, but in the *Hoftheater* the salary was paid in monthly installments for twelve months in the year.

I took the train for the town, not caring much whether they wanted me or not. Perhaps that was the right attitude, for after hearing one song with piano accompaniment, the manager offered me a five-year contract. I asked him to make it three; the town seemed so small and quiet that I did not like the sound of five years in it. The salary was the highest they had ever paid a contralto. The director said at once, "How much did they offer you in ——?" and agreed to pay me only five hundred marks a year less. I arranged to have a guest performance very soon in Carmen, with Nancy and one other part to follow. I sang only the Carmen on trial, however, as the Grand Duke, who had come in especially from his country place to hear me, engaged me personally after the first act. I had a wonderful and rare chance to "be grand" when the director told me this. He asked me if I would be willing to sing my other guest performance of Nancy. I replied loftily that I really could not do so as I must return to Paris.

Six days before the opening of the season, according to contract, I arrived with my sister in the town which was to be my home for the next three years. It is surrounded by forests and looked very pretty; but oh, so quiet! The *Hoftheater* stood in a park and was a classic-looking structure seating 1400 persons. It had been there for a hundred years, and ran by clockwork. A building behind it, more than half as large as the theater itself, contained the ballet school and scene-painting lofts, and a complete dressmaking and tailoring establishment, with the wardrobe mistress and master at the head, where all costumes were made. They were also kept there, and the collection was a very complete one, with endless sets of uniforms, armor and historical costumes of all kinds. Men's dress was supplied; women who had a salary of more than $900 were supposed to supply their own, but if you were nice to the wardrobe mistress she would usually contrive to find what you wanted, though you must get permission from the

Darmstadt Was Famous for Its Opera House, Which Had Existed for a Hundred Years

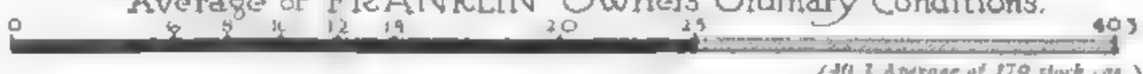
(Continued on Page 33)

Why Franklin Sales Increased Last Year

135% against the 12% Increase of all Other Fine Cars

How far do you go to the gallon?

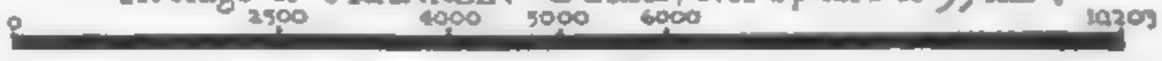
20 to 25 Miles to a Gallon of Gasoline
Average of FRANKLIN Owners Ordinary Conditions.



(40.3 Average of 179 stock cars in special test July 23, 1917)

At what point do you invest in another set?

10,203 Miles to a Set of Tires
Average of FRANKLIN Owners, over a period of 5 years.



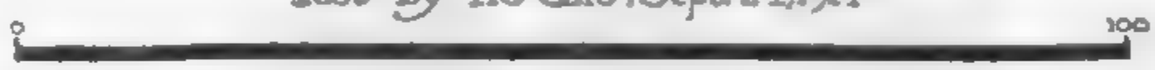
How much does your car use?

800 Miles to a Gallon of Oil
Average FRANKLIN Owners

(Sedan New York to Chicago Nov. 20, 1915, made 1046)

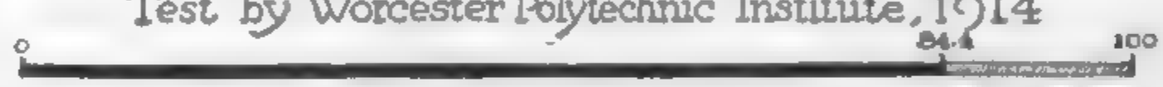
No water cooled car can do this.

100 Mile Non-Stop, Low-Gear Run.
Test by 116 Cars. Sept. 24, 1914



No one else talks this feature. Why?

84.4% Power delivered to Rear Wheels
Test by Worcester Polytechnic Institute, 1914



HERE, *publicly placed*, are the records of the Franklin Scientific Light Weight Car. They are reduced to their simplest form; their full significance may be gathered at a glance. They constitute *actual facts*,—not futile assurances; *history*—not prophecy; *performance*—not promises.

These records explain at once why sales of the Franklin Car increased last year 135%, compared to the 12% increase of all other fine cars.

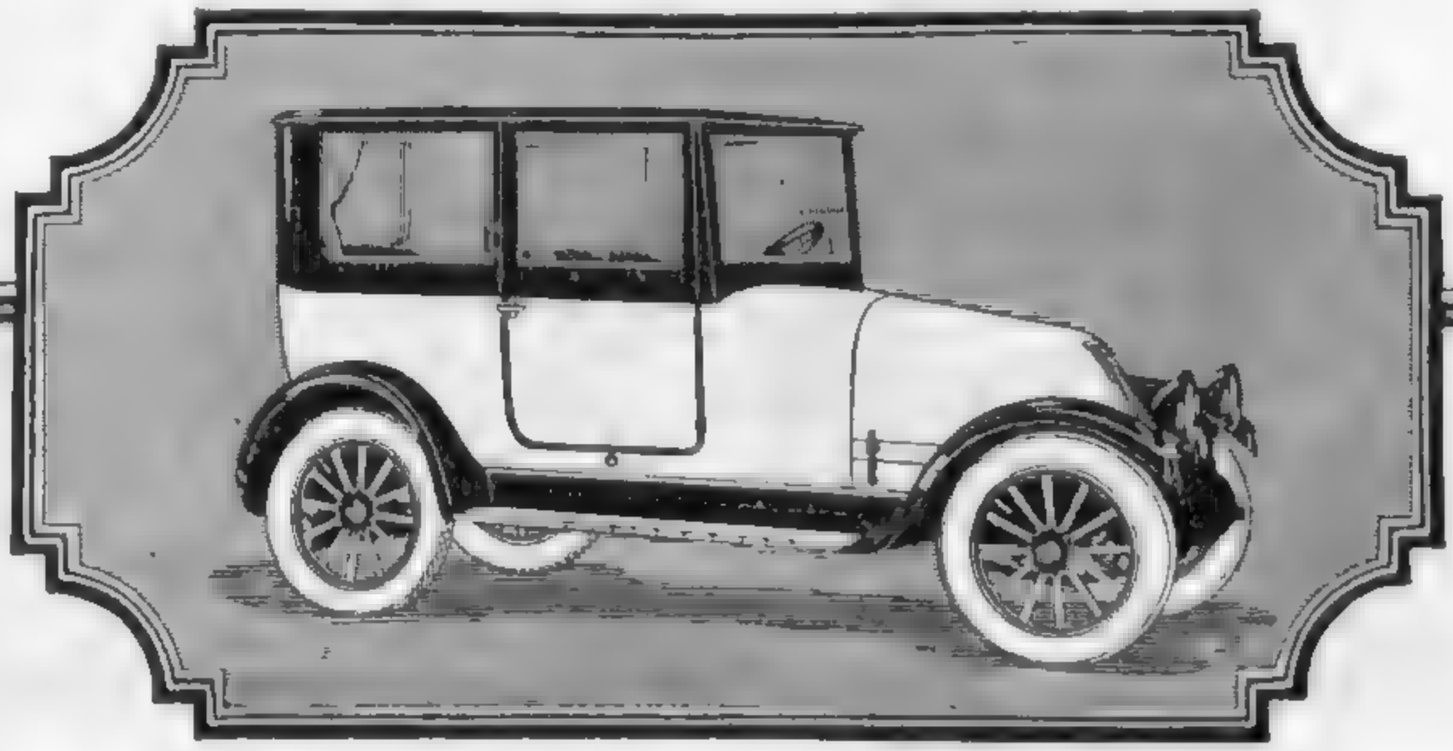
Waste is under indictment in this country. The spirit of the times calls for constructive, *efficient* economy. The economy which will impair neither your activities—nor the Nation's resources. Applied to motor cars, this spirit has crystallized into the blunt demand:—Does your car deliver Service—without Waste?

The Franklin Car has answered—and the people of this country have heard the answer.

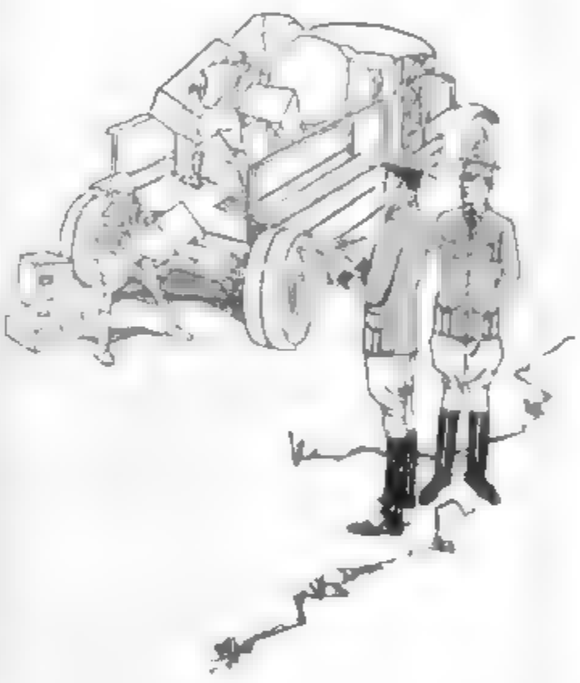
For it is an absolute fact that if all cars were as efficient as the Franklin, America would save *Four Hundred Million Gallons* of gasoline and *$192,000,000* worth of tires every year.

It is significant that the Franklin is still advancing—solving cold weather starting—getting big results even from low grade gasoline—minimizing care and adjustments—bringing tire mileage to a still higher level and reflecting advance style in body design. These are Franklin features worth your immediate inspection—for they have a direct bearing on *your* motoring satisfaction in 1918.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
Syracuse, N. Y.



The Tom Wye



-the story of a new Jacket *that* gives warmth without bulk

HAVE you seen the new Tom Wye? You'll want one as soon as you see it. Men everywhere have taken it up with enthusiasm, as it supplies a need that no other garment quite fills.

It is tailored from finely knitted cloth and keeps you warm and snug in any kind of weather. It fits so well, is so easy and comfortable, it can be worn for any kind of work or play. It has a smart, tailored appearance. You can wear it countless places where you would not wear a sweater.

Men are wearing it in preference to any other kind of garment for motoring, for sports and for general business purposes. Traveling men like it because it folds into small space and comes out without a wrinkle. It takes only half the space of the old-style sweater.

Business men especially, who are confined to certain conventions of dress, wear it under the coat and find that it gives warmth without bulk, and allows perfect ease and freedom of motion.

Closely knitted by the Tom Wye stitch

The creation of the garment by Tom Wye is the result of many years of experience in the knitting business; but the actual appearance of the jacket itself depends upon the discovery of the Tom Wye stitch. It is the Tom Wye stitch that gives

This reinforced shoulder seam stays in its proper place; buttonholes will not stretch, the front lies flat; and there is no bulging under the arms. Four convenient military pockets add to its dressy appearance.

The Tom Wye is made in the following colors: Oxford Heather, Army Heather (Olive Drab), Seal Heather, Emerald Heather, Garnet Heather, Delft Heather, Fawn Heather, Solid Navy, Solid Khaki, Snappy Black, Dartmouth Green, Harvard Crimson. Sizes from 34 to 46.

Price for Utility Jacket with V-neck $12.50 with sleeves, $11 without sleeves; for Service Jackets with collar neck $12.50 with sleeves, $11 without sleeves

the fabric itself a close and firm texture, yet so elastic that it will spring back into shape if stretched

The yarn used in the Tom Wye is pure double-combed Australian worsted wool. Combed once before dyeing to take out all short fibers. Combed again after dyeing to take out any short fibers broken in the dyeing process.

This double-combed wool is the only wool that will stand hard wear and hold its elasticity. This is the wool that goes into the Tom Wye. This worsted wool keeps you warm, sheds fog and dew and will wear better than softer material. You have never known anything that will wear like this jacket.

Each jacket individually tailored

The jacket itself is carefully tailored. The shoulder seam stays in its proper place; buttonholes will not stretch, the front lies flat; and there is no bulging under the arms. Four convenient military pockets add to its dressy appearance.

Service Jacket for Army and Navy men

The Service Jacket is intended particularly for Army and Navy men. It has a collar neck that ends at the collar button and so will not interfere with the fit of the blouse.

The Tom Wye is carried in fine stores. In case your dealer does not yet have it in stock, address:

BARNES KNITTING CORPORATION NEW YORK
DOUGLASS BARNES *President*
303 FIFTH AVENUE · AT 31ST STREET
MANUFACTURED BY
WYE KNITTING MILLS
WINCHENDON MASSACHUSETTS

(Continued from Page 30)

direction to wear it. Excellent dressers were provided for the principals, and a hairdresser to put on your wig. There was a small charge if it required dressing. The theater paid these people, but you were supposed to tip them on New Year's Day; also the stage doorkeeper, the man who brought you the scores of your parts, and anyone else you liked, though only the first four expected it; and $2.50 was a liberal tip. You were expected to keep your costumes at home and send them over in a basket trunk on the morning of the performance, for your dresser to unpack, press and hang up. You paid a man a dollar a month to do this, though many singers sent their servants.

There were four *Kapellmeister:* The first one, who rejoiced in the title of court councilor; the second and third; and a fourth for the chorus. The orchestra consisted of sixty musicians, and was really good. They had played together so long that they could play almost anything, and they excelled in Mozart, whom, with Wagner, they adored, while they looked with condescension upon the works of Puccini. The scenery of this opera house was famous. Its managers were the first to have moons that really rose about as slowly as the real one, and when I was playing there they were still unique in possessing a wonderful clockwork sun which contracted as it rose. The Ring dramas, with their complicated settings, were given without a single hitch; the Magic Flute was presented with some nineteen scenes, all dark changes; and it is one of the four theaters in the world where Goethe's Faust has been given entire, on four consecutive evenings. The artist who was responsible for all new scenery was a man of considerable reputation, outside the town as well as in it, as a painter. He did excellent things when he was allowed a free hand, as he inclined very strongly toward modern conventionalized scenery *à la Reinhardt*. His production of La Belle Hélène was worth seeing, and his Gretchen's room in Faust was one of the most charming stage settings I have ever seen.

The Low Cost of Living

THERE was a large, thoroughly trained chorus, each with a repertoire of more than fifty operas, whose members were paid as a rule about $20 a month, everything but modern dress supplied. None received more except those who filled small speaking parts. In a ballet of forty the dancers received from $19 to $20 apiece, with all costumes furnished. Knowing these figures as I do, it is hard for me to credit those I once saw quoted in a music journal from a German book on the subject. The author stated that the ballet girls in Hannover received only $2.50 a month. Hannover being a larger city and affiliated with Berlin paid better salaries than the opera house of which I am writing. He also said that the leading lady in Eisenach had only 15 marks a month! As I, a beginner and a foreigner, in Metz, received $35 a month I cannot but think that he had forgotten to add the cipher and meant 150 marks! The costume expenses that he spoke of were certainly a great tax upon the German actresses in smaller theaters; but I think I have shown how greatly the wardrobe of a singer in such a theater may be simplified, especially by a thrifty Germanwoman up to all the dodges of different pairs of sleeves for the same gown. After all, costume expenses are as high or as low as one makes them. The principals in my theater received from $900 to $3500 a year, which last-named sum is paid to the *Helden Tenor*, and on which he is rich. The rent of a good flat is $180 to $200 a year. I paid $275 for mine because it was situated on the best street, near the palace. It contained four rooms, with kitchen, bath, maid's room and two balconies. A good general servant received $6.25 a month. Her wages and everything about her were regulated by police inspection. The police in fact regulated the whole town, even the closing of the theater, which can be closed only in case of destruction by fire, serious epidemic or martial law.

The same system of alternating plays with opera obtained in all but the very largest German cities. We had some splendid actors in our cast, some of whom later were in leading positions in the greatest theaters. The repertoire, for a town of 100,000 people, was extraordinary. The German classics, Goethe and Schiller, alternated with Shakspere; the modern poetic dramas, the plays of Hebbel, Grillparzer, the sparkling comedies of Schnitzler were interchanged with translations of Ibsen, Bernard Shaw, Pinero, and so on. Sudermann and Hauptmann might follow the latest French salon comedy or a new farce; and the good old ones that everybody knew, like Kyritz Pyritz and Charley's Aunt, were not allowed to die. Then there were peasant plays in dialect and fairy plays for the children at Christmas.

If you made a hit with the audience your residence in the town was made very pleasant. Even the conductors and motormen of the street cars used to greet me as they passed, and all the policemen were my friends. I had letters to some of the people in the town through relations, and took as much part as I had time for in the social life of the place. The center of everything was of course the court. The Grand Duke took a great interest in the theater and used to watch the productions, notebook in hand. Any detail that did not please him was immediately noted and the memorandum sent then and there to the stage manager. We had some special privileges as we were classed as official servants of the government. One was the right to wine from the ducal cellars at cost price and duty free. Another was a ten per cent discount in all the shops. Extra money was often to be picked up by an emergency call from a neighboring theater. Our opera soubrette once received a hurry call to another *Hofoper*, one hour's journey away. The train would have made her too late, so she took an automobile and her costume with her, and drove at breakneck speed through the woods to the town. She was to sing Chérubin in Figaro, and as she dressed in the auto to save time the surprise of the chauffeur may be imagined when instead of a brunette girl a blond boy alighted.

I made my first appearance as a regular member of the company as Dalila. The only comment afterward of the first *Kapellmeister*, who directed the performance, was, "Why did you make the eighth note in such and such a phrase a sixteenth?" I repeat this in order to give an idea of the standard of thoroughness with which the musical part of the opera was prepared. When we were rehearsing Dalila on the stage, I having studied the rôle in Paris and being imbued with the spirit of the French performers, occasionally gave that swing from the hips on a particularly luscious phrase, using, as faithfully as I could remember, De Reszke's masterly interpretation and flow of line. The *Hofrat* rapped on his desk, and half-patronizingly, half-contemptuously, with a pitying smile, bade me not to indulge in French mannerisms.

As many room rehearsals were held as were necessary before the singers could sing their parts giving every note its exact value. A singer might make mistakes during the performance, but the *Hofrat* always mentioned it afterward. My Samson was of course the *Helden Tenor*: and he was a character—a tall, good-looking man with an immense, ill-used voice, but a wonderful actor. He had a great success with the ladies, and his adventures, matrimonial and otherwise, were the principal source of gossip of the town. His ladylove at this time was a certain baroness, whom he afterward married. Their great amusement was rushing about the country together in a white automobile filled with flowers. She used to hang fascinated over the edge of her box, high above the stage, watching his every look and gesture. When he left the stage she would sink back in her chair, really exhausted, and rub her eyes with her hand. He was the only person who was allowed to disturb the orderly rehearsals. Everyone was afraid of him when he lost his temper and raged up and down the stage, shouting what he would do to his enemy when he caught him. One day I remember he was furious with the manager because birthday honors had been distributed by the Grand Duke, in the form of decorations, and he had received none. He made sure that it was the manager's spite against him, but it was in reality, of course, his notorious way of living that prevented his being decorated.

The Eccentricities of Samson

HE SHOUTED that he would buy himself two cents' worth of soft soap and grease his back with it and make the manager climb up it! Then that he would get him in the woods and run his auto over him, and run it back and forth and back and forth, until there was nothing left but apple sauce! Finally the direction could stand him no longer, great actor as he was, and his contract was broken on the pretext of his having been absent from the town without leave. You are supposed not to go farther than a certain stated distance from the theater without due notification and permission. He left the place with his baroness, and his return to it was characteristic. The first time that Zeppelin's airship passed over the town he was in it, hanging out of the car, shouting and throwing down post cards!

As Siegfried in Götterdämmerung he left an ineffaceable impression on me. I have never seen it equaled by any tenor. When he gazes at Brunhild's ring and his memory fails to recall just what it means to him, his puzzled look of baffled memory, the ray of understanding that almost pierced his forgetfulness—all were suggested in so tremendous a way that one saw inside his brain; and all this utterly without exaggerated mannerisms.

I seemed to find favor in his sight, and during the Dalila rehearsals he made hot love to me. In the performance, when Dalila sinks into his arms on the couch, he nearly upset me by saying fervently out loud: "Ah! At last one knows what it is to have a beautiful woman in one's arms!" I considered this a distinct reflection on his adoring baroness, and withheld the signs of delight he no doubt expected.

He was asked to sing Siegfried once at a neighboring opera house on very short notice. He had to dress on the train in order to be there on time when the curtain went up. Fellow travelers who saw him enter the train dressed in the ordinary way were rather horrified to see a half-naked

A Private Ball in Darmstadt, at Which the Grand Duke of Hesse Appeared as an Oriental Potentate

savage emerge at the journey's end; but S—— was quite impervious to the sensation he created. He never wore the hideous tights most Siegfrieds try to make you think are skin, but his splendid shoulders rose naked from his bearskin, and his bare legs were bound with furry thongs.

The *Helden Bariton* was of another type. He had been twenty-five years on the stage and twenty in the Darmstadt theater. Opera singing for him was like going to his office. He had his house with its charming garden, his family, and a circle of friends and acquaintances which included nearly the whole population. There were many cases like his in this class of theater; and a pleasant life they led. After eight years in the same *Hoftheater* they were eligible for a pension, a certain proportion of their salary, which increased, with their years of service, up to a fixed point. Only certain *Hoftheater* had this pension fund; it was very nice for some singers but a great hardship for others. If you left that theater before your eight years were up you lost all that you had paid during your engagement. Contribution to the pension fund was compulsory for all singers and actors in that theater. One singer whom I knew had spent sixteen years in different theaters, always paying pension tax and never receiving the benefit of one penny from the money as her engagement in each place came to an end before the stipulated eight years. Unscrupulous directors took advantage of this to fail to renew a singer's contract when it got near the eighth year.

Some of the regular members of a *Hoftheater* had enviable concert reputations as well, though in Germany the two professions were quite separate, and concert singing was generally looked upon as the higher branch of art. The critics were suspicious of the opera singer in concert, to such an extent that I was advised at my first Berlin recital to keep my real standing in the profession dark and present myself without my title of *Hofopernsangerin*. I suggested to my agent that, as I was quite unknown in Berlin, it might be well to spend a little money in extra advertising.

"Advertising?" said he. "They will think you are a soap!"

So I sang unheralded except by the usual half-inch in the daily papers. In contrast to the publicity campaigns and press agents of America let me give another instance of how they did things in Germany. On being engaged at this *Hoftheater* I thought I ought to let the public know it. I wrote my agent, Herr Harder, asking him to spend $250 for me in judicious advertising of my engagement. He answered that there was no way in which he could place the money to further my interests, and refused to do it! The first contract which was offered me for a concert tour in America provided for $2000 to be paid down for advertising before the tour began.

Elaborate Police Regulations

One of the first things you did on arriving at a new residence in Germany was to acquaint the police of your presence. It was a fearsome experience and admitted of no trifling. You went to the appointed stuffy office and told your nationality; birthplace, with date of birth; your parents' names; their profession if any, and your own; their birthplaces and ages; if they were dead what they died of; whether you were married or single, number, names and ages of your children; and any little extra detail that might occur to the official in Prussian blue who held the inquisition. If you had an unusual name he wouldn't believe you when you claimed it. A girl I knew was christened Jean, but she is down in the police records of Berlin as Johanna because her policeman said that Jean was a man's name and he would n't!

Every servant maid had a book, which had to be signed by the police when you engaged her and when she left you before she might take another place. When you engaged her she must be registered, too, in order that she might be charged with her proper insurance tax. This amounted to about five dollars a year; the employer paid one half and the servant the other. Many employers paid it all. This entitled the servant to treatment at the dispensary or in the hospital if she was ill. The police were very careful of her comfort, and paid a visit to the house in which she was employed to see that her room was big enough, airy enough, warmed in winter, and that her bed was comfortable! She had a long list of rights, including so many loaves of black bread and so many bottles of beer a week; and she dared not be offended if you kept everything under lock and key.

If you kept a dog he must be registered too; and you paid high for the luxury. The police decided when you might and might not play on your piano or sing. Before nine in the morning, after nine at night, all musical instruments were taboo. The sacred sleeping hour after dinner, from two to four, must also be observed in silence in Berlin. Nothing dared interfere with the after-dinner nap; even the banks were closed from one to two, or even three. You wrote to the police in Germany where the Englishman would write to the Times. I remember a perfect avalanche of anonymous cards in Darmstadt because a child in our house would practice with her windows open and neighbors thought it was I.

A Puzzled Official

The intricacies of paying your taxes took some study. Foreigners must pay taxes on money earned in the country; town and county taxes payable every three months, on alternate months, in two different parts of the town! You arrived at the municipal building to pay your town taxes, and you were very lucky if after picking out the right month you succeeded in hitting the day when the place was open. A small sign on the locked door might greet you: "Closed on the ninth and fifteenth of every month." If day and month were right you might easily strike the wrong hour, for town taxes were payable, say, from eight to ten A. M. and two to five P. M., while county ones were from nine to twelve and four to seven. There were church taxes besides. I succeeded in getting out of these by saying that I was not a church member. Unfortunately I did not know the word for "undenominational" and so had to say that we were "heathens." My sister was asked in a rasping official voice, filled with the large contempt for women which a certain type of German official always reeks with, "*Sind Sie ledig?*" She, poor dear, had never heard the word "*ledig*" before, and stammered "What?" The question was rapped out again and she said "I don't know." When she got home and looked the word up she found the man had been asking if she were married or single. What he made of her answer we never knew.

All these little things were very amusing in Germany. The way everything seemed *verboten* was at first annoying but later amusing. The paths in the Tiergarten in Berlin always used to tempt me to be bad. I always wanted to walk on the path reserved for cyclists or horses, or sit on the benches reserved for children only. The letter boxes say to you: "Address and stamp not to be forgotten!" The door mat shrieks at you: "Please wipe your feet." Towels, brushes, and so forth—all say "*Bitte*" at you. I believe one could travel all through Germany with just "*Bitte*" and get an insight into the different phases of German character through the intonations of this word.

A quaint old custom in Darmstadt was always observed on the first Sunday in Advent. The Grand Duke did his shopping for Christmas on that day, and the country people thronged into the town. A band used to play before the shop in which the Grand Duke was, and moved as he moved. We gave an extra-long performance at the opera, Götterdammerung or some such serious business, but the Grand Duke never could honor us with his presence, as everyone in town would have felt cheated if he had.

The shopping in Darmstadt was really quite remarkable. We always thought it an excellent thing that after eleven o'clock in the morning not a scrap of meat was to be had in the whole of the butcher shops, everything being put away on ice.

We had exceptional opportunities of knowing Germans of all classes, from the cleaning women in the theater to royalty. The military types were most varied, ranging from the Prussian Junker to the good-natured Bavarian, with his easy South German ways. We met many officers and their families both in Metz and Darmstadt. In Metz, during the last year, we grew to know and be fond of a young Bavarian lieutenant. With him we drove and picnicked in the lovely Metz country. It was early spring and we would take the train to some little village near by and have our tea in the woods or at one of the thousands of inns that dot Germany. I remember one Sunday afternoon, in a still, steep-sided ravine, the walls of it rising sharply on either side, thickly wooded with giant beeches; the sun-flecked grass aquiver with myriads of white, ethereal windflowers. A wayside shrine was before us, and the wood hush was broken only by the songs of birds, whipping and gurgling high above us in the branches.

Suddenly far off the sound of singing, and slowly a procession of children came into view, singing, as they walked, in well-harmonized parts. They all genuflected before the shrine and wound off into the woods, their voices dying away in the distance.

We often studied the old battlefields, so fiercely contested in 1870, and F—— would point out to us just where the different regiments advanced and fell. A long way off seemed the horrors of war, and we never dreamed that much greater horrors were soon to descend on us.

The military spirit was rampant in Metz, of course, and we got to know that side of it well, as some of the officers had English wives who were very good to us. The manners of the officers always charmed us; we were told they are trained to social manners by their superior officers. The cavalry regiments were the smartest ones, both in Metz and Darmstadt, the infantry being solidly aristocratic but less dashing. The engineers were rather despised socially, while the poor commissariat was utterly looked down upon and hardly bowed to. The Bavarian infantry had its special social standing, because the old nobility was largely represented in it. What they lacked in riches they made up in pride. All the other German infantry regiments wore dark-blue trousers, no matter what color their tunics; the Bavarians, however, stuck to their bright-blue trousers in spite of all attempts to change them. The Prince Regent was famous for wearing his much too long and very wrinkled over badly fitting boots. The smartest officers wore the balloon cap introduced by the Crown Prince and ineffectually forbidden by his father. It was called balloon because it was much higher than the ones worn by less smart officers. The height of the collar was the other important thing. In a sterling officer of the old school it was low and comfy; the smarter you were the higher your collar, and if you were fat the two or three creases at the back of the neck above the collar always looked to me unmistakably German.

Victims of Alcoholic Etiquette

The life they led was in general very simple, according to our ideas. Their Casino was their meeting place in the evening, like an officers' club. Some of them were tremendously hard workers, most ambitious, and showing real interest in their men. F—— used to teach his more illiterate ones to read and write, and many were the stories he told of the thick-headed Bavarian peasants. The difference in these men, when we saw them arriving in the fall as rookies, and after a year's training, was absolutely amazing, slumped shoulders had straightened, lower jaws had decided to connect with upper ones and eyes focused intelligently. Each officer has his private servant, who usually chose to be one. These were treated as friends by their masters if the latter happened to be non-Prussian in character. I said once to F——: "Is Karl your servant?" "No, he is my friend," he said.

An officer in Diedenhofen, where we occasionally sang while I was with the Metz opera, used to send me gorgeous flowers. He had a way of sitting near the stage and applauding by flapping his handkerchief against the palm of his white kid glove, which so enraged me that I never acknowledged the flowers. One night an ugly old contralto took my part, I being laid up, and that was the night the officer had selected to present me with a huge basket of white azaleas and blue satin ribbon. The old dame rewarded the house in general with a false-teeth smile on receiving them over the footlights, which must have discouraged my admirer, as the flowers stopped abruptly.

We quite often saw young officers very drunk on the streets in Metz, at about five in the afternoon. Asking F—— about this we were told that it was only the young ones, if we would notice, and that they were obliged to empty their glasses when toasted by superior officers. If these gentlemen caught their eyes many times during the two-o'clock dinner as they raised their glasses, the silly young fellows' heads naturally grew befuddled, but it was not etiquette to refuse to empty their glasses. This custom was very hard on an ensign, and was later done away with.

The smartest officers had English dog-carts and were certainly most dashing. Many clever ones in the cavalry made money out of horses, buying and selling them among themselves. In Darmstadt they introduced the English hunt and wore the pink. We used to go up to Frankfort for the "gentleman races," and often saw our own northern cousins, whose names we knew but whom we never had the opportunity of meeting, riding with great skill and daring. These races were much encouraged by the Kaiser, and sometimes giant Eitel-Fritz would come and look on, or the dandy Prince of Schaumburg-Lippe would make his horse mince round the ring. He was a great beau and ladies' favorite, and the horrible accident on the battlefield that has deprived him of his beauty seems an impossible thing to have happened to just him.

Our friend F—— was known in his regiment as "Revolver Mouth." This title he earned through his witty tongue and his habit of hitting the bull's-eye in his table conversation. His great friend, a smart young *nouveau riche* in the most exclusive cavalry regiment, who had much more money than brains, was the butt of much good-natured chaff from F——. One evening F—— recounted to a group of brother officers how S——, who was notorious for his absent-mindedness and poor memory, was seen miles away from home galloping down a dusty road. F—— hailed him and said, "But where's your horse?" "That's true," said S——, looking down in utter astonishment. "I must have forgotten to get on him."

Suicide the Only Way Out

S—— was famous for his sharpness in choosing and trading horseflesh, and F—— used to call him on the phone, saying, "Is this Herr S——? I am Graf Pumpernickel." Then he would elaborately arrange a rendezvous in some very public spot in Metz, at which S—— was to appear with the horse he wished to trade. Of course when poor S—— kept the appointment only a group of jeering young rascals greeted him; and S—— never discovered who Graf Pumpernickel was, though the joke was often repeated.

The money question of the poorer officers often proved very serious. They were forbidden to earn money in any way except by writing. They could not marry unless the bride and groom between them had a certain minimum sum; this kept many fine young officers and charming girls from matrimony, and frequently resulted on the man's side in the far-reaching evils of entangling affairs.

Talking of officers' troubles one day F—— told me that suicide was often the only possible solution, and for the honor of one's regiment one was sometimes expected to end one's life. An acquaintance of his had had a revolver sent him by his commanding officer as a gentle hint, on finding himself involved in a scandalous affair.

In one Bavarian regiment, if you had debts you were liable to be summoned at literally a moment's notice before your colonel and ordered to pay your debts in so many days or leave the regiment. The usual thing was then to obtain the hand in marriage of the most attractive girl you knew with the most attractive bank account. Sometimes they disappeared to America.

Frau Seebold told us once, while she was singing in New York one winter with the Austrian prima donna, Gerstinger, that a man applied at the door for work during a heavy fall of snow. She told him to clear the snow away and then come in for his money. He came and, noting her strong accent, asked if she had long left the Fatherland. On her replying "No," he burst into a flood of German, and told her his pitiful story, while she made him hot coffee and tried to comfort him. He had been a lieutenant in a smart regiment, had gotten into trouble through a brother officer's betraying his trust in him, and had had to disappear to America for the honor of the regiment. The poor fellow put his head on the kitchen table and sobbed as he told her how he sank lower and lower, till finally he shoveled snow. He also told her there was a club in New York where ex-officers who were coachmen, truck drivers or waiters

(Continued on Page 137)

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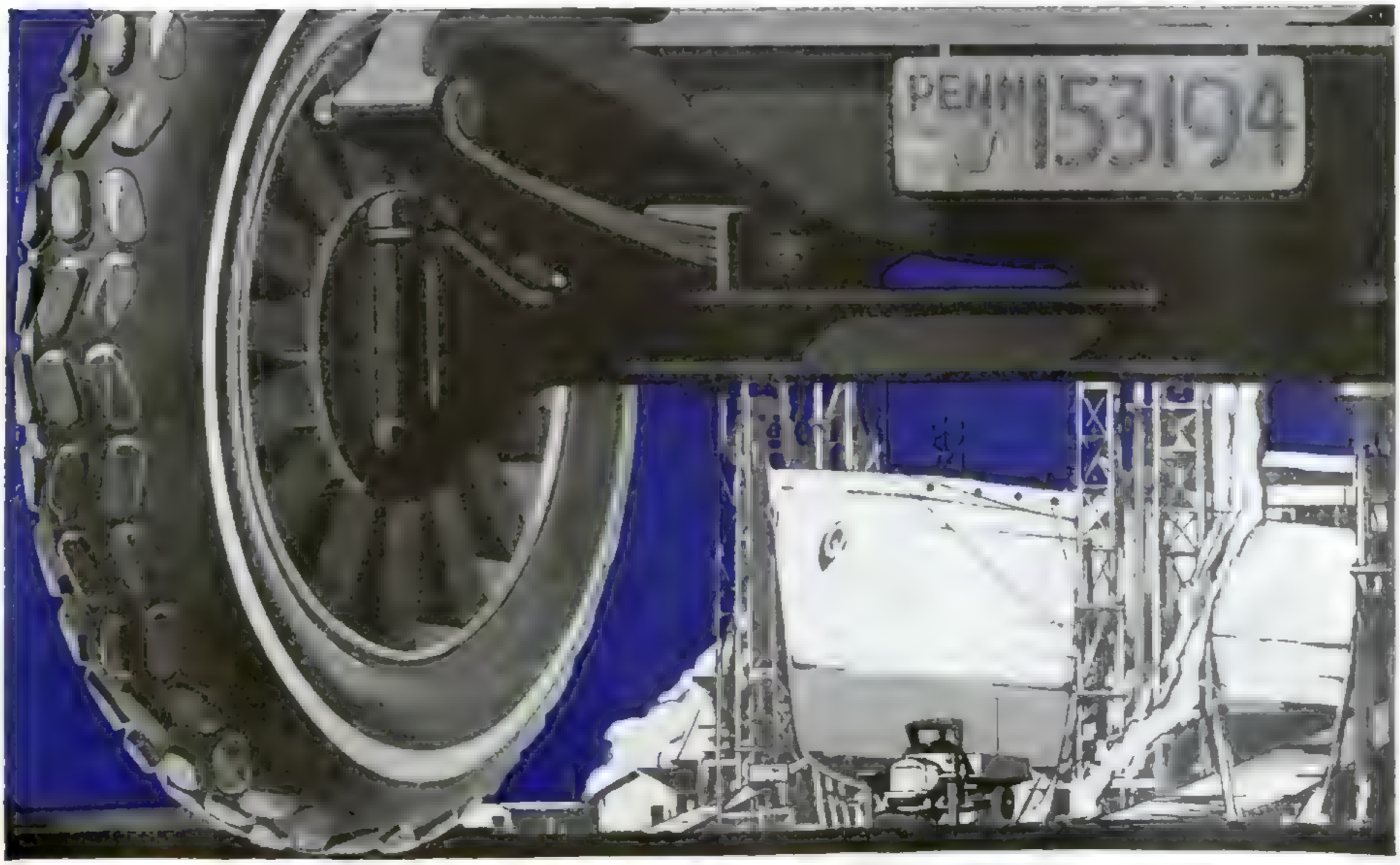

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The Penny Come Into Its Own

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

NEARLY the whole world, civilized and half-civilized, is suffering to-day from a shortage of small coins. Nor is this a trivial incident, even though mankind cries for food and clothes and fuel rather than for the mere money tokens of these necessities of life. Printing presses and mints cannot take the place of wheat fields. But on the other hand, too many coins or too few coins or bad coins will derange the whole scheme of industry, upset the daily habits of a people and impose widespread suffering upon the poorer classes.

It was a great English historian who long ago ventured the opinion that the misery inflicted upon his nation by bad crowns and bad shillings had equaled the misery inflicted by bad kings, bad ministers, bad parliaments and bad judges.

In one of his first messages to Congress George Washington spoke of the want of small coins in circulation. And it has been the experience of Treasury officials for the last hundred years that when the demand for pennies is especially active general business throughout the country is booming. If war and prosperity come together, as they do to-day, then the demand fairly overwhelms the Government. Mints work twenty-four hours a day, Sundays included, for there is something about war that absorbs small coins. They sink out of sight, no one knows where.

Perhaps the forces of ignorance and fear become titanic in wartime. The peasants of Europe and the more recent and untaught immigrant classes of America cling to all the "hard" money they can get their hands upon, supposing in some dim way that if the worst comes to the worst and paper money fails, silver and nickel and bronze will buy them a bit of food.

So in every civilized belligerent and neutral country an exciting and powerful conflict is going on between the forces of fear and ignorance on the one side and those of patriotism and enlightened self-interest on the other. As fast as metallic money is coined by the mints one section of the population tends to absorb it into hiding while another group struggles mightily to draw the money out of hiding into government bonds and war savings stamps. We do not know how much is hoarded, but we do know that millions of dollars are daily turning up to buy war stamps and government bonds.

Will the world ever cease to need a vast number of small coins? One might suppose that an increased use of bank checks would in time almost do away with the need of coins and small bills. But that time must be a long, long way off judging from present conditions. Last year the United States Mint coined nearly three hundred million pennies. In one month, November, it put out nearly fifty millions; and it has been coining them for a century and a quarter. Very few of the pennies ever come back to the Treasury. They are put out in a steadily increasing volume, and they stay out. The same thing is true of other small coins.

The Demand for Chicken Feed

The vast majority of all business transactions the world over are for small amounts, five dollars or less—that is, small retail transactions constitute the bulk of all moneyed operations, and will long continue to do so. No doubt checks will be more and more used, but among people who do not know each other, as with the clerk and customer in a department or a five-and-ten-cent store, a form of payment is necessary that will finish the transaction then and there. Besides, in countries like China, India and Russia, where there is a huge ignorant population, checks cannot be used by most of the people. Indeed, in China and other Eastern countries the coolies are paid in silver coin every night, and thus large sums in silver are imperative for the simplest work.

The whole social structure of the world involves an insistent demand for small money that passes from hand to hand. If for any reason the supply falls far short people use the most primitive remedies, such as cutting large bills and coins into halves and quarters with a pair of clippers. During the Civil War $20,000 of the notes of one bank were rendered more suitable for small operations by this delightfully simple method.

More coins are needed as population and wealth increase and as the opportunity to spend money grows. Our wealth and population have increased enormously in a hundred years, and there are almost countless new objects to spend money for. If it had been necessary to make as many pennies in this country every month since the mint was opened as were made last November there would have been coined in that time about seventy-five billions of them.

Small coins and small bills must always be in ample supply because of the hard usage they get through constant circulation. The $20 gold piece or $100 bill is cared for gently and affectionately. It is locked up in a tin box or folded with great care in a wallet. But the dollar bill is slapped down on the butcher's counter and picked up with a gory hand. The smaller the bill or coin the more carelessly it is handled, the rougher and dirtier are its surroundings, the faster it wears out and the more likely it is to get lost.

We often think of modern business as conducted largely by checks and other forms of paper money, but much of it involves an ever-increasing use of small coins or "chicken feed." The tallest buildings in New York City are monuments to nickels and dimes—one erected by a five-and-ten-cent-store owner and the other by a life-insurance company which collects its weekly premiums in sums of ten cents and thereabouts. Rides on street cars, elevated and subway lines are mostly a nickel apiece, and of course represent in the aggregate billions of nickels.

Silver for Soldiers

It may be an actual inconvenience to the president of a great railroad to receive even one month of his $50,000 salary in cash. But it is an even greater inconvenience for the switchman and indeed for the great mass of employees to receive their pay in checks. They do not know what to do with a check or where to cash it. They want cash, and not more than $20 in any one bill or coin. So it comes about that a single paymaster on a single railroad handles as many as 145,000 pieces of money in a single day, all for sums of $20 and less.

But the demand for small coins has been enormously intensified and concentrated of late by the use of silver in paying soldiers in nearly all the belligerent countries. It is rarely that a soldier's pay for a given period—a day, week or month—amounts to an even sum which can be met by bills or large coins. Thus with perhaps thirty million soldiers under arms the demand for small coins has grown by leaps and bounds since 1914.

Obviously checks cannot be used to pay armies under many conditions. Checks are practical only in a peaceful, settled community where perfect order reigns. But soldiers wish to spend money in desolated, ruined districts from which all banks and organized society have fled. They must have a medium that will pass from hand to hand anywhere and be accepted by total strangers.

At the very time when this demand sprang up from the armies gold began to disappear from circulation. At first it was hoarded in the European countries, and then the governments, by all manner of export embargoes and other devices, inducements and appeals to patriotism, sought to get as complete control as possible of all the gold within their boundaries. In Germany and France especially the most urgent appeals have been made by the governments to their citizens for gold ever since 1914. Each country has gathered in several hundred million dollars of gold in this way. England also has managed to get control of most of the yellow metal in that country.

Of course everyone understands why belligerent governments seek to control the supply of gold. Thus only can the enormous output of paper money be kept good. But the result is to put even a greater strain than before upon the supply of coins, especially silver. The peasant classes feel that if they cannot get gold the next best thing is silver. Their instinct in wartime is always to hoard something.

Copper coins have been bought up for their metal value in Europe and Asia, and this means either a still further supply of silver or of some cheap substitute like iron. In Turkey even the iron coins have disappeared. Fifteen million new nickel coins vanished almost overnight in France. At one time the automatic telephones in Paris were threatened with a shutdown because people could not get coins to drop into them. Especially in the country districts of France, where memories of the worthless paper assignats of the French Revolution still linger, the peasants keep a strangle hold on any metallic money they get.

It is impossible to exaggerate the strain which the world's supply of coins is under. India and the Far East have always used enormous quantities of silver. To-day they are abnormally prosperous and desire far more silver than ever before. All the financing of the British Armies and British trade in the Persian Gulf, Mesopotamia, East Africa, Egypt and Palestine has been done with Indian silver money.

So it has come about that in many parts of Asia and Europe governments and even semipublic organizations are issuing a bewildering variety and a huge quantity of small paper notes for sums as small as one cent or even a tiny fraction thereof. In Russia stamps have been put out for sums as small as one one-hundredth of an American cent. At first ordinary stamps were used, and printed at the bottom appeared some such legend as this: "Good for ten kopecks." But these tiny notes were easily lost and torn, to the great distress of the muzhiks. So now larger notes are printed.

Ordinary postage stamps were used in Paris at one time, and in most of the Latin countries notes for one franc are common now, with even lower amounts in Portugal. In China the chambers of commerce are putting out small paper notes because of the lack of copper coins, and "in order," as their announcement puts it, "to restore life to the market." That the Chinese look upon this experiment with some apprehension is evident from this notice posted broadcast by the chambers of commerce:

"If there are found any lawless persons who counterfeit and make false notes and use them, they will indeed be reported by letter to the officials and a request will be made to have them punished, and there will be no pity upon them."

The Old-Time Shinplaster

That this country may be saved from the curse of the small paper note for less than a dollar is the fervent hope of almost every banker and business man. Ever since the American Revolution these filthy substitutes for coins have been known as shinplasters, a soldier in the Continental Army having supposedly wrapped a bundle of the nearly worthless notes about his wounded leg. Raymond T. Baker, present director of the United States Mint, says that as long as he is director there will be no shinplasters; and it looks now as if the Treasury Department has the situation well enough in hand to prevent any such minor but none the less real catastrophe from befalling the country.

The saying "not worth a Continental" came from the small paper notes of the American Revolution, and it was said of one period of French history that "a man with a hundred million in bank notes might have starved on the streets of Paris." Of course no powerful government would permit its shinplasters to become as worthless as those of the American colonies, France of the revolution, the Southern Confederacy and the recent governments of Mexico. The shinplasters—or, as they were officially known, the "postal currency"—of the North in the Civil War were redeemed, but the necessity for their issuance caused endless inconvenience, disturbance and loss.

It is almost impossible to keep silver and copper coin from going to a premium if shinplasters are put out or even if the actual necessity for them arises. More than three hundred varieties of illegal one-cent tokens were issued by private parties during the Civil War, even though the mint coined nearly fifty million pennies in 1863 as compared with ten million in 1861. Street railways, hotels, saloons and stores put out notes, bills and checks for fifteen, twenty and twenty-five cents. Many irresponsible persons issued their own notes, and of course the ignorant were losers thereby.

But that is not all. The shinplaster is a slovenly dirty object. It must of necessity be small. Worth only a few cents it is carried loose in the pocket like a small coin, but of course it has none of the wearing quality of metal. At that it is better than a postage stamp, for it has no mucilage on one side and is a trifle heavier and larger. The Government began to print postal currency in the Civil War only when it realized that without it people would have nothing but ordinary stamps for small money.

Probably it has never occurred to the average citizen that any great amount of thought and study must be given to supplying people with just the right variety and amount of coin. Most people who read the newspapers remember that some years ago a dispute rose because a few coins were struck off without the time-honored motto of "In God We Trust." Now and then the papers are filled with a debate as to whether one design or another for a new coin is the more artistic; and quite a tempest in a teapot was caused by the question of whether the designers of new coins should be immortalized by having all three or only one of their initials cut thereon.

Spiteful Debtors

But this is only froth on the surface. Underneath is the constant serious problem of discovering just what coins are most needed by the people and how many can be used. If too many are put out they quickly depreciate in value as compared with gold because the metal in coins of modern civilized countries is not often worth anywhere near the face value of the coin itself. This is the result of bitter experience through ages of time; for where coins have been minted with enough metal in them to approximate the face value, wholesale private melting took place as soon as the price of metal rose to a point where melting became profitable. Even recently certain Japanese coins were driven from circulation because they had too much silver in them in view of the high price of silver.

But if coins contain less metal than their face value they can be kept from depreciating only by strictly limiting the amount to the actual needs of the people. Here is the way the needs of a people make themselves felt: If a man has too many pennies for convenience or if he distrusts their value he takes them to his bank for redemption in other forms of money. The bank then turns them into a subtreasury for other forms of money. The subtreasury sends them to the Treasurer of the United States at Washington, and there they are once more exchanged. It is this unlimited right of redemption, of exchange for other kinds of money that regulates the supply of and demand for small coins. For of course if a man needs more pennies he goes in the same way to his bank with bills or gold coins of large denominations, the bank goes to the subtreasury, the subtreasury goes to the treasurer, and the treasurer presents a demand upon the mint for more pennies.

There are other safeguards against depreciation: The Government does not pay out small coins to its own creditors or employees, nor does the law permit any man to force payment of a debt in small coins beyond a legal maximum. The silver dollar is the smallest by which unlimited payment may be made; and that is bad enough. Many times for spite debtors have paid creditors large sums in silver dollars, one debt of $30,000 having been met with a ton of silver dollars too late in the afternoon for deposit in a bank. But you cannot pay a debt of more than twenty-five cents in pennies, or more than ten dollars in any small silver coin.

With every coin there is a point of greatest convenience, or saturation, and if people are free to choose they will not use more or less of it. If the Government suddenly put out untold billions of pennies they would not take the place of nickels if there were still enough nickels to go round. But if suddenly all the nickels were swept away people would tie five pennies into paper parcels and use them for five-cent purchases, whereas if all the pennies were swept away and nickels suddenly increased in number they would probably cut the nickels into pieces with clippers.

The greatest demand for money of every description, and especially for small coins, comes in the fall months in preparation for the holiday season. Not only are more small retail purchases made round Christmas than at any other time but more gifts of actual money are made then than at any other period. Even in normal times the large retail stores accumulate great quantities of change just before Christmas. It is nothing unusual for a single New York bank to obtain as much as $10,000 in pennies and nickels in a single order for the use of its retail-store customers.

The holiday strain is all the worse because such vast quantities of dimes and the two minor coins, nickels and pennies, go into children's banks at that time, there to remain for weeks, months or even years. A study of the mintage figures for 1917 shows a startling jump from the summer to the fall months in the number of pennies coined. Added to the abnormal prosperity and the highest wages on record was the steadily increasing demand from the army. Then on top of all this came the new war taxes, adding a penny here and a penny there. Railroad tickets, telegrams, theater tickets and, above all, movie tickets had a few cents added to the price. Perhaps the greatest demand of all came from the movie theaters, which were early in realizing that to do business conveniently they must be amply supplied with pennies.

Raising the price of an interurban ride from five to six or seven cents and increasing the price of bread above the even nickel had already raised the penny from its once lowly estate. Last fall for the first time a passenger could offer five pennies for a ride on the Subway in New York City without being withered with a glance from the ticket seller. The penny has truly come into its own, and no man despises it any longer. But the fundamental reason for the increase in the use of pennies for many years past has been the growth of population and wealth, along with the spread of department stores, five-and-ten-cent stores, cash stores, bargain sales, remnant sales, odd-price sales and the extension of interurban railways.

Christmas Demands

One of the subtreasuries in a large Eastern city normally thinks nothing of giving a bank $1000 in pennies. But the demand became so overpowering just before Christmas that the amount allowed any one bank was cut down to $50. Banks in suburbs were willing to take all of a messenger's time for half a day just to get $20 in pennies. One city bank made a desperate appeal to the subtreasury for pennies on the ground that a large bank in a smaller city which kept a deposit with it had threatened to withdraw the account immediately unless supplied with pennies. And the worst of it is that banks do not get any compensation for supplying correspondent banks or other customers with small coins. Department stores, street railways and other retail establishments will give their accounts only to banks that agree to keep them supplied with coins.

Even San Francisco, Portland and Seattle were crying for small coins last fall. This is indeed remarkable because it was only a comparatively few years ago that any small coin was regarded with feelings close to contempt on the Pacific Coast, in the Rocky Mountain States and the far Southwest. Naturally the demand for small coins comes chiefly from the industrial sections of the country—from Chicago, New York, Philadelphia and other manufacturing centers. It is only where great hosts of wage-earners are congregated that small coins are needed in bulk.

Within very recent memory pennies were thrown away when given in change in the mining camps. In the days of the forty-niners nothing less than a quarter was recognized and but rarely seen in California. Then ten cents became the smallest unit, and then a nickel. Nothing was to be purchased for less. Not many years ago if a man bought a couple of two-cent stamps in a Denver post office he was given a one-cent stamp in change because there were no pennies to be had. Yet last fall the Denver mint coined nothing for a long time except pennies. No fact could show more strikingly how the penny has invaded even the sections to which it was once a stranger.

By the end of January of this year the supply of small coins had about caught up with the demand, and on January twenty-fourth all orders had been met, with about $2,000,000 on hand, including fourteen million pennies. The mints had been working twenty-four hours a day, Sundays included, for months and never a dissenting voice was raised by the employees, though pouring melted silver and other forms of "hot molt" in the summer and fall months is no pleasant occupation. Nearly five hundred and one million coins—half dollars and smaller—were minted in 1917. Only eight times as many dimes had been coined in the whole century and a quarter preceding, and only nine times as many pennies.

Obviously the number of small coins hoarded in this and indeed in every country is fabulously great. More than seven billion coins have been struck off by the mints since the Federal Government was started, and relatively few have ever left the country. Of course large gold pieces account for much of the total value of these seven billion coins but for only an insignificant fraction of the total number. Indeed between three and four billions have been one-cent pieces.

Where the Pennies Go

Many of the pennies, many hundreds of millions of them in fact, have been lost or destroyed. But there is no doubt that if every hoarded, hidden and unused small coin of the total mintage of a century and a quarter were actually being used in making purchases or invested in war savings stamps or government bonds there would never be any shortage.

No information of value as to the amount of coin hoarded can be had because the very ignorance and distrust which cause hoarding make it impossible to secure information as to the amount laid away. Moreover immense sums are put away by the less ignorant people, not exactly in the nature of hoarding but because people like the feeling of having a little real, hard money round the house or on their person.

Then there are the coin collections, the gold pieces used as watch fobs or charms, and the coins received on some special occasion and therefore framed or kept as lucky pieces or souvenirs. There are men who always keep a gold piece in their pockets and never spend it, a practice fully as harmful as that of the benighted, ignorant foreigner who hides his money behind an old barn. Though money carried in a man's pocket far beyond his reasonable spending needs is ostensibly in "circulation" it is really not so at all; and the business man is actually a hoarder who carries a fat wad of $500 or $1000 despite the fact that he pays most of his bills by check and really does not require more than $20 for pocket money.

Naturally every effort should be made and is being made to persuade the wealthy, educated and business people as well as the poor and ignorant to conserve their money. The more intelligent do not as a rule hoard small coins, but they have a perfect mania for handling only clean and new money. Especially at Christmas time brand-new bills are demanded in huge quantities; and so are bright shiny gold pieces, which are often kept round the house or in pockets for months, not out of ignorant fear but merely as a stunt. This craze for bright new shiny money has gone so far that even a few hotels, restaurants and stores have advertised that only new money would be given in change. Of course such a craze hampers the normal circulation of money and makes the task of meeting wartime conditions extremely difficult.

Considerable headway was made last Christmas in inducing people to give war savings stamps as presents instead of new bills or gold pieces. In many of the homes of those in comfortable circumstances children for the first time failed to receive gold pieces for presents. Also the old habit of giving gold pieces to directors of corporations as pay for attendance at meetings is rapidly and justly passing away. At this time, when the Government is trying to gather in and control the whole supply of gold, a director's fee should invariably consist of war savings stamps.

As for actual hoarding we know that most of it is done by the more ignorant immigrants. At a single recent session of the grand jury of one county in one state, eighteen cases of theft of hidden money were presented to the jurors. In several instances Italians reported the theft from their premises of as much as $1000 in bills and coins.

A few years ago a bank in a small town ran a series of advertisements containing a number of incidents relative to the theft of hidden money. Late one afternoon an old man and his wife appeared at the bank and asked to see the president privately. They were ushered into the directors' room and there produced a pail that had a covering of eggs, underneath which lay $1900 in gold coins, some of them of very old dates.

In the coal-mining regions where wages are abnormally high it is known that many thousands of workmen who never heard of a bank are carrying great quantities of money on their persons or hiding it. At a meeting in a Polish parish house near Baltimore a Pole walked up and down the aisle translating for the benefit of his flock arguments in favor of buying Liberty Bonds, told to him in English by a loan worker who stood at his side. At the end of this one meeting $16,000 was subscribed in coin and currency by those present. An Italian bootblack subscribed $800 in cash at one of the Liberty Loan booths in New York City, and it was estimated that total cash purchases in New York City alone in the second Liberty Loan amounted to $50,000,000.

A New York trust company organized by Hungarians recently issued an appeal to their less educated countrymen to stop hoarding money. These nationals were told that so long as they behaved they would not be disturbed nor have their money confiscated. It has been estimated that the Hungarians alone in this country were carrying about or had hidden from $80,000,000 to $100,000,000 in money for fear it would be taken away from them after the declaration of war against Austria.

Curiously enough one of the most serious customs to be overcome consists of the withdrawal from circulation of dimes, nickels and pennies to place in toy or children's banks or other small coin savers and receptacles. I have tried in vain to discover any reliable estimate of the amount of coins kept out of circulation in this way, but Mr. Baker, director of the mint, said last fall that enough coins could be shaken out of the toy banks of the country to relieve the stringency existing at that time. There are few families with children that have not had at least one toy bank at some time in their existence. Millions are always tied up in this way.

Empty Baby's Bank

Of course in normal times the placing of small coins in toy banks is far from being a reprehensible habit. It is intended to teach the practice of thrift, but a far better method of educating children in thrift at this moment is to induce them to put their pennies into war savings stamps. Hoarded money or that lost in toy banks is especially "good" money if it can be got at. Indeed the poor man's money or the child's money is always better than that of the rich man or the business man. In one case it is idle, loose, hidden and has only to be taken out of a pocket or an old drawer. In the other case it is already being used in the form of bonds or stocks or bank deposits. The coins which the ignorant laborer or the little child puts away are never invented money or bank money; they are the real thing.

Besides strengthening the solid, metallic base underlying the whole wartime credit system and relieving what constantly threatens to be a dangerous shortage of small coins for business purposes the surrendering of hidden money for war savings stamps adds directly to the Government's resources. Small sums are not to be despised if you have enough of them. England has gathered something like a billion dollars in this way, and we are on the same road. Finally the owner gets interest on his money instead of having it lie idle and unremunerative in a toy bank or an old trunk; and the stamp he buys is far safer than any place of hiding.

It is a curious fact, testified to by British exchequer officials, that the force of these rather dry arguments appealed more quickly to the children and young working girls during England's great drive for hoarded, wasted and idle cash than to any other classes of people. The child is not ashamed of small things. Pennies do not seem too petty to bother with. So they sing the Song of the Pennies in every schoolroom in England:

With five pounds the cost of a rifle,
Why, what can a poor penny do?

We are each small enough, it is true;
There's little a penny can do;
But a cartridge to fire from a rifle
Is just what a penny can do.

Agitation is bound to increase from now on in favor of minting other small coins than the present assortment, which consists of half dollars, quarters, dimes, nickels and pennies only. At various times in the country's history three-cent pieces, two-cent pieces and half-cent pieces have been coined. The last of these went out of general circulation in the late seventies. For several years now there has been agitation in favor of minting either a two or a two and a half cent piece or possibly a three-cent piece. Several bills are now pending in Congress to that effect, and at least one former director of the mint favored the change. The House Committee on Coinage in the Sixty-second Congress also favored adding to the present variety of small coins.

It is argued that too wide a gap exists between the penny and the nickel. Many articles are said to sell at five cents because there is no intermediate coin, and prices go up in multiples of five cents when perhaps if there were a two or a three cent piece they might go up more gradually. It is pointed out that European countries have many minute coins, such as the farthing, centime, pfennig, kopeck and kreutzer, and that the mere existence of these tiny mediums of exchange tends to keep prices down.

The Short-Lived Ones

But the general tendency in all civilized countries, at least up to the time of the war, seems to have been to get away from minute coins and to reduce their variety. Though European countries had the very small pieces they were used less and less as wealth increased, and it was rare to see less than a five-centime piece in France. People in this country were greatly relieved when the mints stopped coining three, two and half cent pieces. These coins were a nuisance, and of course the more different coins there are the greater the chance for mistakes and confusion. The coinage of three-cent pieces was stopped because they were so easily confused with dimes. Indeed it would take unusual skill and ingenuity to add to the present variety of coins without also adding to the confusion and annoyance of the people.

Even a new design causes endless confusion. False rumors spring up everywhere to the effect that millions of counterfeits are in circulation, and as time goes on it gets to be a more and more serious proposition to alter in the least detail the present system of coinage.

This article has strongly emphasized the world-wide importance of the small coin at the present time, but in this country at least the one and two dollar bills are almost as essential. The country had long been outgrowing the supply of small bills, and if the Federal Reserve system had not come along the shortage would have grown into a famine.

The Federal Reserve banks have been able to supply the necessary amount of five-dollar bills, and the former five and ten dollar national-bank notes and greenbacks are rapidly being split up into ones and twos to supply the ever-mounting demand for small denominations.

One and two dollar bills are used up with astonishing rapidity. When John Burke was made Treasurer of the United States in 1913 he was told by people in the Treasury Department that one-dollar bills usually came back in from six months to one year to be redeemed in new money. But a month after he had been there, and consequently a month after his name began to be engraved on all paper money, he was walking one day past a pile of one-dollar bills which had just come in and he saw that they bore his own name.

"They had spent their lives in the service of their country," he said, "and had come back so soon to die and be buried."

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APRIL 22 to 27

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ONE LARGE NIGHT!

By Richard Cameron Beer

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. SOULEN

WHEN Jimmy Arnold's friends waved good-by to him from the chilly pierhead at the eastern end of the foot of Wall Street, the United States was still, for the official part, a neutral country. Forty-eight hours later, as the Yucatan was wallowing about off Hatteras and it was beginning to be uncomfortably warm in the staterooms, a well-known body of representative gentlemen, by virtue of the power invested in them, grew hot in the region of their respective collar bands and handed Wilhelm a defi—signed, sealed and delivered.

That evening, therefore, when the Havana-bound señors and the few Americans on board would have taken their after-dinner coffee on deck, a polite message from the bridge informed them that they were now on an Allied ship, which would run with lights out; and would they please permit their coffee to be served them in the smoking room? Fortunately there were no women on board to speak of; but a dozen amateur lookouts discovered whole navies of submarines until they grew too sleepy to discover any more.

Jimmy played a wild game of bridge with a Boston dry-goods man, a Utica doctor and an old Irish-Canadian. With the exception of the doctor, they all consumed quarts of French vichy, mainly to show their brotherly feeling toward an ally. The medical man, however, leaned heavily on the shoulder of one Thomas Collins. At ten o'clock, after the ninth misdeal of the evening, the old Canadian tossed his hand into the reeking brass ash tray and snorted:

"To hell with this! Let's talk."

"No Drop' de Gun!" Grant Shouted. "Oh, Git Him, Kid! Git Him! Jus' Lemme Lay My Man' on Dat Gun!"

They had been doing little else, really; but the doctor, feeling that a free rein had now been given him, commenced to illustrate, with the aid of a club-soda bottle, how easily a submarine might enter New York Harbor. For this purpose he mobilized the cards as waves and named the ash tray Stassboo of Liberty. The bottle being only half empty, he managed to make quite a mess of things and sopped Jimmy's trousers. Thereupon Jimmy adjourned to the deck to dry; and the Canadian, who was rheumatic, hobbled after him on his stick, leaving only the patient Boston man to console the badly blurred strategist.

Jimmy progressed slowly along the darkened deck, tripping now and then over stewards and misplaced chairs. Well up forward, he stopped and leaned against the rail. The Canadian came to rest beside him and sucked long and thoughtfully at a juicy pipe. The two had been assigned to the same table in the dining saloon, and their mutual opinion regarding the rottenness of the coffee had opened a ship's friendship which had turned out a great deal better than the average. The Canadian had a boy at the Front of whom he was vastly proud, and it seemed that Jimmy favored him somewhat. Besides this, when the old man told Jimmy that he knew Blake, of the West India Corporation, quite well, Jimmy decided that this man might be someone in his own home town. So he was nice to him at first, and was not sorry later, when he found out that this grizzled rheumatic owned many sections of timberland in the North, and mills and other things that one could not have credited him with on the strength of his celluloid collar and made-up tie. Even the purser was respectful to him.

Jimmy listened to the details of his boy's career at McGill, and paralleled the stories with brief but accurate accounts of the size of the new stadium at Princeton, the splendor of the graduate school and the ease and beauty of the life therein. The old man poked quiet fun at Jimmy, and Jimmy respected his gray hairs; so they got along beautifully and were not at all bored with each other.

"Ye'll be leavin' us in the mornin', Arnold?" queried Burke.

He lowered his voice to little more than a mutter, for the ship was very still. The usual tramp-tramp of the exercise hunters was lacking, and, save for a few rolled Spanish r's, there was nothing much to be heard but the thudding of the screw and the wash alongside. Brilliant new stars in a soft sky watched their progress, and the sting of the day before was gone from the air.

"Yes, sir," answered Jimmy, lowering his voice to match Burke's.

His tone was sober and wrinkles showed between his brows in the glow of his cigarette. Burke leaned nearer.

"I'll bet I know what's passin' in yer mind," he said. "Ye're thinkin' ye'd like to be back in New York again, with the rest of the boys, to hear the bands and the speeches, and to go flockin' along with yer pals to the recruitin' station to sign up, and then sail away to the other side and the trenches. Am I right?"

"Something like that," said Jimmy despondently, and he flicked the butt of his cigarette well outboard.

"Listen now," Burke went on, his mouth close to Jimmy's ear. "Ye have a mother and a sister back in the States. If I've got yer story straight they've not got much to live on. Yer daddy, dyin', has left ye all pretty much at loose ends. And the mother is kind of countin' on her boy's bringin' home the bacon one of these days. How's that?"

"Correct, sir." Jimmy wriggled uneasily against the rail.

"Well, then, here ye are with a fine new job in yer pocket, got on the strength of yer daddy's friendships. Ye're in a good company, the West India; and Blake is a fair man—none better. He'll push ye along if ye'll give him a chance. Ye're free, white and twenty-four, with all the world and the big blue sea open to ye. Ye're husky—heaven knows ye're good-lookin'—and yer smile would win money back from a card sharp! Would ye give all that up for the sake of a shrapnel splinter in yer brainpan? And leave yer poor old mother and sister to be strugglin' along through a hard old age?"

"You talk like a pacifist!" said Jimmy disrespectfully.

"Pacifist, is it?" The old man thumped the deck with his stick. "'Tis the first real dumb thing ye've said! Me with me own flesh and blood on the firin' line! And four years in the Northwest Mounted in back of me! Did ye ever see a real Irish pacifist?"

"I have not, Your Honor!" Jimmy chuckled.

"All right, then!" The pipe gurgled long and hard.

"Have ye talked to the purser since ye've been on board?" Burke asked irrelevantly and in a different tone.

"What about? Told him my room was too hot last night."

"Ye'll learn," Burke grunted pityingly. "Do ye know what's been happenin' in Nassau? Did ye know that every tourist and sick millionaire has scuttled back to the States? Did ye know that the East Coast Hotel Company had canceled reservations before the season was two-thirds over and taken itself back to New York?"

"For the love of Mike! Why?" said Jimmy, forgetting home and the army for the moment.

"For the same reason we're runnin' with lights out."

"U-boats?"

"Bright lad!" Burke congratulated. "We'll make a Secret Service man out of ye yet."

"But that's nonsense!" blurted Jimmy.

"It'll be very expensive nonsense to some people one of these days, I'm thinkin'," Burke predicted. "I know something of the Bahamas—speakin' of U-boats. They're a lot of lumps of coral, sittin' in the ocean, covered with mosquitoes and the most worthless breed of niggers that ever came out of the Congo bush. The niggers are so numerous and the islands are so thick that it would make ye drunk to take a census of either.

"As fer U-boats, do ye know the type of hell divers that Germany is turnin' out lately? Three hundred feet long, with Pullman accommodations for no one knows how many months, and guns in proportion. Now if ye were that boss devil in Berlin and ye wanted to check the sendin' of men, munitions and money to the Allies, what would ye do?"

"Surrender!" answered Jimmy.

"Ye might; but not him. Mark me words: They'll be havin' them dam' things galumphin' round these waters inside of two months! And what will they have for a base, think ye? Nantucket Island or Newport? Never! 'Twill be the West Indies they'll light in, where there's nothin' to hinder them but a lot of poor ignorant spongers who don't know—most of them—that there is a war. Findin' an island to work from would be like findin' a bar on Broadway."

"And how about supplies—oil, and so on?" asked Jimmy skeptically.

"Did ye know that when the Belgians were retreatin' they ordered the destruction of a certain bridge over an important river in a certain city? And that the destruction of the same was left to some men who were counted as God-fearin' citizens—and that the German army marched over that bridge? And that it is still standin' and bein' used by them to this day?"

"I did not," answered Jimmy.

"And then ye ask where they would get supplies!"

"Well, maybe it's possible," Jimmy conceded dubiously.

Burke grunted, and the grunt carried a conviction that impressed the boy.

"It's a moral certainty, and it's up to ye and the likes of ye to keep yer eyes open. Of course there'll be the patrol boats; but one fine night ye may see a red glow to seaward, and it won't be the moon risin'; it'll be the souls of men risin' from a dyin' ship. I'm tellin' ye all this because I like ye. In the land ye're goin' to ye may have yer chance to do yer part, and it may be a whalin' big part at that. To Fox Island ye're goin'—away from the rest of the group; owned by the company, with no British commissioner, and with no communication with Nassau or Miami but by schooner, as I judge.

"All I can say to ye, lad—and I believe in me soul what I'm tellin' ye—is that there's more chance for ye to serve yer Uncle Sam at the place where ye're goin', durin' the next two months, than there'd be durin' the next six ye would put in at Plattsburg trainin', and on the other side behind the lines. More than one raider has been reported and encountered in these waters; and now that the States are in, 'tis not only raiders they'll be usin' on the shippin', but it'll be flotillas of Deutschlands—with guns! 'Tis the devil's country ye're goin' to, fer a white man, and single. Keep away from the liquor, make friends with yer niggers, and ye'll come out whole. I'll now wrestle with me old friend Morpheus fer a stretch. See ye in the mornin'!"

Jimmy watched him hobbling along the deck until the gloom swallowed him up. The boy massaged the back of his neck thoughtfully for a minute and felt for his cigarettes. Then he moved slowly up toward the bow, where, across a velvety star-streaked sky, the tops of the big cargo derricks swayed ceaselessly to and fro.

II

IT WAS seven o'clock of a fine morning four days later when the company's schooner poked her blunt white nose into the harbor at Fox Island. Jimmy leaned over the rail and looked approvingly at the water. The harbor was deep; so deep that the water lost none of its startling blueness, as it had in the harbor at Nassau. The latter place had been something of a disappointment to Jimmy, from a natural point of view. Aside from the hotel gardens, which were truly tropical, the island looked like some that he had seen off the New England coast.

But this was different. Here everything was color and more color. From the shore line the land sloped up abruptly for about a quarter of a mile. The entire incline was a green lawn, with poinciana blazing like flame and the royal purple of the bougainvilleas holding its own against all. Through the foliage could be seen the brown of thatched roofs. Up on the sky line, white against the soft blue, stood a house, which Jimmy took to be the company's living quarters. There was a half-moon beach running along in a broad band for about three-quarters of a mile, as white as talcum, sharp in contrast to the blue of the water. At the edge of the sand grew a belt of tall palms, with the clusters of green nuts showing plainly against the brown of their trunks. Jimmy sniffed gratefully as a breeze, sweet with bay, swept out to his nostrils.

In the very center of the scene stood the company's wharf, looking cool and shady under its roof of galvanized iron, with the name of the company painted in big white letters at the end. From the wharf a roadway ran across the beach and lost itself in the belt of palms.

"Well, how does it look to you, Mr. Arnold?"

The mate of the schooner, a very red-faced person, with squinty eyes and a neck that was shaved flawlessly in back, stood beside him.

"Pretty good," answered Jimmy, his gaze fixed on a group of figures standing at the head of the pier.

"I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Arnold," the mate volunteered, "if you can stand the quiet and the niggers, you'll be all right. Them sand flies and mosquitoes'll bother you some along at first; but you'll soon get used to 'em. There's where you'll live—up there in that white house. And there's Mr. Carroll now—him all in white there."

By this time they had come close enough to distinguish faces. Jimmy saw a huge, black-haired man, dressed in the conventional drill, standing at one side of a group of excited blacks, who were shouting personal remarks and sarcastic sailing advice to their friends aboard the schooner. Jimmy forgot the landscape and fixed his eyes on the man who would be his chief as long as the company chose to keep him at this station.

"Some whale, ain't he?" remarked the mate. "Ain't a one of the niggers can get nasty with him. Soon as they does —— Come! Go!"

The last two words were illustrated by an inward jerk of a hairy right arm.

"Beats 'em up, eh?" said Jimmy, without taking his eyes off Carroll.

"That's what it is, Mr. Arnold. But he's got the right idea. There ain't no other way to handle 'em."

Jimmy took this advice silently. The crew of the ship, which consisted of two white men and six negroes, had not been too communicative on the way over and had let him pretty much alone. The captain was a stumpy fat man, who answered his questions with grunts; so Jimmy had confined himself to literature and nicotine in a sheltered part of the deck, and had asked only the usual idiotic passenger questions, which every passenger seems bound to ask—as to sharks, storms, waterspouts, and so on. But the sight of the island had apparently loosened the mate's tongue and he continued his recitative on Carroll's virtues:

"He doesn't go away much—at least not during the busy season. Sometimes he takes a run over to Nassau. Educated man too. Was to one of them big colleges in the States—Harvard, I think they calls it. Don't know for true why a man like him, with the learnin' he's got, likes to live down in these lonely parts. But he's a real gentleman, Mr. Carroll is—a regular man. Ease her off there for'ard!"

The schooner rubbed gently against the piles, a negro snubbed a line and she lay motionless.

Jimmy jumped up on the planking and looked round for Carroll. He was standing, a smoking pipe at his lips, at the farther end of the pier, outside a tiny building that Jimmy supposed was an office. If Jimmy had been a little more experienced in the ways of some men he would have known that this was Carroll's method of getting the drop on him. It gave Carroll the opportunity to size him up in that brief walk of forty-odd feet to where he stood.

What Carroll really saw was a light-haired, gray-eyed youngster, with a good pair of shoulders and the stamp of a long athletic career still strong upon him. He was nearly Carroll's height, which was a good two inches over six feet; and he walked as if he meant it. There was no boyish diffidence about the way he went toward his chief. Jimmy managed that walk as he would have managed a walk through the tea room of the Biltmore on a matinée afternoon, when all the little finishing-school flappers were there, pretending to be hardened women of the world, to the delight of the waiters and the chagrin of their chaperons—that is, he smiled a frank and winning smile, and sailed ahead as fast as his sense of dignity would permit. Meantime he took swift stock of the man whom the mate had styled a real gentleman.

Carroll was big, built in good proportion to his height, but with a trifle too much padding about the middle, Jimmy thought. So far as hair and complexion went he looked almost Greek; but there the resemblance stopped. The face was broad and flat. The eyes, half closed against the reek of the pipe, were set under heavy black brows. The feature, however, which Jimmy noted at once unfavorably was the nose. It was too short for the rest of the face, and the nostrils curved up in a curious fashion, as though continually expanded to inhale. Also, it was a trifle flat and turned down the least little bit at the end. Once before Jimmy had seen a nose like that. The person possessing it had been a Spanish actor, and wise managers had never failed to cast him to play the rake.

Carroll's mouth expanded slightly as Jimmy came up. He reached out a huge hand, and Jimmy met the grip cordially. Carroll's palm was warm and very moist. There was not much strength in his clasp. Jimmy dried his hand furtively in his trousers pocket, but he would much rather have been able to wash the feel of that contact away.

"This is Mr. Arnold, I presume," said Carroll. His voice was pitched somewhat higher than Jimmy had expected from his size, but it was well modulated and not unmusical.

"Yes, Mr. Carroll," answered Jimmy. "I have a letter for you from Mr. Blake."

"I am very glad you have arrived. Just wait here a second while I see about something."

He walked part of the way toward the schooner, between the big baskets of sweet-smelling pineapples, piled indiscriminately about, and shouted to the mate:

"Sands, have one of the draymen take Mr. Arnold's gear up to the house."

The mate waved in answer and Carroll turned back. By the quick way in which the negroes stepped aside to let him pass Jimmy could see that they held Carroll in awe. He led the way into the office and seated himself on the edge of an old blotter-covered desk.

"This is our workroom, Mr. Arnold," he said lightly, indicating the general furnishings with a wave of the hand.

Jimmy looked round. There were two flat desks—both old—a tiny safe, and the usual litter of rubber stamps. One big window opened out upon the bay.

"Not a luxurious office," remarked Carroll, settling himself on the desk; "but it's all right for the small amount of work we have to do indoors—invoicing, checking up, and

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Without Taking His Eyes Off the Sprawled-Out Figure, He Drew Out Jimmy's Automatic and Thrust It Into His Pocket

TAMPER-PROOF

The United States Government inspectors demand the highest efficiency in mechanical equipment. In selecting bearings for the pump motors of the Panama Canal, consideration had to be given to the fact that, once installed, the motors are practically inaccessible for repairs. Therefore the bearings must be absolutely dependable. Bearings marked SKF were the Government's choice.

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(Continued from Page 42)

so on. You will be out in the field most of the time. I hope you had a pleasant trip down?"

"Oh, yes, sir," answered Jimmy.

He felt in his pocket, produced his letter and passed it over to Carroll, who ripped it open and read it through rapidly. Jimmy could see absolutely no change in his expression. Carroll's face was very smooth as to skin. In the reflected light from the water outside it looked somehow even darker than at first, and the lines about the foreshortened nose took the shading badly. Jimmy, being of that nature, went altogether by first impressions; and his silent decision, with all due regard to the man as his superior, was:

"He looks as though he would crack a church safe."

Carroll finished the letter and dropped it carelessly on the desk behind him.

"I see you're a Princeton man," he said.

"Yes, Mr. Carroll; I was '14," answered Jimmy, brightening a little and feeling for common ground. "I understand you're a Harvard man yourself."

"I was in the class of 1902 at Harvard," Carroll responded, without any sort of warmth or the usual "Did you know so and so?" which is generally the next step in a conversation of that sort. There was also a momentary narrowing of his eyes, which Jimmy noted and did not like.

"Guess I didn't know anybody that far back," said Jimmy. "You people certainly trimmed us last fall, though. You look as though you might have been a football man, sir."

This last was put suggestively, as the final hope of finding some mutual friend or reminiscence somewhere in the past.

"I never took any interest in athletics, Mr. Arnold," answered Carroll dryly; and Jimmy dropped that tack for good. "This is your first essay at work in the tropics?" he asked suddenly and in a businesslike tone.

"Why, yes, sir," said Jimmy wonderingly.

"Then I trust you will not take it amiss if I try to give you some valuable advice."

"Not at all," said Jimmy pleasantly; "glad to have it."

Carroll turned a little on the desk and looked out across the water. In the brief silence that followed Jimmy could hear the voices of the men outside singing a gospel hymn.

"I was born in these islands," Carroll began — Jimmy had not known this; "and I think I know them and the people in them rationally well. You will not be bothered with any whites on this island. There are none. Here you will only have the negroes to deal with. At the best they are worth nothing as workmen. Morals they have not—nothing but a veneer of missionary-painted religion, and more animal instincts than the average animal. If they can get a quart of Jamaica rum they will take a guitar, go out into the moonlight and sing and dance round a fire, as their grandfathers did in Africa, until it is all gone or they are all too drunk to stand. I cannot prevent their getting it. It comes ashore from sponge boats mostly and they hide it away somewhere.

"By the way, that's what did for your predecessor—Furnis. I'll show you the effect of liquor on a white man in this country."

He took down a ledger from a shelf and opened it at random. Jimmy looked over his shoulder. The pages were covered with a sprawling backhand script running into absurd flourishes and splotches. Some of the characters were an inch high; others ridiculously small.

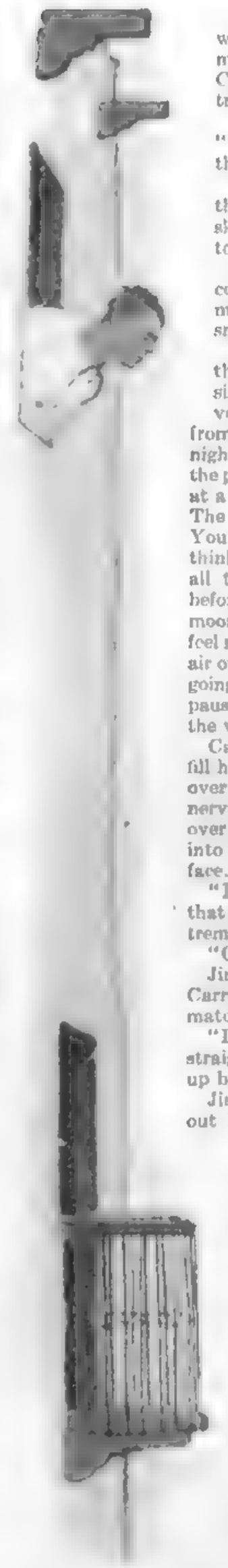
"That was some of his work in the last month," said Carroll. "Here is what he could do when he came."

He turned back toward the beginning and the change was very apparent. The writing was still backhand, but it was neat and regular, and the book gave evidence of careful keeping.

Carroll looked up silently at Jimmy, who smiled and shook his head.

"You needn't worry yourself about me on that score," he said, laughing. "I don't touch anything stronger than a horse's neck."

"I'm relieved to hear that," said Carroll, putting the book back in its place. "The trouble with Furnis was that he had had an early training in heeling politicians, and not enough education. He was like a fish out of water here. I had to send him back on the Vera Cruz last trip—poor devil! But as there is no need to caution you about that I'll drop it. The other thing I suppose you can guess."



A Torrent of Sharp Jagged Streaks Lighted Up the Whole Scene, and Something White and Small Was Riding Into the Harbor

He paused and looked inquiringly at Jimmy, who again shook his head after thinking a minute, obviously puzzled. The expression on Carroll's face was not pretty and he leered a trifle when he saw Jimmy's bewilderment.

"Well, of course," he said patronizingly, "I mustn't forget the fact that you're new to the tropics. I shall put it more plainly then.

"There is something about this soft air and the continual sun pouring down from a blue sky that leads one to languor; languor leads to laziness; and that means trouble."

He was speaking in a slow easy tone, of that conciliating sort which is disgusting in some men. Hypocrisy shows through it like a snake's head out of water.

"It's the everlasting beauty of the flowers, the strange perfumes at night and the niggers singing in the moonlight, Mr. Arnold," the voice drawled. "You're completely shut off from the world here. You'll be sitting alone some night and the wind will be rustling slowly through the palms. You'll hear a nigger thrumming away at a guitar, way off in the distance somewhere. The air will be warm and balmy and scented. You'll feel lonely as the devil, and you'll begin to think of New York and the lights of the city and all the crowds of people. You'll see nothing before you but the everlasting witchery of the moonlight coming through the leaves, and you'll feel nothing but the eternal play of the soft night air on your face. You'll think that you're never going to get back to it all—never!" A dramatic pause. "Those are the things that take away the white man's pride of race."

Carroll came to a complete stop and began to fill his pipe. Jimmy, who had been looking out over the water during this discourse, laughed nervously and passed a somewhat shaky hand over his hair. He felt that he must either get out into the fresh air and sunshine or smash Carroll's face.

"I—er—guess you needn't trouble yourself on that score either, Mr. Carroll," he said, his voice trembling. "I'm not exactly one of that sort."

"Oh, I mean no offense," said Carroll casually.

Jimmy's eyes were beginning to turn flinty. Carroll smiled, or rather smirked and struck a match.

"Let's get up to the house now and get you straightened out. I guess your stuff has gone up by this time."

Jimmy drew a breath of relief as they stepped out into the fresh air and turned toward the beach. The sun was pouring down gloriously, and even at that early hour its rays had a kick in them.

"You had breakfast aboard the schooner, I suppose?" said Carroll, breaking the silence.

"Oh, yes," answered Jimmy, "quite a decent one."

He was noticing another peculiarity about Carroll. The man moved very quietly, for all his great bulk. True, he was wearing rubber-soled shoes; but even the usual pad-pad sound was reduced to a minimum.

They left the glare of the beach behind and came into the cool shade of the palms. Tobacco doves fluttered about through the undergrowth or paraded along the road a few feet ahead of them, bobbing their gray heads as though bowing to countless passing friends. Black lizards, with electric-blue stripes down the middle of their backs, scuttled away like rabbits through the dead leaves.

The road climbed straight up the hillside, turning to the left as it reached the level in front of the white house. As they drew near this point Carroll said:

"After you've finished unpacking I'll take you over the hill to the valley. It really isn't a valley, as you will see, though the negroes always refer to it as that. The whole island is nothing but a ridge, and the other side is the more fertile. The soil isn't alluvial in these islands; we're too far out of the Gulf Stream for that; but anything you stick in the ground will grow. You've arrived in the middle of our busy season. The pines are ready for shipment now."

As he was speaking, they turned off the road and walked up a dirt path leading to the house. It was a two-story affair, built of the usual combination of wood and blocks of coral. A wide porch ran across the front. Through open double doors Jimmy caught a glimpse of a comfortable-looking living room. He turned on the top step and looked back. The scene was nearly worth the unpleasantness of Carroll's company.

In the near foreground the road cut a white way down through the mass of green. On the right and left, farther on, appeared the extremities of the white beach, just visible beyond the tops of the palms, waving royally against a background of blue, which stretched to the horizon. Way, way out lay one tiny islet, topped with palms, and seeming in the clear light to be lifted from the waters and to float above them in the air. Jimmy breathed deeply. "That's what I call a knockout!" he said.

"It is rather delightful," responded Carroll in a flat and very bored tone.

Jimmy wilted and followed him into the house. The living room and a passably appointed dining room occupied the first floor front. Large clean-looking grass mats rustled pleasantly underfoot. Four or five shelves held a varied collection of volumes, and a big center table was strewn with newspapers and periodicals of all sorts. Among these, still unopened, was a large bundle of papers, which had come over on the schooner.

Carroll broke the binding and scanned the headlines eagerly. "Congress Ready to Declare War!" was the first heading. His face went suddenly blank and he turned quickly to Jimmy.

"Are the States that close to it?" he exclaimed. For the moment some strange emotion held him. To Jimmy it seemed that the man was positively frightened.

"Closer than that," answered the boy, quietly and very gravely. "We declared war five days ago."

The paper crumpled in Carroll's involuntary grip.

"Are you sure?"

"Positive! They received the official wireless on the boat. I forgot you were so out of touch here or I'd have told you the minute I landed."

"Humph!" Carroll grunted, dropping the paper. "Well, come on up and I'll show you your room. While you're unpacking I'll look the news over. That certainly is rotten!"

He led the way upstairs, leaving it with Jimmy to construe this last remark as he cared.

III

JIMMY waited until he was sure Carroll was downstairs and settled with the newspapers. In the intense quiet that lay over everything it was easy to follow his movements. He could hear the cane chair creak with his weight and the rustle of the papers.

Jimmy's room was next to Carroll's at the front of the house. Two big windows faced the sea and a third looked out over the southern part of the island. A white iron bed, with a mosquito netting pulled up to its hook in the ceiling, a chair, a table and a bureau were its furnishings. A nondescript water color of a gate, with a purple vine climbing over it, hung between the windows.

He turned to the bureau. It was the kind one meets in summer hotels at seaside places—American-plan hotels—where everything sticks, from the bureau drawers to the taste of the morning codfish balls. Jimmy yanked at the top drawer, and yanked hard. At the second effort the whole affair, being minus the usual casters, staggered drunkenly forward; but the drawer came out entirely and brought with it the assortment of stray collar buttons, odd socks, rubber bands, old envelopes, and so on, always left behind by a departing white man.

Jimmy turned these out disgustedly and the paper covering at the bottom of the drawer came with them. Then he saw that something more than discarded haberdashery was in the bottom of the drawer, and if it had been a full-grown cobra, eating persimmons and fanning itself with its tail, Jimmy would not have been more amazed. He laid the drawer tenderly on the bed and bent over it.

Pinned securely by a large thumb tack to the soft bottom wood were several sheets of paper. They were covered with a neat backhand, which Jimmy recognized at once as Furnis'; but the alcoholic tremors were lacking. The first words on the top sheet were:

"To my successor; trusting that he finds this and that he has enjoyed reading O. Henry."

After that followed two pages of what seemed to be the sheerest gibberish, all carefully written and punctuated.

"This," Jimmy whispered, grinning joyfully "this defeats me!" He sat down and read the thing through slowly. It ran thus:

"Dickens' Christmas—Dan Megrew. Fair—thy sons barred from—we who are about to die salute you—gridiron and 400. There's a—in the woodpile. Strafes ask your—Samuel. Re-sent—will commence—suspicious. Stemwinding at night. No definite—but haunting—connections. Attila—is this the face that launched ten thousand? A goodly—sunk without—on safe—Pier 13. Away Down South O. K. Good—four-leaf clovers and hunting-case bright as—and night. Don't in God we—'a pirate—'of prairie. —your bag a gat."

"Looks like the effect of heroin and South Carolina red-eye," Jimmy groaned. The man must have been crazy. Then he went back to the beginning:

"—— That he has enjoyed reading O. Henry." Why should he be called upon to enjoy O. Henry on a forsaken

(Continued on Page 47)

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(Continued from Page 44)

island a thousand miles from that writer's favorite topic? He began to put two and two together seriously. He had read O. Henry. There was obviously a connection between that remark and the rest of the stuff. He pulled his hair vigorously. Part of the jumble was plainly newspaper English—and the whole idea came to him. Furnis' plan to give him whatever secret he had not dared to leave in a letter was based on the story called Calloway's Code, about the war correspondent who fooled the Jap censors by an original method of transmission and stood the home office of his paper on its head. Jimmy blessed the ingenuity of Mr. Porter fervently and then got to work.

It was a wide jump from Dickens to Robert W. Service; but he landed safely and thereby extracted the portent of the message. The first word omitted was easily Carroll or its equivalent, and "Dan Megrew" was naturally preceded by "Dangerous," as anyone who has read the poem will recall. "Fair—thy sons" took some repetition before the word Harvard slipped into place. "Barred from" seemed to hinge on nothing, and Jimmy passed it up, hoping for a later solution: "We who are about to die salute you" had something to do with gladiators. "Gridiron" and "400" stuck him for a while, but eventually the patchwork of phrases took on this form:

"Harvard barred from gladiators gridiron—or football team—and Four Hundred—or society, fraternal or otherwise."

The rest he deciphered in the same fashion, narrowing down his wild guesses until the whole became decently coherent. The finished product read like this:

"Carroll dangerous. Harvard barred him from football and society. Reason being—negro blood. Hates the United States. Recent operations suspicious. Watch him at night. Have no definite grounds, but suspect connections with German ships. Company warned by me on arrival at New York. Dixie O. K. [This baffled Jimmy completely.] Good luck, and watch day and night. Don't trust crew of schooner. Pack a gun."

Jimmy dropped his head in his hands and murmured "Ashes—I'm slipping!"

Then he began to check up the various happenings of his journey that seemed to bear out the truth of Furnis' warning. He recalled Burke's prophecy, the offish manner of the schooner's crew and the mate's indorsement of Carroll. And then there was Carroll's perturbation on hearing that war had been declared. He thought of the way the queer light in the office had emphasized that dark tinge to the man's face, and he realized suddenly and fully that he was working for a negro who posed as a white man. Jimmy was a New Yorker, but that did not prevent his blood from jumping several degrees in temperature. Whoever this chap Furnis was, he had certainly collected the dope, though how he had done it Jimmy could not imagine.

"How are you progressing, Mr. Arnold?"

Carroll stood in the doorway, regarding him severely. Not a single sound had warned Jimmy of his approach, and his nervous jump was very excusable. But what had taken place in the half hour just past had transformed the boy from a plain unfrilled employee of a fruit company to a natural born rock-bottom Secret Service man—with an education. He waved the sheets of paper flippantly.

"Just reading over a steamer letter." And his confusion was thereby made plausible.

Carroll put the usual bromide construction on the situation.

"Oh, I see! From the Only One!" he remarked unpleasantly. "You had best make haste, however. Dinner will be ready at one and I wish to instruct you in a few of your duties before then."

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy. "I'll let the unpacking go. Be with you in two minutes, sir."

Carroll retired—audibly this time—and Jimmy changed swiftly into white. As he straightened his tie at the mirror he made an effort to control his excitement; but he could feel the little hot and cold waves running up and down his spinal column.

"'Somewhere in the Bahamas,'" he whispered, grinning at his image like a well-fed bartender: "'Reported attempt to establish enemy base frustrated by young American.' Rock me to sleep!"

He bent over his bag for a second, fumbled about and extracted an automatic, which he stuffed quickly into its natural pocket. The puzzling, unsolved phrase of the message recurred to him: "Dixie O. K." To whom or what did it refer? He shook his head, hurried downstairs and out onto the veranda, where Carroll stood, impatiently tapping the floor with his foot.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, sir," Jimmy apologized.

Carroll grunted unintelligibly and they swung down to the road together.

"We'll go over to the plantation," said Carroll, "and I'll show you how the business is run from that end. Now please give me some information about the States. What was the feeling in general when you left?"

Thereupon Jimmy recited, as nearly as he could, the chain of events that had led up to America's entry into the war. Genuine patriotic feelings were seething round inside of him as he spoke. Without being unnecessarily profane, he gave the people who sink lifeboats and hospital ships very little chance of ever seeing the other side of the pearly gates.

They were passing along a narrow road, flanked on both sides by heavy rank foliage, which shut off whatever breeze there might have been. Small drays, loaded with big palmetto carriers of pineapples and drawn by miniature fawn-colored horses, jingled past from time to time. The drivers, lolling grotesquely on the shaft by the hindquarters of their beasts, each gravely saluted them. Carroll gave no heed, but listened intently to Jimmy's harangue. When the boy finally drew breath at a full stop, Carroll began to ask questions. There was nothing warm about the way he asked them, nor did he express an opinion on the answers. But it was evident, by the manner in which he touched on the really important issues in their natural sequence, that this man was as well informed as it was possible for him to be, with his finger on the vital point of each topic.

When he came to naval operations, however, Jimmy retired into a reticent shell and was as dull as he could manage to be. The stupidity of some of his answers seemed to irritate Carroll. Finally he said, somewhat contemptuously:

"You appear to have missed that phase of the war, Mr. Arnold."

"Sorry, sir," answered Jimmy contritely, "but it was too disgusting in spots. I cut out reading anything but the headlines. The last thing in the air when I left was a rumor that U-boats were traveling round in pieces under the coal in ships' bunkers, and that sort of thing! I understand that reports about U-boats killed the tourist season at Nassau."

He looked up sidewise at Carroll, whose face remained as expressionless as ever.

"Um—yes; I believe the hotel did close early this year," he said carelessly; "but I think that stuff about bases in the Caribbean is all rot."

Here the talk stopped. With a twist and a drop to a downgrade, the road brought them out of the shade and into the sunshine of the cleared land. Jimmy shielded his eyes against the glare.

There was a slope at a gentle angle for half a mile down to a thin fringe of palms, through which glimmered the blue water. On the left, at about the same distance, there was a rise opposite the main ridge, on which they stood. From the narrow valley between, rose thin gray columns of smoke, where the negroes were burning off and clearing more land. On the right the field extended for about five hundred yards, until it ran against a sheer wall of dense trees and undergrowth. Nearly the whole area, as far as the eye could see, was bristling with the green spears of the pineapple plants.

For the better part of an hour Carroll led Jimmy through the cultivated section, explaining how the slips were planted; how long it took a crop to mature; costs of cutting, hauling, and so on. Jimmy perspired nobly and remembered all he could. He did not plan appealing very often to Carroll for advice. Gradually they worked southward toward the valley.

Here about twenty men in shirt and trousers were sweating and hacking away with machetes. Some of them saw their approach, but about three or four who were busy in a sort of inlet in the brush laughed and chattered on without noticing. One of these was hilariously and happily drunk.

Your West Indian negro in that condition is a very strange sight. He is harmless, but his tongue is untied to the extent that he will talk on any subject under the sun, such as the merits of the British Navy or the virtues of rattlesnake oil. He will also talk to anything from a humming bird to the rear wall of a printing establishment.

This man, who was squat, very black and bearded, waved his machete about his head in an alarming manner and chanted:

"Rule Britahnnia!
We cotch de ship;
We cotch de crew;
We cotch de money, too!
Rule Britahnnia!"

From the interior of his shirt he produced a black, square-faced bottle and raised it waveringly toward his mouth. Carroll darted forward, seized the bottle and hurled it far into the brush. Then he drew back his right arm and struck. The man swayed groggily and slumped into a heap.

Carroll whipped out a handkerchief and wiped his knuckles, his glance sweeping the group as he did so. His face was as impassive as ever, but he breathed quickly.

"The next man I catch at that business will get something worse," he said evenly. "You're not being paid to drink on the job—remember that!"

He looked slowly round the circle. None of the men met his stare save one, a tall intelligent-looking negro who was standing close to the spot where the fallen one lay.

Jimmy, watching every movement of the performance, saw Carroll's eyes skip this man. Little things like that are always noticeable at such times. Instantly Jimmy thought:

"Carroll wouldn't like to take a chance on the tall one." And he took a good look at the man.

He was dressed like the rest in a shirt and the memory of a pair of trousers; but the splendor of his build and the square set of his shoulders made his clothing of secondary importance. He was swinging his machete gently with one hand, and Jimmy saw the beautiful play of muscles along the glistening black forearm. He was fully as tall as Carroll, and the clinging, sweat-soaked shirt disclosed the magnificence of his torso.

As Jimmy was making this quick inventory of his points, the man took his eyes off Carroll, whom he had been watching with a sort of quizzical expression, and turned his head toward Jimmy. He saw Jimmy looking at him and grinned broadly. Aside from being a well-muscled man, Jimmy discovered, he also possessed a straight nose and a normal pair of lips. Then and there Jimmy decided that he was a good nigger. The grin was a regular grin.

Carroll gave the word and they fell to work silently.

"That's the only way to handle 'em," he said, coming back to where Jimmy was standing. "Give one of them an inch and he'll take a mile. Treat 'em like dogs and they'll sweat for you. It's the same old story. Only about two of that lot are worth a curse."

"What sort is that tall one?" asked Jimmy.

"He's about the best of the boiling," Carroll answered shortly. "Drifted ashore here. Works all right. Suppose you take an hour now and look things over. I've got to go back and see Sands."

With that he strode away toward the road, turning his head from side to side occasionally to watch the workers.

Jimmy waited until he had disappeared through the gap in the trees, and then gave his attention to the group of men he had disciplined. The drunken man had risen to his feet, looking very sorrowful, and was feeling himself tenderly in spots.

"An' all I wanted was jus' one jolt!" he declared abjectly.

"One mo' snawt an' you'd 'a' been col'," said the tall negro severely, looking at Jimmy and winking.

"Dat's so, Brotha Grahnt," assented a chorus.

"Don' y'all 'brotha' me!" cried Grant, waving his machete savagely. "I ain' no psalm-singin', holy-rollin', heaven-boun', swazzle-mouthed mishuna'y convert. Y'all betta learn to hol' yo' licka betta 'fo' you come brotherin' roun' me!"

"For true, you ain' goin' to git no salvashun by de Holy Ghos' if you talk so!" cried an old gray-wooled negro with a high cracked voice.

"I'll get salvashun jes' as soon as any one o' you concha," declared Grant, swinging away at a sapling.

There was a difference in the way Grant and the rest spoke. They handled certain words like Englishmen, using a broad "ah" sound. Grant's speech had another twang to it.

Jimmy turned away, leaving them alternately wrangling and hacking, and walked leisurely down toward the shore. A strong breeze was tempering the heat slightly, and it was a blessed relief to his fagged and overcrowded brain. He passed now and then through straggling quartets of men and women, all of whom greeted him discreetly with "Mornin', chief!" or "Mornin', Mist' Arnol'!" His name and station seemed known to them already. Jimmy gave them a polite "Hello!" without paying much attention.

Down at the foot of the slope he found a narrow path through the palms, and followed it, lizards scurrying away on both sides at the sound of his steps. As he came out on the other side and faced the vast empty stretch of blue water and sky, a sudden sense of loneliness, combined with about ten other separate and distinct feelings, swept over him. He gazed up and down the white staring beach and out over the sea, feeling like the last of his race. He, Jimmy Arnold, New Yorker and lover of the restless action that makes New York what it is, tied up alone on a blighted island, along with a snake who was planning to aid the work of death and devil on the Atlantic Coast.

Fervently he prayed for an aeroplane, or anything that would have taken him well away from there. Had Carroll been a human being, possessed of the vital spark and the other things that go to make such a situation bearable, Jimmy might have felt differently. But a comparison of the man with some of his far-away friends quickly brought up pictures of what was now going on up in the big clean country he had so gayly quitted. The noonday sun beat down on the shimmering white of the sand and turned the sea to a blazing mirror, but Jimmy, standing slack-muscled, stared out upon it with wide-open eyes, which saw nothing. His throat was choked with a sensation that was new to him. It was not homesickness, but something bigger and finer.

He could see the black crowds on the Avenue, waving and cheering as thousands of men in khaki swept down its length in long brown lines. He could hear the quick

(Continued on Page 49)

QUICK AND ECONOMICAL TRANSPORTATION

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NASH MOTORS

VALUE CARS AT VOLUME PRICES

(Continued from Page 47)

endless shuffle of feet keeping time to the tune that has never yet failed to win cheers from the throats and tears from the eyes of any American crowd, no matter what the place or occasion. As his imagination carried him pitilessly along, he fancied he could hear the music, faintly at first, far up the street; and he could hear the growing roar of the crowd as the old air came ever closer and closer, thousands of pulses quickening and hearts trembling to the irresistible appeal of one of the greatest war songs of all—Dixie—whirling from the brass and drum, throbbing and questioning, with a million yells in answer!

"Hell!" said Jimmy, and felt for his cigarettes.

He tapped one nervously on his case and struck a light, but for some reason did not apply it. Instead, he wheeled and cocked his head toward the trees, listening intently. The cigarette slipped unheeded to the sand.

Back along the path he had traveled there was a rhythmic rustling in the dry leaves, and louder and louder, like an echo to his thoughts, came the ringing melody, whistled as he had never heard it whistled before—tenor and air in perfect time and harmony.

"Two men!" he thought; and then the unexplained words of Furnis' message flicked into his brain. "Dixie O. K." Was there some connection here?

The whistling broke off short as Grant stepped out of the shadow and walked quickly down toward him, grinning deferentially.

"Mr. Arnol'?" he queried.

"That's me!" answered Jimmy, smiling.

"Did y'-all hea' me comin'?" He ran his thumb gingerly along the shining blade of his machete and regarded it questioningly as he spoke.

"I didn't hear you, but I heard the tune you were whistling," answered Jimmy meaningly, and watched sharply for a response of some sort.

Gran't face relaxed and he broke into a delighted low laugh.

"'S all right, den!" he chuckled. "Mr. Furnis say he goin' to fix it. Say all I gotta do is to dog behine you an' whis'le Dixie; an' if you don' pay no 'tention afta three o' fo' days I's to tell you whea' you can fin' dat letta he wrote. Den he say, if you can't undastan' de letta, I's to try an' tell you all about ev'ything; but not befo', He say you might think I was a lia'."

Jimmy laughed.

"Why in the world didn't he write the letter out in plain English and give it to you to keep for me?" he asked.

"'Cause I'll tell you why, Mr. Arnol': Dat Carroll he don' tell Mr. Furnis dat he's fired until jus' about de time de schooner was due to leave; an' den he keep a pow'-ful close lookout on him. So de bes' he can do is to write dat funny letta an' hide it. An' he tell me what to do when de ship jus' about to pull 'way f'um de whawf. An' Carroll, he standin' watchin' him all de time! Dat de kine he is."

"Oh, I see!" said Jimmy. "You're an American, are you?"

"I suttinly am, Mr. Arnol'! Whis'lin' Grant's my name; an' I was bawn right in Washin'ton, D. C."

"How in the world did you get down here?"

"Oh, jus' driftin'. I been driftin' now quite a spell. Spec' I won't stop driftin' till I gets back to de army again."

"You've been in the army!" exclaimed Jimmy.

"Fo' yea's; in de cavalry. Been sorta travelin' since den. Was a Pullman powta, sparrin' pahtna fo' a coupla o' heavies, a waita at a hotel in Washin'ton, did a little whis'lin' tu'n with a troupe in vawdeville; but de boss was a coke snuffer, an' I quit dem. Wukked fo' de Doo Ponts, down in Hopewell, las' yea', an' I'm hea' mos'ly fo' my health!"

There was an indescribable emphasis laid on this last word, and Jimmy laughed.

"What was the trouble?" he said.

"Well, boss, to tell de Gawd's hones' truth, I got into a little scrape in a crap game a while back ova yonda in Myama; an' I beat it down to de whawf an' hide me in a boat. I goes soun' asleep behine a pile of rope, an' when I wake up we was p'intin' out fo' dis islan'; an' I been here eva since."

"Right!" said Jimmy. "Now what's the high dope?"

"It like dis," Grant answered—"an' I hope I neva see de shady side of Brawdway again if it ain' true: Dis here Carroll"—and here he faced toward the pathway—"he a d—— bad actuh. Mr. Furnis, he wise me to de layout 'cause he sorta like me, an' he say he kin trus' a nigga what been in de cavalry. Carroll, he pullin' some mighty quea' stuff, fo' a fac'! Goin' off on de schoona afta da'k an' comin' slippin' back at dawn. Mr. Furnis, he get jerry to dis same time as me. Twice in de pas' month we seen dat. Dey don' ca'y no lights; but he ain' put out de moon yet counta dis waw! Him an' me was sittin' here chinnin' about Richmon' an' Nawfawk, an' a-peelin' de ole eye mighty ca'eful. By an' by, mebbe 'long tawds three o' fo' in de mawnin', here she come, runnin' fo' home befo' de dawn catch her. She quiet like a ghos' an' no one talkin' abawd her. We watch till she head roun' de ben' yonda, an' den we eases 'long tawds home fas'; an' we on de job same as eva in de mawnin'."

"That does look funny," Jimmy agreed. "How did Furnis find out about Carroll being a college man back in the States?"

"I think it was like dis," Grant answered, wrinkling his forehead and wiping away the perspiration with the back of his hand: "Mr. Furnis an' him was both ova to Nassau quite a time back; an' while Mr. Furnis was foolin' roun' in dat big hotel ova dere some one of dem rich American gentlemen see Carroll passin' through de lobby. He jump up an' take a good look at him, an' den he come back an' tell de frien' he sittin' with all about him. He say dat Carroll raise a awful rumpus in dat college whea' he was, 'cause dey sorta put de jody on him fo' somethin'; an' he say dey had a big lot 'bout it in de papuhs at de time. Mr. Furnis, he lissen an' take it all in. Dey was a lot of it dat I didn' quite git."

"I see!" said Jimmy, nodding his head. "And what do you think about this schooner business?"

"Mr. Arnol', I don' think nothin' 'bout it. I know dey's somethin' wrong. I been layin' roun' de whawf one o' dem mawnin's afta she come back from one o' dese side trips, an' I kin see de marks on her deck whea' de paint been dented an' scraped. An' she smell some too. Kin always tell when oil been on a ship, same as on a freight car. Now den, whea' he git dat oil? An' whea' she go? Dat somethin' I'll lay one hundred bucks an' play her straight across de bawds dat Mr. Carroll ain' goin' to tell 'bout in a hurry. Dey's plenty o' quea' craf' in dese waters, lemme tell you!

"Now Mr. Furnis, he goin' to wise de big chief up in Noo Yawk, an' he say dat it up to you an' me to hol' de fowt till dey get action on de case. An' don' you believe none o' dat stuff what Carroll may pass you 'bout Mr. Furnis bein' a walkin' advuhtisement fo' a distillery, either. Dat was all put on to throw him off de track an' get him ca'less.

"You packin' a gun? Dat's de ticket! An' keep her on you, 'cause I smells trouble somewhea'. She boun' to come; an' when she do—here's yo' shine! Dey ain' nobuddy or no German 'sassinator goin' to put nothin' ova on de U. S. A. whiles we on de job. Ain' dat so?"

"You spoke a mouthful!" said Jimmy enthusiastically.

"If you needs me in de evenin'—you know dat tune—Ah Was Bawn in Vuhginia? Well, you kin whis'le dat any time down along de road to de whawf an' I'm boun' to hea' you. Don' let dat boat crew ax you no questions. Dey's as bad as Carroll. I'm goin'!"

He made a gesture with one black paw, which signified secrecy, friendship and confidence all at once; then he passed from sight among the trees. There was no whistle this time, only the rustling of the leaves. Jimmy looked at his watch. It was ten minutes to one.

"Ah was bawn in Vuhginia;
Dat's de state dat'll win y'u!"

He chanted the words after the manner of Al Jolson when that artist is on the runway at the Winter Garden and charms his audience by a flutter of his white glove in the spotlight.

Jimmy tensed the muscles of both arms, waved them ecstatically skyward, wheeled, and then the sun beat down on nothing but the white sand and the sea. The first allied conference was over.

IV

TWO weeks passed quickly. They were days of hard work for Jimmy and nights that filled him with a nervous delight. In the mornings he would rise at daybreak and

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swim in the chilled water. His breakfast of fruit, grits and coffee was served to him at seven by a shuffling black wench, and then he was off for the fields. The schooner had gone, come back, and gone again; and still there was a considerable portion of the crop ripening for shipment. It was his particular duty to watch the field hands. The office work was light and the evenings generally found him free.

During this period Carroll's attitude toward him had remained unchanged. He talked to Jimmy infrequently, and then on cut-and-dried topics. When the schooner brought mail and papers on her return trip there was some interchange of views; but it was of the most desultory sort. Mealtime talks usually were confined to Bahaman subjects, on which Carroll possessed a fund of information. It was evident that he avoided the war as a subject. Only once did he slip up verbally.

Jimmy casually called his attention one noon to a long press article on the probability of U-boat bases somewhere in the Caribbean. Carroll profanely and vehemently condemned the idea.

"That sort of press hash sickens me!" he declaimed. "I should think the public would be about to choke on it by this time, from the amount of it they have had to swallow."

Jimmy held his peace; but Carroll's words rang rather hollow.

The boy had caught on to the work quickly. As Carroll had said, it was not intricate. He managed the field hands well enough. Indeed, there was far less trouble among them after Jimmy took hold. This puzzled Carroll, who had expected anything, from race riots to mayhem. He might have found an explanation in the fact that a certain big negro, about whom Carroll knew little or nothing, aside from his propensity to whistle in a maddening and continuous manner, had quietly but very firmly let it be known that "he'd bus' de black dome off the fus' English flatfoot who pestered his li'l' American buddy!"

So much for the days. But the nights were meat and drink to Jimmy. It was on the second evening after his arrival that he had his first taste of what it meant to keep up with Carroll.

New to the game of watching, he had gone upstairs shortly after dinner. In the gloom of his bedroom he had struck a match and applied it to the wick of the lamp. Then, suddenly struck with the absolute stillness of the house, he had stopped short and listened. One of the huge roaches that infest the islands scuttled with a rasp across the matting. Jimmy cursed it abstractedly under his breath. For the life of him he could not have explained his state of mind. He had left Carroll peacefully rereading the papers beside the big lamp downstairs. It was impossible that the man could have moved without his hearing him. Away off in the brush a cur yapped once, and then the dead quiet settled down again.

The dull heat, sucked in all through the burning day by the roof planking, beat down into the room. Jimmy's neck dripped sweat and the backs of his hands were covered by a fine dew. He had forgotten what he had come for. Uneasily he shifted his weight from one leg to the other. Perhaps two minutes passed. Still the tense silence held. Then a captive fly, caught in the folds of the mosquito bar, buzzed plaintively. It sounded like the rattle of a train to Jimmy.

He relaxed, wiped his face and hands on a damp handkerchief and tried to cough naturally. It was a weak attempt.

To back up his play he drew out several of his bureau drawers and slammed them to with as much noise as possible. Then he blew out the light and hurried along the hall to the stairhead. He made three or four quick steps down, stopped and snapped his fingers disgustedly. Beside the brightly burning lamp, amid a welter of crumpled papers, stood Carroll's chair—empty.

He ran down and out on the veranda. On the top step he paused for a second. The roadway was dimly visible in the bright starlight. Up it came the regular scuff-scuff of heelless, flapping leather sandals, and a negro shuffled past, crooning over and over something about:

"You cahn't get to Heaven
Wi ith tobacco in your mouth."

The song and scuffling receded gradually. A frogs' chorus scraped dismally somewhere. Jimmy walked quickly out into the road. Which way had Carroll gone?

On the south lay the fields. On the north through the brush and trees ran innumerable paths, leading to many different little clearings, each with its palm-thatched cabin on it. Jimmy knew it would be a waste of time to try that lead alone, and hurried on. As he reached the straight downgrade he began to whistle. He whistled loudly and jerkily; but the tune was recognizable, even in the darkness.

He was a bare hundred yards from the shore and the palms were beginning to take form against the stars, when a black shape appeared out of nowhere at his side. Jimmy's jump from a standing position would have made a creditable showing at the Olympic games.

The shape chuckled and voiced the opinion:

"Y'-all is as nervous as a witch cat."

Thereupon Jimmy relaxed his legs and told his story in as few words as possible. Grant grunted and spent a few minutes scratching his head audibly. Finally he said:

"He ain' come dis route, 'cause I been chewin' my plug right yonda fo' half hour. I guess de otha chance is de main one. Y'-all betta watch yo' step an' at de same time shake a laig."

With this he moved up the hill, and moved fast. After he had gone about two hundred yards he turned off to the right, and Jimmy, trailing at his heels, found himself passing over hard-packed ground between walls of high brush and stunted growth. No air stirred through the trees, and Jimmy perspired freely as Grant increased his speed. Sometimes the air was oppressively sweet with the fragrance of night-blooming jasmine, and again with the poisonous reek of sumac.

The path led straight to the north. Once or twice they passed through clearings, where the cabins were sealed tight against the invading sand flies and mosquitoes. As they skirted the houses Jim could smell the family smudge burning, as well as the inevitable other odors that are seldom missing from the negro domicile.

Grant did not speak, giving only an occasional warning grunt when they struck rocky ground. Once he stopped short and Jimmy nearly climbed his back in the pitchy dark. The blood pulsed in his ears as he listened. A sneeze would have sounded like the world exploding. Then Grant started on, and Jimmy breathed loudly and relievedly through his nose.

This "imitation of the Jungle Book," as Jimmy phrased it, lasted for about twenty minutes, when Grant twisted off to the right once more, but at a reduced speed and moving very cautiously. The brush became lower, and the approaching wash of water told Jimmy that the shore was close. They rounded another little bend in the bush and the dark outlines of a cabin appeared, tiny streamers of light leaking through the badly joined planking. Grant was now going at a bare crawl and he motioned Jimmy to the same pace. The flutter and flap of the restless water covered the noise of their movements, and Jimmy breathed easier.

Grant skirted the edge of the brush circle about the house, going sometimes on all fours. They came round to the seaward side, where the light made a golden arc on the grass, coming brightly through a flimsy curtain hung in the doorway. On the right of the door was an open window, with its solid wooden blind swung back. Grant signaled to Jimmy and began to creep slowly toward the house. He moved along the ground like a big black snake. After a minute Jimmy saw his head silhouetted against the window. It turned quickly to the right and left, and then dropped from sight. He came rustling back at a quicker pace.

"Ain' no one dere," he whispered as he came near. "Guess dey gone off up de sho'."

"Who's they?" asked Jimmy, speaking aloud.

For answer Grant laid his hand lightly on Jimmy's arm and slowly tightened his grip. Then he moved quickly back to one side of the house, keeping an ear cocked toward the shore. Presently, when they were out of the direct light, he stopped and Jimmy listened in turn. Grant's fingers flexed again and he looked down inquiringly. For a second or two the boy did not respond; then he nodded in answer. Someone was coming along the shore. After a moment Carroll's voice was easily recognizable. He was talking in what seemed to be a humorous vein, for at frequent intervals there came a high-pitched, rather musical laugh in response.

Grant held Jimmy motionless as Carroll stepped into the lighted area. With him was a woman, dressed in a nondescript colored skirt, a white waist hanging loosely from her shoulders, after the native fashion. She was nearly as tall as her companion, and, to use a homely adjective, was built along strapping lines. One arm was about Carroll's neck and she was peering laughingly up into his face. Even in that light Jimmy could see that her color was not altogether white.

Grant pulled at his arm, and, without further waiting, they slowly and breathlessly crept back the way they had come. When they regained the main path Grant said:

"Dis ain' de fust time I trailed him here, Mr. Arnol'."

"It's the first and last time for me, though," Jimmy answered, and brushed savagely at his neck, where an errant hardback was making himself at home.

During the rest of the time Jimmy never made the mistake of allowing Carroll to slip off unseen. After dinner in the evening he would pick up a book or a paper and sit on the other side of the table from him, or would go out on the porch and wait for the other to make a decisive move. So Carroll, when he did leave the house at night, would have to do so openly, and there was never any doubt as to the direction he took. Sometimes he would not go at all, and Jimmy would have a poor time of it, reading distractedly and praying for midnight to come. Frequently he would go outside, cross the road and sit in the dark, where he could watch the man without being under the continuous strain of keeping up a disinterested and innocent appearance.

Only once, when the schooner had gone back with her load, did Carroll act really suspiciously. Jimmy had been on the wharf when the boat left and had noticed that Carroll seemed worried. There had been a short talk aside between the captain and himself just before the crew cast off and neither of them seemed pleased. The rest of the day Carroll spent in the office, and Jimmy put Grant on a dray carting pineapples in order that he might keep an eye on him. During the dinner that night Carroll was glum, and walked out of the house without saying a word.

Jimmy saw him turn down the road, and then waited two minutes before following. Grant picked him up a short way from the house and nipped the signal whistle before it had budded from his throat. He reported Carroll as having passed slowly, heading straight for the shore. They went down swiftly and tiptoed out on the pier.

They could see the faint gray of his white suit moving slowly back and forth. He walked about like a man waiting for a train, aimlessly. Twice he lit matches to look at his watch. This lasted for the better part of an hour, and then he came back so swiftly and silently that they barely made the corner of the office in time. They crouched there as he went by, muttering, and then followed him to the house.

Jimmy, sauntering in casually after a discreet interval, found him reading Vanity Fair and smoking. Neither Jimmy nor Grant could ever find a satisfactory explanation for Carroll's actions that night.

On the morning of the fifteenth day after his arrival Jimmy woke at his usual hour and quietly made his way out of the silent house and down the road to the shore. Ordinarily he bathed from the pierhead, but this morning he trotted a quarter of a mile over the hard sand until he reached a little spit of coral. Here he slipped his light gown and waded out into the placid water. The sea was a grayish violet flecked with faint golden streaks from the rising sun. Jimmy swam noiselessly out for fifty yards and back, enjoying the dead quiet and the grateful coolness to the full. He stood up, streaming in the shallows, and began to brush the water from his shoulders, but stopped, one hand poised above his neck, his jaw hanging and eyes wide. He jumped for his gown and tore back along the shore.

Some place, somewhere, either off the far side of the island or away out at sea, two shots had been fired. It was not the dull booming of big guns, but more like the sharp pop-pop of a quick-firer, Jimmy thought. Several times he stopped abruptly to listen, but there was no repetition. Coming to the road he slowed to a walk and considered. Ninety-nine explanations for the incident came to him, but he could

(Continued on Page 53)

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(Continued from Page 50)

not find one that suited. At the house everything was still quiet. He went softly upstairs and dressed hurriedly.

In five minutes he had reached the top of the long slope at the edge of the fields and was staring out across the water, his eyes snapping with excitement and his teeth chewing joyously at his underlip.

Even the dullest landsman can tell a destroyer when he sees one, and Jimmy was not altogether a landsman. At that distance he could just make out the unique, unmistakable build of her. The low-hung black smoke screen was being laid swiftly as she bore away on a course heading to the southwest. He could almost hear the racing thud of her engines and the sharp, snappy orders echoing along her deck. At that moment he would have traded jobs with the lowliest oiler aboard her. The smoke flag drew steadily away and away. He watched minute after minute until she was just a faint blur on the horizon. His mouth was shut in a tight line and his eyes blinked rapidly as he stared after her. When he could see nothing but the faintest streak of black vapor away out at the edge of the world he raised an arm and waved her on, like a man urging home a winner at the track.

Breakfast that morning was something to be hurried through simply as part of the daily routine. His mind ran amuck with conjectures and hopes. It seemed certain he was the only soul on the island who had heard the shots. At that hour all the negroes had surely been asleep. From the floor above there was no sound. Carroll generally rose about eight. If he had heard the shots he would have been on the move long before this. Jimmy felt reasonably sure that he alone knew. As to what had been the cause for the firing he could only guess; but that was sufficient to bring a sparkle of excitement to his eyes and make him wave his fork deliriously about his head.

Standing on the veranda he lit his morning cigarette and looked down toward the harbor. He could hear the faint jingle of trace chains and the cursing of the draymen as they backed their animals into the shafts preparatory to the day's work. The first few groups of men and women shuffled and swayed past on their way to the fields. Somehow, what had happened that morning had made him feel less isolated.

Grant had not yet passed the house, and Jimmy decided to let him know what had taken place before they started on the day's work. He went up the road and waited at a spot not far from the entrance to the field, out of sight of the workers. Presently Grant came into view, swinging along at a good gait. Jimmy beckoned to him and the big black broke into a trot. As quickly as possible he outlined the events of the morning.

Grant grinned from ear to ear and slapped a joyful leg.

"Action comin', boss!" he chortled, killing ten bugs on a leaf with a spray of tobacco juice. "We goin' to have ol' man Carroll standin' on one ear and prayin' for peace! Bring 'em all on!"

"Listen!" said Jimmy hurriedly as the rattle of hoofs sounded down the road. "I'm going to take a chance and watch on the pier to-night. Got a hunch—that's all. I'll have the office open. Come down a little after dark."

Grant answered with one of his majestic waves of the hand and passed on into the field. A dray came into sight a few seconds later.

▼

THAT night found them both squatting in the darkened office, talking in whispers. Jimmy was naturally keyed up somewhat. He reported Carroll as writing letters in the living room and showing no signs of leaving the house. To avoid suspicion Jimmy should have to go back at a reasonable hour. There was a new moon low in the sky, and looking out of the open door they could just distinguish the faint outlines of the roof supports and a stretch of star-specked water beyond. Except for their guarded whisperings and the light lap-lap of the water at the piles beneath, everything was wrapped in the deep night quiet. Once a black figure drifted by toward the end of the pier. Grant bounded noiselessly to the doorway, with Jimmy after him. A sickening stench of rotten flesh tainted the air. Grant drew Jimmy back to their seats.

"One of de Barbados men goin' to set a shark line," he whispered in explanation.

The time dragged along, and they shifted their bodies from one position to another. Grant, his mouth filled with tobacco, expectorated silently at regular intervals and told marvelous and unprintable stories of his wanderings. The little moon dropped below the horizon and a deeper dark settled over everything.

At last the roosters began their eleven-o'clock crow. Jimmy would have to go back. Without speaking, they locked up the office; and, for some unaccountable reason, both turned and walked softly down to the end of the pier. For a space they stood looking out over the calm stretch of water; and in their state of mind a fleet of phonographs, sailing under their own steam, with a bearded walrus whistling the Holy City atop of each, would not have surprised them in the least. Finally Grant said:

"I'll watch from down yonder fo' a spell. Flicka yor bedroom light when Carroll hits de hay. You neva can tell, boss."

The light in the living room was turned low when Jimmy walked in. There was no sign of Carroll, and Jimmy supposed he had gone to bed and left the light burning low on purpose. That was good, he thought. He started toward the dining room for a drink before going upstairs.

"Out a trifle late, Mr. Arnold."

The voice came from a far corner. Jimmy started violently. Carroll's face leered up at him from the depths of a big chair in the shadows. He noted the boy's nervousness composedly, a slight smile twitching at the corners of his mouth. In that light his eyes glittered like fine points of diamond, and the color of his face was ghastly. It was yellow, pasty and soft-looking, like an amber death mask. A moment Jimmy stood staring, fascinated; then he turned and went quickly upstairs. Jimmy was sick of the business.

He dragged off his clothes slowly, letting his nerves relax, and sat in the window, staring out into the night and smoking. He thought of Grant waiting patiently down there in the dark for the signal. It was getting along toward twelve now, and Carroll would be coming up soon.

There was no wind stirring, and even at that hour the least movement brought out perspiration. The cigarette began to dry his throat. He flicked it out onto the grass and watched the tiny drop of red die slowly away. There was a noticeable haze across the stars. He began to be conscious that he was very, very tired.

What the deuce was the matter with Carroll? He stole to the doorway and listened. The reek of a pipe filled the hall and Carroll coughed suddenly and loudly. Jimmy groaned. There was nothing for it but to sit up. He knew Grant would not leave until he saw the lamp flicker. He took a long drink of lukewarm water, boiled against typhoid, and made a face over it. There was cool water down in the dining room, but he would not have gone down for all the water in the world. He went back to his seat.

The stars were barely visible now and the air was very heavy. Time passed and he caught himself nodding. He fixed his eyes on the light shining out on the grass below and prayed for it to vanish. Then Carroll tapped the ashes from his pipe and Jimmy's hopes rose. He waited and waited for the first sound of ascent; but none came. He was too tired to think straight. Maybe Carroll had fallen asleep downstairs. A heavy breeze rustled ominously through the leaves of the trees and fanned his hot face.

"Storm coming up. Gee, that air feels good!" he thought drowsily.

Slowly his head sank. He shifted his tired body sidewise until his forehead rested on one arm. The other trailed limply over the window sill.

The glow on the grass below died out, and there came a barely audible creaking in the hallway. Carroll paused in the doorway for a space, making sure that the boy was sleeping soundly. Then, without taking his eyes off the sprawled-out figure, he moved easily toward the heap of clothing on the foot of the bed. There was a curious look of speculation on his face as he began to run his hands lightly over it. This expression changed as his fingers encountered something. He nodded in a satisfied manner, and without disturbing anything drew out Jimmy's automatic and thrust it into his pocket. He stretched out one hand toward the light, hesitated, shook his head, and backed out noiselessly, step by step, from the room. Jimmy's toes scratched feebly at an exposed area of ankle, where a malicious mosquito was prospecting for food; but the head never lifted.

He dreamed a horrible dream about snakes, which he could not see, crawling up his back. He investigated with one hand and found he was wet, and started up as a white flare of lightning shocked his brain out of its stupor. Gust after gust of rain drew gray curtains across the window, and the thunder rolled menacingly. Still dazed with sleep, he stared about him. The lamp was blazing high, its chimney cracked and black with smoke. He lowered it hastily and looked at his watch, lying on the table. It was three-fifteen.

Where was Carroll, and what had happened during the three hours he had slept?

He went into the hall and listened. There was no light below, and Carroll's door was shut. It was impossible to hear anything for the heavy drumming of water on the roof and the frequent crashings of thunder. The chances were a hundred to one that Carroll was safely in bed and sleeping soundly through the storm.

The coat of his pyjamas flapped clammily at his neck and he dropped it to the floor. There was no use in worrying any more that night. Grant had probably got tired of waiting and gone to bed. He blew out the light. Then it occurred to him that there might be a considerable quantity of water coming in the window, and he stepped cautiously into the dark to see. His feet encountered something of a pool, and he raised his hands to draw down the sash. Thereupon the rain, after the obliging manner of tropical rains, dropped suddenly from a series of blinding sheets to a mere patter, and then stopped altogether. That was good, Jimmy thought; he would still have air.

The lightning, as if angered by the rain's departure, began to flare almost continuously. Jimmy stuck a heedless head out of the window and watched. It was like a stage effect he had seen sometimes in musical comedies, when the man at the spotlight slips an alternating black-and-white wheel over the lens of his machine and revolves it rapidly. This was better than a musical comedy, though. He could see everything in startlingly clear outlines—the sweep of the foliage down to the shore; the tops of the palms; and, beyond them, the black of the harbor, dotted with occasional whitecaps. The air had been cooled by the storm and felt deliciously soothing to his bare back. He yawned largely in the face of a vicious spurt of lightning.

A rain squall scurried across the island, pattered aimlessly over the top of the house and died away out toward the sea. Jimmy began to let the world and its worries slip away.

His eyes were half closed with the delight of being able to let go of everything and drift off, when there came a brilliant flash, revealing a picture that snapped up his drooping head and left him staring wildly into the darkness. There was a pause of fifteen seconds, followed by a torrent of sharp, jagged streaks, lighting up the whole scene. Jimmy leaned far out, regardless.

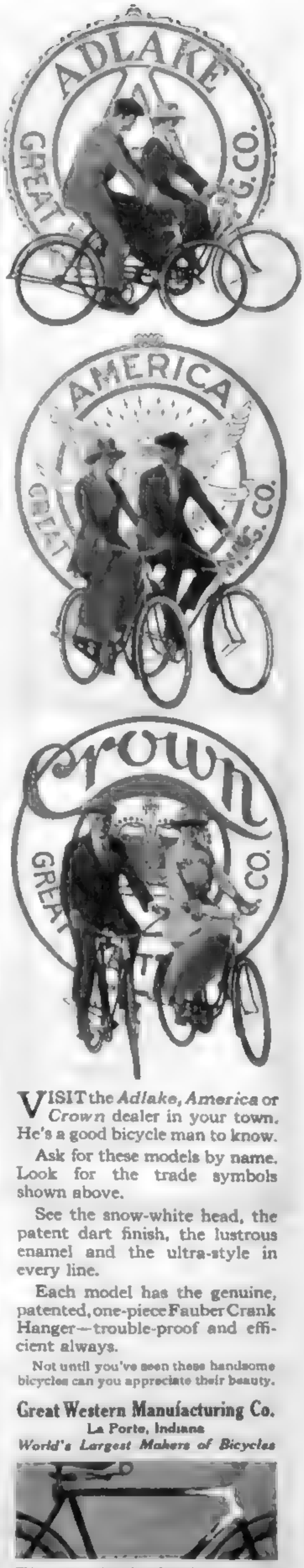
Something white and small was riding into the harbor. In the intermittent flashes it seemed as if a tiny white pillar were being moved over the surface by some great hand hidden underneath.

Then the light went out again and Jimmy was left in the dark, gripping the sill, eyes straining against the blackness.

After what seemed an infinite period of waiting there came two prolonged flashes. The truth broke upon him, and he could feel the palms of his hands grow cold and wet, clutching the wood; for the pillar of white, ever so much closer now, was human, and he saw it move back along a gray-black rounded surface, barely distinguishable from the water. As it went it pointed an arm toward a group of gray figures standing close to a little towerlike object.

Jimmy's first coherent thought was of Carroll. There was no light or sound to indicate that he was awake, and Jimmy did not stop to find out. In two steps he was at the bed, fumbling and feeling eagerly. His searching fingers found nothing but soft handfuls of cloth. Over and over he felt. Too much time was passing. He found a match and struck it. A very brief search was enough. The gun was gone; and Jimmy knew well who was responsible for its disappearance.

After that, any definite plan was impossible. His one idea was to get out of the house and down to the pier. Once there, he



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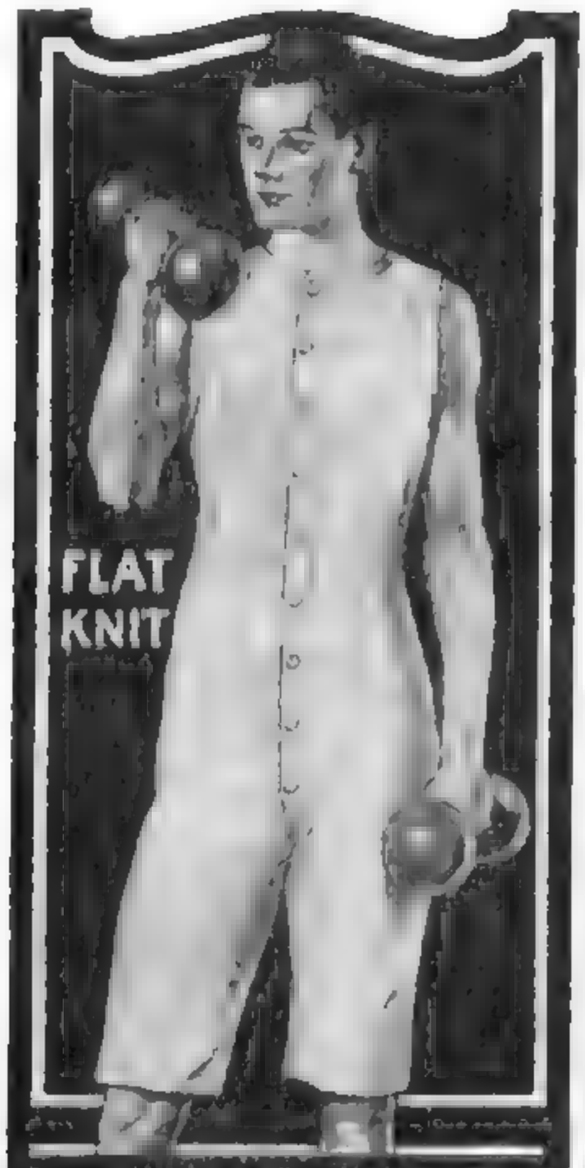

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could see what might be done. As quickly as he dared he passed along the hall and downstairs, barefooted and sure of his ground.

Then he went into the pitch blackness of the living room, hands outstretched, feeling his way. He came to the big table and swung to the left. A few more steps and he would be at the door.

One knee crashed into the arm of a low chair and it shunted loudly across the floor. Jimmy reeled forward, striving to regain his balance. He reached the door and stood listening, breathing hard and feeling with panicky fingers for the bolt. There was not a sound from above; but his imagination pictured Carroll as already creeping, with that cat's step of his, along the hall and down the stairs toward him.

He found the bolt and shot it back. The door opened with scarcely a sound and he hurried quietly down on the grass. Pausing for a second, he looked up, half expecting to see a light; but the upper floor was dark. All this had taken about two minutes and a half, and it seemed to Jimmy as though he had already lost the game by delay. Then he ran.

Down, down through the blackness he sped, bare to the waist, his flying feet bruising themselves time after time on sharp coral pebbles. What he was going to do, he could not have said. Common sense told him to rouse Grant; but that would mean more time lost.

He dared not shout. There was just a Chinaman's chance that Grant had duplicated his mistake and gone to sleep, waiting for the signal. If not, he would go it alone and plan as best he could.

The friendly lightning had quit. It was only when he saw the faint shapes of the palms and felt that he was running along the level that he slacked up and gave his lungs a rest. Trotting easily, he passed through the trees, heard the wash of the water, and realized that from then on he must take his time and go softly. Dropping to a walk he crossed the beach and set foot cautiously on the pier. In the inky shadow of the roof he stood and listened hard, mouth open wide to quiet his gasping. Except for the pounding of his heart and the lapping of the water he could hear nothing.

"Now that you've got here, what are you going to do about it?" he thought. He looked out along the black length of the pier and hesitated. For once in his life Jimmy Arnold was afraid. It was not the idea of a fight that scared him, for he had never feared that in his life; but it was the thought that he would have to go on into the darkness unarmed, and feeling his way, as he had felt it through the living room a few minutes before, not knowing when a hand might grip him by the throat or, worse than that, lay itself lightly on his bare shoulder.

After all, what could he do? It was idiotic to think of going on alone and taking a chance of a bullet's ending him in the dark. The office was only a few feet from him, he knew. He would stand by it and wait for developments. He put out a hand and nearly yelled as it touched something cold. Nothing happened, and he reached out gingerly again, shaking as he did so. Then he cursed himself when he found he had touched only the knob of the office door.

His body was in a dripping sweat and his throat was dry; but that touch was his salvation. From that instant he began to get mad and reckless.

There was no boyish diffidence about the way he managed that little walk of forty feet toward a hidden enemy, and he masked his face with nothing like a tea-room smile. Head and shoulders were slanted well forward, arms bent at the elbow and slightly extending. His eyes were narrowed to little angry slits, and the string of choice and varied honest American cuss words, sliding out in breathless whispers through his set teeth, would have scared the soul out of an army mule.

Then began the nerve-racking game of listening. Every few feet of the way he paused, straining his ears to catch the first warning sound. Had they come ashore? That uncertainty was the worst part of it all; but, beyond the water noises and the accustomed night sounds from the land, there was nothing.

The end of the pier was only eight or ten feet distant when he dropped to all fours, fearing lest he should be visible from the water. He knew now that, though they might be lying no more than an oar's length from it, they had not set foot on the pier itself. Very, very slowly he crept forward to the end, and at last his ears caught a sound.

From somewhere, not many feet away, came the murmur of voices, indistinct, blurred, but unmistakable. He could tell that they were close to him by the way they were pitched, and after a few seconds another regularly recurring noise drove home that idea. This was the light wash of water along the steel sides of the boat.

Suddenly his body stiffened and a chill brought out the goose flesh on his spine. Something was crawling toward him across the boards. There had been a rasping, as though cloth had been slid over the splintered wood. He did not wait to be caught at the end of the pier. His legs seemed paralyzed as he turned and very gently began to creep back the way he had come. Every muscle in his body was urging him to leap to his feet and run, and it took all the control left him to keep up that sickening blind crawl through the dark.

Whatever the thing was, it sensed the change and abandoned its stalking tactics. Jimmy sprang up, his heart in his mouth, as a big black mass surged down upon him.

"Who dat?" came a sharp whisper, and Jimmy could have wept for sheer nervous relief.

"Keep your shirt on, Norfolk!" he hissed joyfully.

Two long black tentacles were wrapping themselves round him as he spoke.

"Bless Gawd, honey!" whispered Grant, breathing a huge breath of relief. "I thought you was Carroll. You sca'ed me speechless."

"How'd you get here?" asked Jimmy, patting him delightedly.

"Been heer all de time. Fell asleep waitin' fo' yo' light to go; an' I wake when de stawm come. I see dat boat comin' into de ha'bo' by de flashes, an' I sta't fo' de house to git you, somehow. Den somethin' goes flyin' pas' me in de da'k, an' I say: 'Dat's Carroll!' An' I come trailin' 'long afta you close as I dast to. An' heer I is. What we goin' to do? You got yo' gun?"

"Gun—hell!" Jimmy began.

There was a tiny click in the darkness and they blinked into the glare of a flashlight.

"Mister Carroll!" instantly called a low voice from the water.

"Hands up, you two!" came from back of the light.

"Hands up, you black ——"

And then Grant rushed. There was a crashing report and the light dropped to the ground.

"Oh, Gawd!" shouted Grant, and the shout trailed off into a groan. "Git him, boss!"

Jimmy heard a body thrashing on the floor. The light made one tiny white spot on the boards; the rest was shadow. A hand shot down toward it—and Jimmy left the ground.

He went in low and hard, teeth set together and head down. His shoulder caught Carroll squarely in the belly, and the grunt the man gave echoed to the roof.

"Attaboy!" yelled Grant. "Git dat gun!"

Carroll staggered back; and Jimmy, hugging like a grizzly, gave him the old heel trip. Carroll went down like a falling star, but the next second both of his hands were feeling for a hold at Jimmy's throat.

"He drop' de gun!" Grant shouted. "Oh, git him, kid! Git him! Jus' lemme lay my han' on dat gun!"

Jimmy jerked his head loose from the tightening grip and freed one arm to strike. Carroll was rolling desperately from side to side. Jimmy struck again and again into the dark as the tearing fingers began to settle a second time about his neck.

It was only by gouging at Carroll's face until the man yelled with pain that he managed to break the hold. He could hear shouting from the water and he knew that in a few minutes it would all be over.

"Stand 'em off with the gun!" he gasped; his breath was coming in long sobs.

A terrific blow jarred his skull, and he reeled up sidewise to a standing position, his brain numb. Carroll was on him instantly, and Jimmy went down, twisting and striking. It was like fighting a monster in some awful nightmare. His blows, for all the desperate strength he put behind them, seemed to land harmlessly on the big mass above him.

Carroll's elbow was grinding with diabolical force into his head, and one big palm tore at his jaw. Mad with agony, Jimmy managed to squirm a scant few inches to one side and felt a sudden relief as Grant's voice yelled:

"Gotcha now, you devil!"

Carroll cursed chokingly, and Jimmy could feel the weight slowly shift from off his body. Someone gurgled horribly for breath.

"I gotcha now!" Grant exulted. Jimmy rolled free and leaped to his feet. "Fin' dat gun, kid!" panted Grant.

Carroll's heels drummed a tattoo on the planking as Jimmy began a series of wild sweeps along the floor with both hands, searching through the darkness for the missing automatic.

A glittering white fan of light swept across the water, wavered, and then settled on the pier. Jimmy looked down. Carroll lay back, writhing, across Grant's chest. One long black arm was crooked, straining about his neck.

From the water came vague shouts and commands; but Jimmy paid no heed. Ten feet from Grant's head lay the automatic, glistening in the light, and he sprang toward it. As he did so he was half conscious of two loud reports—one from close at hand and the other from a distance.

He grabbed the gun and turned in time to see Carroll, with a convulsive heave and twist, sink his teeth into Grant's neck. There was an unearthly scream as the negro's hold fell away, and Carroll leaped to his feet. Straight at Jimmy he charged, head thrust forward.

Jimmy fired one blind shot squarely into the face, and then went down like a feather as the insane bulk crashed into him. His head thwacked full on the boards. There was a momentary agony of shots and yells, which died away to a pleasant buzzing murmur as he sank and sank, backward, into soothing darkness.

"

There was a streak of gold playing across something clean and white, and some strange smell was filling Jimmy's nostrils. He tried instantly to sit up, but found that if he did the back of his head would undoubtedly fall out; so he lay quiet and looked very slowly and carefully round.

"Easy, boy; easy!" said someone.

A tall man in white, with gold braid at his throat, was bending over him, feeling gently at his head.

Jimmy saw that he was lying on clean linen in a small white-painted hospital-smelling room. Through a round brass-rimmed hole in the opposite wall poured a column of bright sunshine, splashing everything with a cheerful yellow.

"Gosh!" said Jimmy, grinning weakly. "Where on earth am I?"

"How do you feel, first?" countered the tall man, sitting down beside him and laying several casual fingers on his wrist.

He had gold buttons up and down the front of his coat, Jimmy discovered; and also he had a pair of nice blue eyes and a funny long nose.

"Dead from the shoulders up!" answered Jimmy, and ran a hand over the wad of bandages at the back of his head.

"Lie still, then!" commanded the doctor, snapping the lid of his watch to. "You're in the sick bay of the U. S. Destroyer Houston, just about fifteen or twenty feet from the scene of that five-reel feature drama you were getting away with when we breezed in here last night."

Jimmy picked one question out of a dozen he wanted to ask.

"Did you get 'em?" he cried, half sitting up.

"Oh, we got 'em, right enough!" the doctor assured him; and Jimmy relaxed happily. "Following instructions," he continued, "we should have been here yesterday morning to make our call on your friend, Mr. Carroll. We'd been patrolling these waters for some time, and were headed north when we picked up a wireless telling us to run over here and look up that gentleman, for reasons best known to the Department. I must say they had the right dope on him, too, though how they got it none of us yet know.

"Then one of our chaps spotted that devil baby of the Kaiser's now being investigated by us for the benefit of mankind in general, and we went gallivanting off after her. We did so much of that, and walloped round the corners of so many of these blasted islands in our haste, that it was rather late when we pulled back this way last night.

"First thing I knew, there was an awful lot of running round on deck, and someone was blathering away about a shot being

(Concluded on Page 57)

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(Concluded from Page 54)

fired. After that there was a general speeding up all round; and by the time I got on deck we had swung into close range and you were putting the finishing touches to the finale of your benefit performance.

"Between having their business arrangements ruined by you on shore and our extradramatic last-act entrance, the Teutonic members of the party seemed a bit confused—I might almost say homesick! They potted away at us once or twice without meaning much by it. Soon as might be, we climbed over them and investigated the Home Defense force—meaning you and your ex-cavalry friend. Your personal uniform consisted of one pyjama leg, a complete state of coma and a gun in one hand. The rest of your squadron, at present in an adjacent room and inquiring for you every three minutes, was lying beside you, bleeding like a stockyard massacre and begging you to wake up. As I came up I heard him say:

"'Boss, ef you'll jes' bat one eye, dis nigga gonna kiss you!'

"You displayed much common sense by keeping your eyes shut. When he found out who we were he saluted, like the good nigger he is, and crumpled up. I dug the bullet out of his thigh, and he's O. K. now."

"Where's Carroll?" In spite of himself Jimmy wriggled a little under the bedclothes as he asked the question.

"Oh, Carroll?" said the doctor easily. He picked a cigarette from his case, lit it and inhaled deeply. He rose and dropped the match stub through the porthole and blew a fragrant cloud of smoke into the golden shaft of light. Then he answered in an offhand way: "It was what you might call one large night, last night! What?"

He looked reflectively at the wisps of blue turning and billowing in the sunbeams.

Jimmy's eyelids fell, and his face was drawn with a sensation very new to him.

"You said it," he murmured soberly—"one large night!"

From somewhere close at hand came the minor melody to the Memphis Blues, whistled magnificently.

TRICKING THEM UP

(Continued from Page 26)

look right into the terrible glare. And that is why so many actors—especially the blondes—are compelled to wear amber glasses when they are not working in the set.

The blondes are less fortunate than the dark ones in other respects, for Clara says the brunettes stand late hours lots better than their fairer sisters. "The Turkish-bath women tell me that blondes are perfect sights the next morning," she says.

Which reminds me of a remark made by Goodhue, camera man to one of our stars of second magnitude.

"What's your greatest problem, Frank?" I asked him one day.

"Shooting the Vernon out of So-and-So's face the morning after," he replied.

Vernon, you may not know, is a suburb of Los Angeles, removed from the local ordinances regulating dancing and the contemplation of the wine when it is red.

When I said that beauty was not even skin deep one thing I had in mind was the question of complexions. For, strange as it may seem, a good complexion, though desirable, is not at all essential in the pictures. One of the best-known queens of the cinema has a skin like a waffle iron, but grease paint and powder will fill up anything excepting an ingrowing disposition.

Even wrinkles, which in the old days gave us so much trouble, can be removed by clever lighting. A clear-center amber filter over the camera lens will perform wonderful dermatological services, and we have small spotlights, called wrinkle eradicators, which flood the epidermal valleys with light, thus eliminating shadows caused by the regular illumination of the set.

In close-ups of faces full of wrinkles and crow's-feet we use back-lighting and then soften the face with a gentle though luminous shadow.

There is one well-known beauty of the screen who, though past fifty, still plays young-girl parts with splendid success. This is possible by the aid of four things: Clara tells me the lady has had a few reefs taken in her skin by some strange surgery; she devotes splendid care to herself, and is a wonder at make-up; but above all she recognizes the tremendous responsibility of the camera man and electrician, and consequently has a couple of these artists in her employ. They have been with her a long time and know all the tricks of post-dating the lady's almanac.

Double Chins and Dimples

One day this mature madam submitted to having a "still" beside one of our youngest beauties, but stipulated that she must see the print before it was released by the publicity department. To the astonishment of everybody but the camera man she looked as young and beautiful as her little sister star. As a rule, however, we do not subject the elderly queens to fierce lighting, and the older they are the darker the sets.

There always has been something rather gruesome about beauty attained with needles and knives, and fortunately we have stunts that quite do away with such terrific aids. Suppose, for instance, one begins to develop that horror of all women, a double chin; what can we do about that? Do we ask her to have the offense removed either under chloroform or by the futile assistance of the silly sweat bands? We do not. Angel face simply has her extra chin painted a beautiful cerise; and, as red comes dark in the camera, instead of the lady's facial festoon reflecting light the neck appears in shadow with an effect quite sylphlike.

Another way to eliminate this matronly bugbear is to have its owner keep her head erect and never let the chin drop down upon its comfortable cushion. I was watching Mr. Mills directing one of his famous pets a while ago, and Al, his camera man, constantly had to remind the lady to hold her head up.

"Chin!" he would call, and up would bob her head, only to drop again in some tense emotional scene. "Chin!" he would call again, and up again would go her head. He had the poor lady bobbing like a cork, and strutting round with her nose in the air like one of the sniffy rich.

Dimples are supposed to be marks left at birth where the angels kissed the cherub, but this heavenly origin does not account for some of the dimples the fans rave about. No, it's wonderful how a little red grease paint will make the angels ashamed of their handiwork.

A crooked nose may seem an insurmountable handicap, but in our language there are no such words. If one side of the nose is too heavy a little red grease paint will throw it down in shadow; and should the bridge be bent by some past mishap or Nature's muddling we just rectify the defect by a straight high light, applied by Number One grease paint. A flat thick nose that looks as though it had been put on hot and ran all over the face may be pinched down to chiseled beauty by shading the sides with red and high-lighting the bridge.

Some of our fairest faces are slightly bent, and every woman knows that one side of her is better than the other; I learned this when I was a photographer. Clara tells me the hairdressers always study the two aspects carefully and then address their task to rectifying the defect and instructing the lady in her most bewitching poses.

We have one screen beauty whose nose is so bent that we always shoot her from one side; her eastern aspect is quite ravishing, but from the west she is unworthy. I wish I dared tell the name of another, perhaps the greatest professional beauty of the screen—now, let's hear the scramble for this doubtful compliment!—yet she is so much better in the west that nobody has ever seen her eastern exposure upon the silver screen.

Mathematicians speak with deep emotion of squaring the circle, but such geometry is child's play for real artists. To change a moon-faced Swede girl, with high flat cheek bones like an Eskimo belle, into an oval-faced Madonna is one of our modest miracles of grease paint. A face can easily be narrowed by moving the high lights of the cheek bones closer to the nose and then shading down the cheeks.

But if we don't use surgery there are some other stunts that give a good imitation of its results. One young doll who has an army of admirers permits us to take a full quarter of an inch off the end of her nose! No, not with the knife, meat ax or other blade, but simply with grease paint. She has the most wonderful lamps on the screen, and is always shown with her head tilted forward, looking out from under her classic brow; and in this position the camouflaged end of her nose mixes with the shadow under it and the effect is very saucy.

In a recent picture wherein one of our queens played two parts she changed her whole appearance in the poor character by shortening her nose in this manner.

So perfect are some of the make-ups nowadays that the closest inspection will not reveal the counterfeit. One of our queens, wishing to test a particularly difficult make-up, experimented on the hardest old nut on the lot. She went out one gate and came in by another, where she was stopped by the gatekeeper and refused admission to the studio. As close as she was the suspicious old boy did not penetrate the deception until she laughed.

On another occasion a well-known critic and fan, after viewing a recent picture, came out to the studio and delivered himself as follows:

"Why, in the name of heaven, does Marie draw the big salary when the 'poor' girl who played opposite her had her skinned to death for real acting?"

"Well," said Mac, the publikitty guy, "as Marie was playing both parts perhaps that will explain her salary."

Another surgical effect is attained with collodion. This rubbery liquid when dry has an astringent quality and is often applied on the temples to pull up the outer ends of the eyes in imitation of the Mongolian; collodion may also be used to raise the corners of the mouth.

Character Make-Up

And this reminds me that one could write a whole story about character make-up, but I'll stop only long enough to say that straight noses may be made crooked by sticking a small thimble up one nostril or by painting a bent high-light down the bridge.

We have one chap whose ears stick out like semaphores; this blemish matters little in character parts where the auricled pendants are concealed in the hair, but in "soup and fish," where the hair must be brushed smartly, it is necessary to stick the ears close to the head by means of adhesive plaster.

Scars are made by first painting with collodion to get the drawn, puckered effect, and then using a deep-pink grease paint for the gash and high lighting the edges.

Eyebrows are perhaps the easiest to make. All one does is to paint out one's own and then inscribe any design that suits the fancy. Only to-day I saw a flat-faced extra girl with high, inquiring, Gibsonian brows penciled almost two inches above her own. In the case of heavy dark brows and lashes, such as many men possess, the color of the sockets must be carefully tested for the proper make-up. If too dark there will be no contrast, and the results will look like two burnt holes in a towel.

Visitors at the studios are bewildered and amused at the various colors one sees in different make-ups. Here is a girl with pink sockets; the next one's eyes will swim in a sea of topaz; that young lady is fond of blue; and many will display a ghastly green—especially the young extra girls who are enjoying their vampire dreams. As a rule the color is the result of elaborate experimentation. Every case is individual and there is no fixed rule; tests alone will determine the color. Blondes with very fair skins have great difficulty in giving size and brilliancy to the eyes because of the lack of contrast between the skin and the eyeball, so the sockets have to be darkened.

The reason no definite chromatic scale can be stated is due to very elusive qualities in the human skin. Two faces will look identical in texture and color, yet one will reflect light while the other absorbs it. I have seen old-time camera men lose heavily on a bet as to the way a certain face would photograph.

I once knew an old French-Canadian who filled his few scrawny hairs full of shoe blacking to make them look like more.

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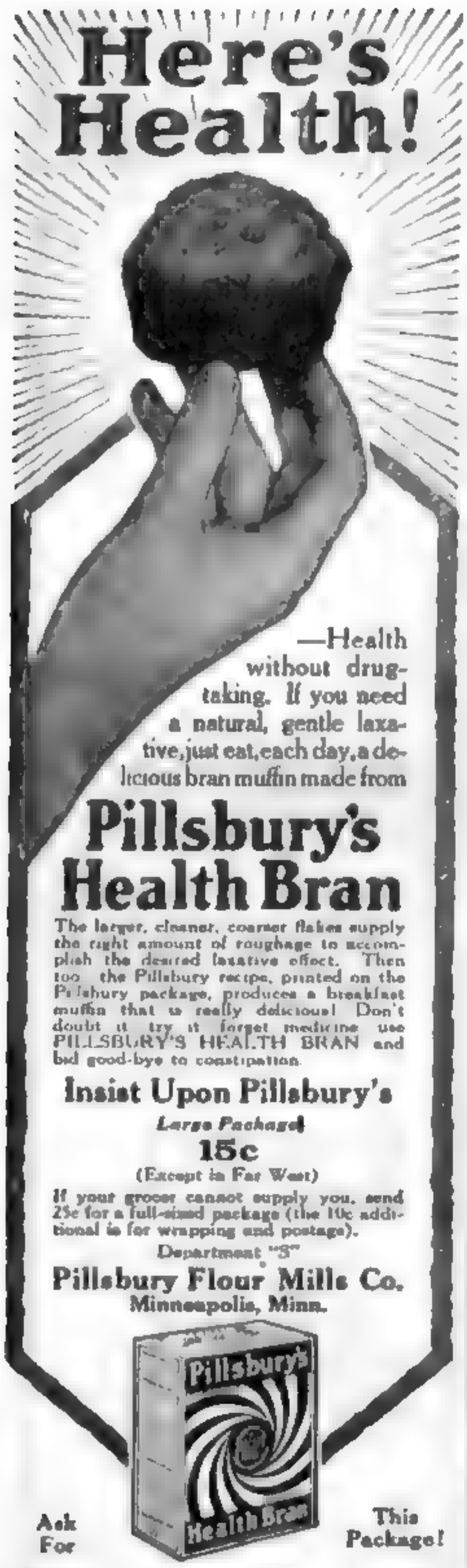
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POWDER IN SHOES AS WELL AS GUNS

Foot-Ease to Be Added to Equipment of Hospital Corps at Fort Wayne

Under the above heading the Detroit *Free Press*, among other things, says: "The theory is that soldiers whose feet are in good condition can walk further and faster than soldiers who have corns and bunions incased in rawhide."

The Plattsburg Camp Manual advises men in training to shake Foot-Ease in their shoes each morning.

One war relief committee reports, of all the things sent out in their Comfort Bags or "Kits," Allen's Foot-Ease received the most praise from the soldiers and men of the navy. It is used by American, French and British troops, because it takes the Friction from the Shoe and freshens the feet. There is no foot comforter equal to Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic, healing powder to be shaken into the shoes and sprinkled in the foot-bath, the standard remedy for over 25 years for hot, tired, aching, perspiring, smarting, swollen, tender feet, corns, bunions, blisters or callouses.

Why not order a dozen or more 25c. boxes to-day from your Druggist or Dep't Store to mail to your friends in training camps and in the army and navy?

From across the street the deception was adequate, but close up—ow! The same thing happens on the screen when our dolls attempt a dreamy splendor of their eyes by loading their lashes with heavy black goo. In the long shots they may get away with it, but in the large close-ups beaded lashes look like dripping tar brushes.

Our most alert headliners—especially the more advanced and abandoned vamps—are now using real hair to add length and thickness to their own inadequate winkers. This is done by spirit-gumming a small narrow strip of artificial lashes immediately above one's own and letting them rest upon the real ones. Besides appearing more convincing, heavy long lashes, such as the wig maker can furnish, will throw the eyes into the soft alluring shadows that drive the Anthonys mad.

Once in a while Clara moralizes on this beauty stuff, and when she does she usually says something.

"Say, Jerry," she whispered as we sat together in the projecting room the other night, "what's the matter with your scenario bunch? Why do they always harp on the same old strings—lost love, lost virtue, lost fortune, lost honor, lost everything but the greatest of them all—lost youth?

"If you do not believe that women value youth above all other virtues you should attend a beauty parlor. I can think of no more dramatic situation than an interior set showing twenty women in all stages of half dress, tragically trying to get back their lost youth."

Wise Words to Flappers

"And nobody knows of this tragedy so well as the hairdressers, for besides witnessing the extremes to which some of the poor creatures will go we hear their stories. A hairdresser is a mother-confessor to every desperate women who is trying to stay the hand of time. When a woman lets her hair down she has let down her last defense, and the truth is then so evident that there is no chance to fool anybody. At that moment any good-looking well-groomed hairdresser becomes her superior, and the poor seeker after beauty sits before her in sheer humility and pours out her whole soul. My, what some of the women would do to get back their youth!

"That's why I discourage these extra kids from making up too strong. They come from the studios in droves, some of them still in their teens, and want to be dolled up like the women of thirty.

"'Dearie,' I say, 'you already possess the greatest charm there is—and that is youth. A snubnose dairymaid of seventeen is more beautiful in the eyes of the world than all the made-up professional beauties of the stage. So why compromise this greatest prize by trying to look like complex older women? It is your duty to be beautiful, of course, only you're tangled in your definitions. If only you knew how some of the headliners would give everything they possess for what you have you'd hang on to it for dear life. Exercise; everlastingly care for your teeth; brush, brush, brush your hair; cut out the highly perfumed powders, as they are too acid for kid's skin; stick to talc—it won't last long, but it's healing and ——'

"But that's about as far as I get, for the foolish pinhead isn't believing a word I say—which is the way of youth. But they get the idea good and plenty ten years later—which is the way of the world.

"The men of course give us lots less trouble than the women, for with a few exceptions beauty is not their capital stock in trade; in fact, the professional male doll is fast becoming unfashionable. The soft, putty-faced boys of a few years ago are having hard sledding holding their jobs in competition with the athletic and muscular plain-but-manly type. At that we still have one of those beautiful gods with the curly hair and cow eyes, and it is rumored that he is supporting a well-known beauty doctor—quite professional, I mean."

One day a studio snooper handed me this one: "I suppose that good-looking wife of yours will be workin' here soon, eh, Jerry? They tell me Harold Vaughn is looking for a new lead and is after Clara. They say he's been down to her place every mornin' this week. Of course I don't know anything about it, but you know ——"

"Clara," I said, when I arrived home that evening, "how about this Harold Vaughn stuff? Is he coming to see you every morning at the studio, and is he trying to lure you into the pictures?"

"Well, you suspicious old thing! Now that you know, I suppose I'll have to confess; though—though—I promised Harold I wouldn't tell—even you. Yes, Jerry, he comes here every morning; and it is not—to urge me into the pictures."

And Clara looked guilty all over; but she is always pulling this stuff and I wasn't fooled a bit. Clara lies beautifully with her lips but never with her eyes.

"And then what?" quoting our five-year-old boy.

"Well, Jerry, the truth is—sh-h-h-h; now, on your honor, not a word of this to a soul at the studio—Harold is having his hair marcelled."

Yet why should it be shameful for a man to strive for beauty when there are so many palpitating schoolgirls and laundry workers who tuck signed photographs under their pillows and dream heavenly dreams that their beautiful hero will one day come and take them to live in the hills of Hollywood?

The embarrassment they suffer in "soup and fish" is one of the great troubles of the movie males. It seems to require some of that French savoir stuff before a man can wear a dress suit so that it looks as though it belonged to him.

There are a lot of movie actors who when they don swallowtails have not even the ease of manner of a waiter. At least waiters are used to these classy symbols of aristocracy; in fact, many appear to have slept in them.

The contrast between white shirts and dark coats of evening clothes adds immensely to our film troubles, and many of the camera men insist that our society leaders wear yellow linen. They then urge the men to whiten their hands, for unless this is done the hero's paw appears like a coal heaver's.

Man's carelessness as well as Nature's mistakes have to be tricked up in the movie business; hence we also go in for camouflaking dentistry. Blacking out a tooth is a simple affair; but building a temporary bridge to replace a lost one is quite another job, yet we do it. Enameling is a common practice. This, of course, is a temporary expedient and lasts only a few hours, but in the meantime discolored or heavily filled teeth can be made to look like tooth-paste advertisements. It is no uncommon thing to see some otherwise perfect quince sneak off behind a bramble bush and give her ivories a coat of calcimine. The treatment is sometimes used on perfectly good teeth that recede slightly, thus concealing them in the shadow.

Al Wescott had a queer camera problem last spring when he was shooting one of the big stars of the screen. The lady has good teeth with lots of character, but her two cuspids are very prominent. In certain lights these teeth would throw shadows on their neighbors, with the result that she appeared toothless in those spots. So the poor old camera man was kept humping to see that she smiled only in a full light.

Camouflaged Hips

They say nobody loves a fat man, but in the cinemas this amorous limitation is not confined to men alone; the women are cursed much more than the vainer sex, for fat is the one thing that is taboo in the pictures. In grand opera we can excuse a two-hundred-and-fifty-pound Brunhild if her vocal plumbing is A Number One, but imagine a vamp occupying a chair like a pan of overset dough!

All our American wives who are eating to grow thin could take a lot of lessons from our movie queens, and ours is the hardest task, for so much of the work is out-of-doors in the open sunshine that the poor dears develop outrageous appetites; and yet there is that fat constantly staring them in the face, and it would be lots easier to give up eating than to give up mirrors.

Don't write and ask me the etiquette of the svelte figure, for I don't know it; and Clara won't tell me. She says I've got my troubles cut out guarding my own equator.

Westcott had another queer experience in filming his famous stage beauty. In many ways she was fair to look upon, but she had evidently not fallen for that rolling stunt, and alas, her hips were much too ample. In a scene where she was lying recumbent upon a marble bench her head and shoulders were classically beautiful, but as the eye carried down her figure her right hip stuck up like a snow-capped Alp.

Westcott first thought he'd have the bench scooped out, but Buck, the ever-resourceful electrician, snook up behind and stealthily whispered something in his ear. The hunch was a good one and saved a lot of trouble. By simply draping a piece of black gauze athwart the lady's horizon about four inches were trimmed off her excess undulations; the background being dark the camouflake was perfect.

Most of the aids to beauty suggested here have been by addition, but there are other cases of subtraction besides refining the lady's hips. Our trade is full of optical illusions. Blacken about an inch on both ends of a postcard and see how it appears to narrow it. Now don't you see how even big feet may be narrowed down to a Cinderella last? Light edges to dark shoes and dark edges to light shoes will work pedal miracles.

One of our best illusions is practiced when we are working children in the fairy stuff. In order to make them look small the scenery and props are all made oversize, and actual near-giants make up the cast. The same device is resorted to in a lesser way when our headliners are undertaking juvenile parts. A while ago we were making a picture in which a star of twenty-five was characterizing a mere baby of about seven years. It is true that the star is so small she can easily play juvenile parts, but seven years is getting down, and in order to have the contrast in size convincing, every male member of the cast was six feet tall, and no woman under five feet ten was permitted to participate. The scenery was then built about one-quarter oversize, which brought the doorknobs up to the young lady's shoulder.

Further to reduce the lead to proper relative proportions of the older people, in all the close-ups, which showed the characters only above the waist, she worked on a lower level, platforms four inches high being provided for the Olympian members of the cast.

But Clara Wouldn't Tell

When a mature woman essays the part of a little girl her legs are the greatest give-away; a ten-year-old girl's legs will be heavy at the ankles and knees and rather pipestemmy between; whereas in maturity they round out and become more refined. Fortunately for her, our little queen has retained a boyish figure, and as her legs are quite straight she does the kid stuff better than any of them. But even she shows her maturity when she is photographed head-on. So the director tries to keep her body as much in profile as possible.

I hope I have not given the impression that all our screen beauty is a matter of trickery. Far from it. There are some of the best lookers in the world working in the films, but as black-and-white photography can never be entirely truthful we often have to trick the girls up as a simple matter of fairness. At that, our greatest favorite has such photographic beauty that she makes up less than most women at afternoon teas.

I have said that I know more about beauty than any other man in the U. S. A., but I'll admit that Clara has me stumped on a few personal triumphs of her own. When we built our modest bungalow she insisted upon one luxury—separate dressing apartments. I'm not admitted under any circumstances, so I am not in on the ritual of the services she conducts, but I have to take off my hat to the results. She certainly has all these movie queens looking like the ladies who write liver-pill testimonials.

I know that Clara is thirty-five years old, yet she claims but thirty, and darned if she don't look twenty-five! When I started to write this story I thought she would get real confidential and tip her hand—but not a word. I've done much hinting and snooping, but all to no purpose.

Finally one night as we sat by the fire holding hands as they do in the last twenty feet of film I said:

"Dearie, now, on the square, tell me what you do to keep yourself so gol-darn good looking" —I thought this stuff would go big—"for take it from me, you haven't a client in your class! How do you keep that figure and that skin? Tell me, honey; as your husband I think I am entitled to know."

"Jerry," she smiled, "ask me why does a hen cross the road and I'll answer both your questions."

"Well, then, Mrs. Compo, why does a hen cross the road?" I asked.

And she answered sweetly: "It's none of the rooster's business."

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THE JADE LADY

By Leila Burton Wells

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

IF YOU will get the definition of humor into your head—I had to get it into mine you will agree with me that Fate is a very great humorist. This may sound like a platitude, but when I make a statement it is of course not a platitude to me. If it is to you—well, you're unfortunate! "Humor is that quality of the imagination [according to the dictionary] which gives to ideas a wild and fantastic turn, and tends to excite laughter by ludicrous images and representations."

Reading this definition I thought sympathetically of all the humorists I know. They are sad people! After the passage of a few years the witty sallies they put forth are about as ponderous as the British tanks—and as deadly. But in spite of eons of time having rolled over her head, Fate can still make us laugh at her little jokes—that is, if they are not directed at ourselves; and in proof of this contention I submit what happened to Cicily Waynne, and the fact that it happened just because she burst into her brother's room late one afternoon, enthused over the idea of renting her studio; and because she had thrown a sport coat over a flame-colored painting smock, and crushed a sport hat down over her blue-black hair.

"Do You Know, Dear, When I Compare the Love of Other People to Ours, I Feel So Sorry for Them!"

Cicily was very pretty—most heroines are, on paper. The public likes them that way and we're taught not to say "Damn the public"—in public! Nobody knows what we say in private. But Cicily really was pretty. Not that she would have cared a rap if she hadn't been; her mind was set—so she said—on loftier things!

On the afternoon of which I am writing, when she stood at the door of her brother's room talking excitedly, there happened—of course—to be a man seated in a leather chair by the window. The man was Mr. Reginald Starr Vandermart, whose name spells Wall Street and Bethlehem Steel and steam yachts and strings of diamonds and pearls and any other sordid trifles of that sort you can think of. It is known to telephone-booth girls; the newsboys on the street; incidentally to the Metropolitan box holder; and especially to the Fifth Avenue tradesman.

Mr. Vandermart was young, ugly, healthy and had never been refused. The latter fact induced something in him that seemed like egotism, but was only weariness. A refusal or two lends excitement to life and inspiration to endeavor.

On the day of which I am writing, when Cicily left the room, calling back over her shoulder "Remember: Artistically furnished; steam heated; free sunlight; kitchenette; by lady going West," Mr. Vandermart asked lazily: "Who is she?"

Her brother groaned. "My sister."

"Didn't know you had a sister ——"

"Have, though." Another groan. "Sort of feminine black sheep we keep in the family cupboard. Went to college and came home an anarchist or socialist or individualist or something with *ist* on the end of it. Paints bad pictures in a two by four in Washington Square. Won't live with the family—calls it bondage. Hates men. Ultra-modern, cubanistic, rottenistic stuff, you know ——"

"Like to meet her," said Mr. Vandermart, still lazily.

"Meet her!" Her brother sat up straight. "Meet her, my dear chap! Why, she'd scorn to meet you. She's too darned sure rich men won't enter the kingdom of heaven. Believes everything's created equal, and rubbish of that sort, you know. If you are born in a decent place you must go and live in an indecent to even it up for the chap who picked the rotter. If you have a fortune, give it away to the first man you meet who hasn't one; and if you haven't, curse the man who has!"

Mr. Vandermart laughed. "Still like to meet her," he observed.

"But, my dear chap"—her brother was irritated—"didn't Jimmy Hyer keep at me for a month to take him round, and when I mentioned casually that one of my friends sought an introduction she remarked that she'd rather be dropped in boiling oil or something cheerful like that, than know a man who had grown fat—poor old Jimmy's a bit round, you know—on bread snatched from the mouths of women and children; and all because the dear old chap owned a block of tenements he didn't know needed repairs."

Mr. Vandermart smoked a while longer. Then he leaned forward and spoke for several minutes—convincingly. When he had finished her brother laughed, slouched back in his chair and laughed again.

"You'll get the worst of it," he warned. "You don't know her. And I'm from Missouri. By Jove, you'd have to bring me some pretty concrete evidence!"

"Oh, I'll bring concrete evidence enough," said Mr. Vandermart airily. "It isn't very hard to bring concrete evidence."

Which statement shows that Mr. Vandermart didn't know what he was talking about; but we mustn't hold it up against him—so few of us do. "My dear fellow," said a man to me the other day, "have you any idea that you've been talking like an ass for ten minutes?" "I wouldn't have done it if I had," said I, offended. "I hope not," said he with a peculiarly offensive accent on the "hope," and walked away. But I've wandered from the point of my story—and they say that's the first sign of insanity. I'm not an expert on insanity, so I don't know whether it's best to lose a point insanely or hold on to it insanely. I've suffered from both efforts, but—to begin!

Miss Cicily Waynne was very busy indeed; so busy that her tiny studio looked like the Bagdad corner in a charity bazaar. Vases and bric-a-brac were piled on tables, silken things were piled on chairs, and packing boxes were on the floor ready to receive anything of value; for if you rent an apartment furnished it's not ethical to leave anything valuable in it. The ugly and serviceable is what the new occupant is supposed to pay his monthly rent for. Cicily followed precedent. She wouldn't have done it if she had thought much about it, for she was a bona-fide socialist; but she just followed from a sort of prehistoric see-how-little-you-can-leave instinct.

An unfinished picture of an unpleasant landscape was on the easel. Every now and then Cicily went over and cocked her head on one side and put a merciless daub of paint somewhere. The landscape would have groaned if it had had a groan left! The daub applied, Miss Waynne wiped her paintbrush on the front of her painting smock and sighed. It was the same painting smock she had worn on another epoch-making occasion, and it had the colors of the sunset sky splashed over the front; and the effect with sapphire eyes and black hair was stunning—but still Cicily sighed.

Many people had viewed the studio and left with bitter faces. People are always bitter if you have anything to sell or rent. The last seeker had cast a censoring glance at the table, where some art relics reposed waiting for the packers' hands and had remarked with caustic voice and lowered eyelids: "Of course if I take the place those—er—naked things will have to be removed—especially that!" pointing an accusing finger at a statuette in jade of a heathen goddess, very ugly and surprisingly unclothed.

"I wouldn't think of leaving her!" said Cicily, taking the jade goddess to her bosom! "It is very valuable, but of course"—with a disdainful glance—"she must be known to be appreciated." Cicily mixed her genders a trifle, but when one is angry even grammar is not safe

"The less known the better!" remarked the renter, sniffing. Cicily showed her to the door.

She came back, sat down and looked round her. Disconsolately she set the jade goddess on the table, lifted her eyes to the ceiling and exclaimed "Art!" in a terrible voice. The bell rang.

She went and pressed the button that opens the door that lets you in, and then stood waiting.

Steps on the stair—groping steps. The hall was dark. A pause, more steps. Then a knock.

Cicily opened the door. A man stood there—a tall, thin man, immaculately garbed, a man young and ugly, with a shock of drab hair and gray eyes that twinkled.

"I believe you have a studio to rent," said the young man, mechanically taking in at a glance the blue-black hair and the flame-colored gown and belligerent attitude.

"I have," said Cicily. "But not"—with a rejecting glance—"a bachelor studio."

There was a pause. Cicily had been told once by a palmist that she was psychic. Since then she had deduced a good many things about people that she thought were nearly always right and other people thought nearly always wrong. She deduced something wrong about this young man at once.

However, her pause had given him a breathing space, and looking over her shoulder he saw something that caused his eyes to twinkle. It was the painting.

No palmist had ever told the ugly man that he was psychic, but a thing called horse sense had told him that when he wanted to get next to a man he had only to find his weak spot and play on it. He couldn't see why what

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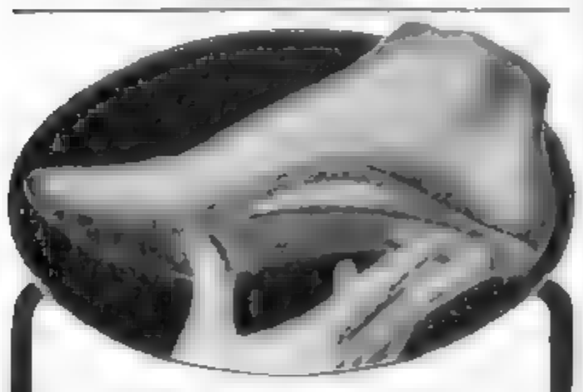

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was horse sense for a gander shouldn't be horse sense for a goose, so he took a shot at it.

"You're an artist, I see," he murmured, fixing an eye on the landscape seen over Cicily's shoulder and trusting that it registered sufficient awe and admiration.

Cicily turned to follow the admiring eye. She looked at her beloved. It was as sweet to her as a homely child's face is to an admiring parent. She moved a hair's breadth to one side.

"Yes, I paint—a little," she said in the proud and patient tone of undiscovered genius.

"A futurist?" questioned the young man, moving boldly forward into the hair's breadth. "A charming hill that, in the distance!" pointing with his cane.

"It's better in the light." She moved to the other side of the room. He followed her obediently. They looked at the picture.

"Superb!" said the young man heroically. "Is it for sale?"

Cicily trembled. "It isn't quite finished."

She touched the young man on the sleeve. "If you look at it in this light," she said.

"Gladly," consented he, delighted that horse sense instead of psychic sense was at the bat.

They moved and stood side by side again.

"If you'll pardon me," he said, "I think this light ——" He touched her on the sleeve. They moved again.

"Well, per-haps," said Cicily, her head on one side.

There was a very long silence. The ugly young man was looking out of the corner of his eye—not at the picture. He saw a lot of things not painted in landscapes in heaven or earth, and had some thoughts too silly for publication. His thoughts about her at length arranged themselves in tabulated form. They read something like this:

"Awfully black hair. Cute little ears. Long eyelashes. Little curl at the back of her neck. Gee-whiz, but her eyes change color when she talks! Green now. Bet a dollar she could love a fellow all right if she got started!"

Cicily suddenly moved and flushed. "But you wanted to see the studio," she said austerely, offended to think she had allowed herself to stand in intimate silence with a mere man.

"Of course—the studio," repeated the tabulator, flushing also.

Cicily opened a door and showed a small room containing a tiny bed and a dressing table.

"This," she said coldly, "is the bedroom." She passed swiftly through. The young man followed. "And the kitchenette"—opening the door of a closet.

"Where is it?" asked the prospective owner, bewildered.

"In this cupboard, of course—to economize space," explained the original lessee. "Here are the sink and China shelves and electric stove, all within reach; and"—suiting the action to the word—"when you are through you just shut the door and no one would ever know you had a kitchenette."

"Would they know you had had a dinner?" asked the ugly young man, and he twinkled.

Cicily did not twinkle.

"By Jove!" gasped the twinkler to himself. "No sense of humor!" For a moment he was staggered, and in the next was possessed of an insatiable desire to teach Cicily to twinkle.

Now twinkles are born not made; still one can produce a pretty fair imitation by instruction. The young man thought Cicily was worth the trouble. It was a pretty big job, but he thought he could tackle it. We think we can do so many things—before marriage.

They wandered back to the sitting room. Cicily did not sit down. The ugly young man knew his ejection was approaching. He looked desperately round him for the concrete evidence. His eye caught sight of his hat and gloves—and something else on the table. He hesitated a moment, then leaned on the edge of the table and tried to turn pale.

"What is it?" inquired Cicily, regarding him with unsympathetic eyes.

"Could I—I beg your pardon—but could I—could you get me a glass of water? I don't feel very fit."

The young man closed his eyes and in a weak voice muttered something about a heart attack.

Cicily hesitated. Then "Certainly," she said frigidly, and walked through the bedroom to the kitchenette.

When she returned the young man was seated where she had left him—near the table. She handed him the glass of water. He took it, drank thirstily, and then murmuring a word of thanks started to move toward the door. Cicily followed him, the psychic sense beginning to work. Why was he leaving so hastily? Why did his eyes shift before hers? What was that bulge at his breast pocket?

The drab young man had his hand on the doorknob. He opened the door. The stairs and safety yawned behind him.

"I'm afraid," he said politely, "that I'll have to hurry along ——"

"Not yet!" said Cicily. Her voice was like a pistol shot.

"Not yet!" Her eyes were fastened on the vest pocket; a green head protruded therefrom. A head that she knew! A lady's head! "I think that you have a piece of my property," she remarked acidly.

The man started. He saw from the look in Cicily's eye that she was not to be trifled with, and something that no less a person than Kipling had said about the female of the species returned to terrify him.

"By Jove!" he gasped. "I've got to make a sneak for it." And like a flash he turned and almost fell down the first step of the stairs.

"Robber!" said Cicily contemptuously, and laid unlawful hands on something! It happened to be the man's coat tails. He took a step forward, and Cicily, to brace herself, sat down on the stairs. One, two, three steps the man took. Bump! Bump! Bump! went Cicily after him. He paused for very shame and cast a horrified glance backward. It was not a romantic position.

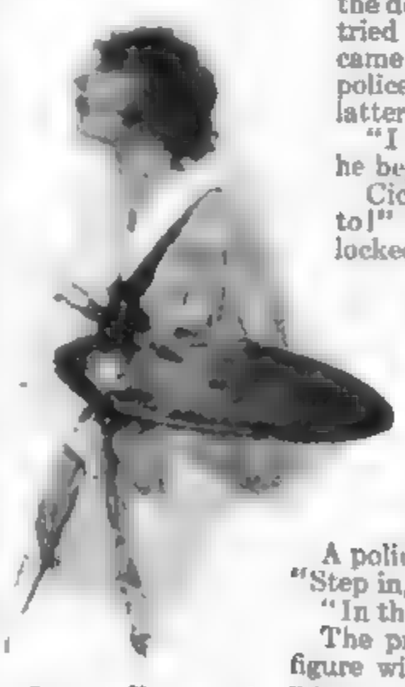
"Let go!" he panted. "You've made a mistake. I can explain ——"

"Conscienceless robber!" said Cicily, and lifted her voice and screamed.

"Hush! You'll wake the neighborhood," groaned the man.

"Help! Murder! Thief!" screamed Cicily. And then, I'm sorry to say, the man said "Damn!" and made a decision. It was a bad one, but at the moment it looked good to him. His coat seemed to be the bone of contention. It was a good coat, a new coat; but he had a taxi outside, which suggested flight and shelter. He also had a maxim inside, bred in the bone of his American manhood: "If a woman wants a thing let her have it." He wanted his coat, but so, evidently, did the lady. He let the lady have it.

For a moment Cicily saw stars and heard in a dream a masculine voice saying: "First time I ever fled from the arms of a lady." And she knew she had caught something, but not the man! Now she wanted the man and she was not to be deceived by a scarecrow coat. She cast it swiftly from her, and lifted her voice again; lifted it loudly and stridently.



Every Now and Then Cicily Cocked Her Head on One Side and Put a Merciless Dash of Paint Somewhere

Hatless, coatless, horrified, the man tore open the door and fled for his life! Into the street he went, looking frantically up and down for his taxi. It was standing by the shade trees in the park a few yards away. He dashed across the pavement, almost upsetting a baby carriage. Cicily's voice came to his agonized ear! She was after him.

"Stop him! Robber! Thief! Police!"

Thief! A tramp, leaping from one of the park benches, made a swift pass at the white-shirted figure. It skidded and turned toward the Fifth Avenue bus stand. A clamor rose to high heaven. The earth belched forth a crowd. The man looked wildly from right to left. Children closed round his legs like snapping terriers. A man caught him; another, and yet another. He went down, groaning.

Miss Waynne approached and stood looking down at the struggling figure, cold, self-possessed and accusing.

"Hold him!" she directed in an executive voice. "He's a desperate man!"

The desperate man twinkled and almost grinned. He'd have twinkled at that tone on a scaffold.

"What's the matter?" demanded a policeman, pushing his way through the crowd.

"A thief," said Cicily calmly. "A wretched felon."

"Not a felon," protested the prisoner pleadingly.

"Broke into my studio."

"Beg pardon. Walked in"—weakly.

"Walked in and stole a valuable piece of property."

"Where is the piece of property?" demanded the policeman.

"On the prisoner's person." Cicily pointed an accusing finger at a bulging vest pocket. The prisoner struggled.

"No you don't!"

The policeman bent down and rose again. He held the jade lady in his hand.

"Is this the piece of property?" he asked, turning to Cicily.

"It is."

A titter from the crowd.

"What is it?"

"A loidy what fergot her chemise," piped a shrill, childish voice.

"A jade statuette worth a hundred and fifty dollars," said Cicily passionately.

The policeman prodded the prone figure. "Come on, you!"

The prisoner struggled to his feet. His trousers were dusty and crumpled. His shock of drab hair was on end and his tie under one ear. He was acutely conscious of these several facts.

"Oh, come now," he said; "do you know who I am?"

"No, but I'm going to," observed the policeman suavely. "You'll have to come and swear out a warrant, miss"—turning to Cicily.

"Certainly," said Miss Waynne, her head high. "I'll have to get my hat and coat." She started to cross the street.

"Good Lord!" expostulated the prisoner, now thoroughly horrified. "Stop a minute! I know your brother."

"He knows her brother!" jeered the crowd. The prisoner strove with his captors; he turned to the policeman.

"You can't lock me up. Don't you see I'm a gentleman?"

"You bet I see it," said the policeman jocundly; "and I've seen a lot more gentlemen like you in ——"

"Hell!" said the prisoner, losing his equanimity.

"No, just Sing Sing," observed the policeman.

Cicily was running lightly up the steps to her front door. It was the same door from which she had issued so tempestuously but a few moments ago. She turned the doorknob, tried it, struggled with it, tried it again. Then she turned and came slowly down the steps to where the policeman with his prisoner stood. The latter importuned her with his eyes.

"I implore you, Miss Waynne ——" he began.

Cicily ignored him. "The door's swung to!" she explained in distress. "I'm locked out. I can't get my hat and coat."

The policeman looked the garishly attired figure over from head to foot, and whistled. The prisoner could not forbear a twinkle. It was a twinkle in the wrong place.

Cicily set her lips and lifted her head. "I'll go as I am," she said defiantly, "rather than let this creature escape!"

A police wagon lumbered up to the curb. "Step in," said the policeman.

"In there!" Cicily shrank back.

The prisoner looked at the blue-coated figure with the club, at the iron-screened wagon, and at Cicily with her flame-colored gown. He threw back his head and laughed.

"Oh, this is rich!" he choked.

"Rich!" gasped Cicily indignantly.

"Rich!" repeated the policeman. "It's laughing you'll be on the other side of your face when the judge makes it three years. Get in with you!"

"The devil I will!" said the prisoner. "My good man, you don't know what you're doing, and who you're talking to."

He made a lurch. Something caught him and he heard a strange little click. He had heard of cold steel before but never felt it. He looked dizzily down at his wrists. "Handcuffs!" he whispered, and a cold sweat broke out all over him. He held out his hands to Cicily.

"It will be in all the papers!" he gasped. "I can explain. Don't be foolish!"

(Continued on Page 65)

Passing the Buck to Dr. Lavendar and Mr. Jones

When we recently printed a letter from Dr. C. B. Lavendar, who got 25,000 miles from one Empire, and another from Mr. H. W. Jones, who got 34,000, several of our old friends rose to a point of order.

They reminded us that, whereas both of the above records were made on Ford cars, the original reputation of Empires was won on the big, high-powered cars that give a tire the hardest test.

Which leads us to print the following letter:

"Empire Rubber and Tire Co., Trenton, N. J.

Three years ago, Almendinger & Closson purchased two Red Non-Skid 37 x 5 casings for their heavy seven-passenger Kissel Kar.

These tires have been subjected to the hardest of tests, all kinds of roads, all kinds of weather, and all kinds of loads.

The car was sold about a year ago to Mr. W. Buck and, while in one sense of the word it was 'Passing (to) the Buck,' the tires are still going, and Mr. Buck has purchased two more for the front. These tires have run more than 21,000 miles and are not ready to be 'scrapped' yet.

Hale Motor Company, Benton Harbor, Mich."

There is a record made by *two* Empires, both on the same heavy car, and both not only running up a huge mileage, but lasting through three seasons.

As we have said before, there is some danger in quoting such experiences, as not every car owner can expect to get a tremendous mileage like this.

Yet these big records do have significance when you take into consideration that the *average* Empire in *average* running is delivering to the *average* owner a tremendous surplus of extra miles.

For 30 years the Empire Rubber & Tire Company of Trenton, N. J., have been making rubber goods of all kinds that have been famous for their long life. They have never turned out a better product than the Empire tires and tubes of today.

Come to the Empire store and find out for yourself.

You may not get a record-breaking mileage on one tire, but you will get a great deal higher average on four tires than you ever thought was possible.

The Empire Tire Dealer

No, It Isn't Clean

Not your beaten rug, not your scrubbed home, not your brushed clothing. Not anything in which germs may lurk. The vital step to a really clean home is to fumigate each room.

After Winter Fumigate Everything

This is the time when every room, and everything in it, needs thorough fumigation.

It means little trouble, little time. Take out the plants only, shut the room and light a B&B Fumigator.

The germ-killing gas will then penetrate every crevice, every fabric, harming nothing. You will have an aseptic room.

Not Merely After Sickness

Too many homes are fumigated after sickness only. After serious contagion, one is forced to fumigation.

But colds, influenza and grippe are contagious, too. Their germs should be destroyed. So with all germs that lurk in dark places or breed in close rooms.

The way to rid the home of them is gaseous fumigation.

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Formaldehyde Fumigator

Simply Light the Wick

One of the Double-Sure Products

Take No Risk in Moving

If you move this spring, have your new home fumigated. You do not know what disease germs others may have left there

Have your landlord fumigate, or fumigate yourself. It is a short, cheap road to safety

This means simply to apply to your own home, common modern-day precautions Pullman sleepers are fumigated regularly Scientific cleaning must include it.

Your home will seem cleaner, safer, more inviting when you know the rooms are germ-free. And you will feel a satisfaction which you cannot feel without it.

Ask for Pamphlet

B&B Formaldehyde Fumigators come in sizes for different rooms. They accord with Government standards, which means twice the usual strength.

They are very convenient. You simply light the wick. They are not costly—one dollar will fumigate the average room. You are sure of efficient fumigation when you get B&B.

Ask us for our pamphlet on proper fumigation. Or, ask your druggist today for B&B Formaldehyde Fumigators, and use them as directed.

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(Continued from Page 62)

The word "foolish" did it. He admits he ought not to have said it. He should have selected a less inflaming word. A whole dictionary full was at his service and he had gone and taken just the wrong one.

Without a retort Cicily climbed into the yawning abyss of the police wagon.

The prisoner shuddered. He had been brought up very carefully, and at his mother's knees he had learned never to take a ride in a police wagon. It was permissible to ride on a coach, go tandem, grace the top of a Fifth Avenue bus, even ride astride a cowcatcher for a thrill; but he must shun the long, narrow conveyance with the wire-latticed sides. The prisoner had ever been a dutiful son and he felt called upon to protest. The protest landed him red and panting on one of the slippery seats, opposite to which a red-garbed and determined lady was seated. The policeman swung up on the step; the crowd hooted and the wagon started. Some small boys hung for a moment like a trail of smoke and then fell away.

Silence inside the police wagon! For some reason the prisoner's heart was beating madly. It was a heart that had known all kinds of beats, but this particular brand puzzled it. It was a new brand, and for some unknown reason the prisoner felt it was going to be expensive and might be permanent. Black hair and sapphire-colored eyes—the kind that is cheap in Ireland and expensive in America—affected him unwontedly; and when combined with a flame-colored gown that clasped a white throat as tightly as a Venetian necklace—why, it makes you forget handcuffs and police wagons and immaterial things of that sort.

"By Jove," he decided enthusiastically, "it was worth it!"

Now no mere man could have understood a remark of this kind, nor would he have taken it personally or been in any way offended; but Cicily, being a woman, knew by the look in the prisoner's eyes that he meant something personal and insulting by the remark. Of course she couldn't explain to the blue-coated figure beside her representing the law just what it was or why she was outraged; for on the surface the remark was all right and on the surface the look was all right—but deeper! Well, any woman would know, but no man could understand.

Under the circumstances the only thing she could do with dignity was to drop her eyes. They fell on the prisoner's hands. She told herself that even if she had not known she would have been able to swear before a court that they were the hands of a thief. Long and slim, with agile fingers! A very valuable ring was on the little finger of the left hand—probably stolen! She had studied palmistry, and hands had a peculiar fascination for her. She wondered how much those hands opposite had accumulated; when; where? A gentleman thief undoubtedly.

And, strange as it may seem, the prisoner opposite was thinking about hands too. Not thieving hands. No, he was thinking of soft, white hands fingering the cups and saucers in a little cupboard. The kind of hands to pour out coffee in the morning behind a big urn, and smooth the hair back from a fellow's brow when he came home tired in the evening. Somewhere back in the thievish brain of the man opposite there lingered the memory of a pair of hands that had hovered over him in childhood, that had tucked covers about his neck and held chubby fingers when he went into dreamland to fight highway robbers, hands that had pressed his face against a gentle bosom and smoothed bruised spots with tenderest touch.

"Confound it!" he said aloud. "What makes your hands remind me of hers?"

Cicily jumped; so did the policeman. He turned and regarded the prisoner with a diagnosing eye. He shook his head and touched his forehead. "Bats!" he said.

"I wish I could think so," remarked Cicily with scorn. She regarded the prisoner keenly, her psychic sense alert. "What did you mean by speaking of hands?" she demanded. "I was thinking of hands too." She paused. "I was thinking of the hands of a thief," she added grimly.

The prisoner twinkled. "I was thinking of the hands of my mother," he said, and felt he had scored a point.

The motor stopped.

"The police station," said the officer.

A thrill went through Cicily. It seemed to go through the prisoner too. His face flushed and then went pale. He leaned forward.

"Oh, come now, Miss Waynne!" he importuned. "You don't want to go before a police court. Make us both ridiculous. 'Pon my word, you'll regret ——"

"Will you restrain this man from addressing me?" said Cicily, turning haughtily to the officer of the law.

"Shut up," advised the officer succinctly, "and come along!"

The prisoner, with a haunted glance to right and left, climbed awkwardly to the ground. He was acutely conscious of his handcuffed hands, disheveled hair and coatless figure; also of the very unusual garb of the lady he was escorting. A small street urchin running up pointed his finger and raised his voice.

"Soy! They've run in a loidy from the Hippodrome," he cried, thrilling with excitement. "Come on, everybody ——"

"Get us inside, man!" stammered the prisoner. "Damn it all ——"

Cicily heard no more, for everything got black, until a voice said: "For what have you arrested this woman, officer?" Then her eyes snapped open as swiftly as a wax doll's. She looked round. She was in a small, square room. There was a railing in front of her with a wooden desk behind it. There was a man behind the desk with buckwheat-colored cheeks; and some blue-coated men lurked behind him like the chorus at a theater. It was from the buckwheat-cheeked man that the voice issued: "For what did you arrest this woman, officer?"

"He didn't arrest me!" Cicily gasped. "How dare you say he arrested me?"

The policeman pushed his prisoner forward. "It's the man, sorr," he explained. "Thief, sorr. Lady wants to swear out a warrant ——"

The prisoner cast an agonized glance round him. There were no black-coated individuals with pads and pencils in their hands in the room. He breathed more freely. He looked at Cicily. Her knees were knocking together. He saw it. He could not restrain a triumphant expression from crossing his face. She saw that. She lifted her head.

"You accuse this man?"

"I d-do!"

"Your name?"

"Cicily Waynne."

"Profession?"

"Artist."

"Residence?"

"Washington Square, South."

"Of what do you accuse the prisoner?"

"Theft!"

The accused shrank and shivered; then remembering the calm insouciance of Raffles and Arsene Lupin he felt that the least he could do was to offer them the compliment of imitation.

"Would you mind calling it kleptomania?" he inquired with sudden languor. "I have enough money for that."

"Of entering my studio under the pretense of desiring to rent, and stealing an ornament worth a hundred and fifty dollars."

The prisoner winced. The policeman extracted the jade lady from his pocket and advanced to the desk. He set her down under the sergeant's nose. Cicily held her head high. The sergeant peered through his glasses.

"What is it?" he demanded.

The chorus laughed. The prisoner twinkled. Cicily held her head higher than ever.

"She says 'tis a jaded woman, sorr; 'twas found on the prisoner's person."

"It is a jade statuette—very valuable," protested Cicily. "While I was procuring a glass of water this—this—this man stole it from the table. When I discovered it on his person he refused to give it up, struggled and broke away from me! When I c-caught his coat he—he"—a little gulp—"got out of the coat—and slipped away, forcing me—to run—r-run out into the street just as I am."

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The favorite sampler

"Started in 1842"

Men who like their candy gifts to create more than the usual pleasure, with something of "surprise" added, are very apt to send the Sampler. Certainly few women can resist the quaint charm of its appeal, or the daintiness and originality of its sweets.

The Sampler typifies Whitman's—famous since 1842. Each dainty chocolate and confection in this unique assortment is a delightful "sample" of the quality which has won for Whitman's a national reputation and a national vogue.

The Sampler is sold by the leading drug stores (nearly everywhere) which are Whitman agents. One dollar the pound, or we will mail a Sampler to you, postpaid, on receipt of your order, if no agent is near you.

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Every foot of every roll of genuine G & B PEARL Wire Cloth carries two copper wires woven in the selvage. This identification mark is a warrant of quality and a guarantee of uniformity in weaving and manufacture.

For G & B PEARL *does* wear. The century-old house of Gilbert & Bennett have a secret process of rust proofing which is possessed by no other concern. That's why imitations of PEARL are inferior and you get most for your money by insisting on the real article.

No-sag, no-bag screens that look well—stay clean—are easy on the eyes and so far outwear painted and galvanized wires that there can be no comparison—that's what PEARL offers YOU.

Quality dealers everywhere sell "PEARL"—the quality screening. Ask your retailer or write us for literature if door, window or porch screening interests you this Spring. Address Dept. N

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New York Georgetown, Conn. Chicago Kansas City

G & B PEARL is made in two weights—regular and extra heavy

The best hardware dealer in your city sells "PEARL"

The buckwheat-faced man turned. "Have you anything to say in your defense, prisoner?"

The ugly young man took a step forward. "It seems hardly polite," he said easily, "to contradict a lady, but I have been unjustly accused. You will at once see how absurd it is that I should—steal an object worth a hundred and fifty dollars when I tell you that money is no object to me. I am unfortunate enough to be a millionaire!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Order!" said the sergeant, turning to the chorus. He leaned toward the prisoner, seeking to compose his face. "May I ask," he inquired blandly, as if athirst for information, "just what particular brand of a millionaire you are?"

"Feigning insanity," admonished Cicily, touching the sergeant on the arm. "Don't be deceived."

The sergeant nodded. "I am seldom deceived," he said. He regarded the prisoner suspiciously.

"If, as you say, you are a millionaire, perhaps you will be good enough to inform us what motive led you to enter this lady's apartment and steal a—a " He looked at Cicily.

"Valuable ornament," she interpolated. " valuable ornament. You must have had some motive."

The prisoner flushed. He looked at his accuser and looked away. "My motive I am not at liberty to divulge," he said.

"I see. And perhaps you are not at liberty to divulge your name, Mr. ——"

"Vandermart—Reginald Starr Vandermart."

Everybody roared. Even the sergeant permitted himself a grin. The policeman touched his forehead. "A regular merry-go-round," he said pityingly.

"No," said Cicily, "the ruse of an exceedingly clever criminal!"

The criminal twinkled. Somehow he couldn't look at Cicily without twinkling.

"Oh, come now, Miss Waynne," he protested. "I know your brother "

The door opened and a small dark head showed itself. The head belonged to a slim young man who had a pad and pencil.

"Great story for you, Kenny," grunted the sergeant, waving his hand. "Housebreaker—calling himself Mr. Reginald Vandermart. Some hot-air artist."

"A reporter!" groaned the prisoner and covered his face.

The newcomer bounded forward. "Reginald Vandermart!" he gasped in an awed whisper, peering into the prisoner's face. "Oh, I say—some story!"

"I presume," suggested the sergeant, addressing the prisoner again, "that you have some proof of your—er—identity, Mr.—er—Vandermart."

"Only my word," said the prisoner proudly.

"Search him!" said the sergeant.

"Unfortunate man!" exclaimed Cicily dramatically.

The prisoner turned his head. "You are right, Miss Waynne," he said. "I am unfortunate. You're looking for proof that I'm Reginald Vandermart and not some unknown thief. Well, that unknown thief is probably a lot richer than I with all my millions ——"

"Say, don't wake him! Ain't it some pipe dream!" choked a member of the chorus.

"Order!"

The policeman approached the desk with some objects in his hand. He laid them down before the sergeant.

"Supposing it really were Reginald!" gasped the reporter in horror. He laid his hand on Cicily's arm and drew her aside. They whispered. She nodded. The reporter went to the telephone booth and submerged.

The sergeant was scowling over the evidence before him.

"Three hundred dollars in bills, a gold watch marked R V, and some newspaper clippings," he murmured.

He took up the watch and turned it over in his hands and looked at the prisoner. "How did you obtain this watch?"

The prisoner twinkled. "The way most watches are obtained. I went into a store, bought and paid for it!"

"It is stolen!" affirmed Cicily with passion. "Stolen from Mr. Vandermart—just as he stole my jade."

"Exactly," concurred the sergeant.

"Oh, come now, Miss Waynne! I couldn't steal a watch from myself!" The prisoner was reproachful.

The sergeant scowled. "You persist in asserting that you are Reginald Vandermart?"

"Who else can I be?" demanded the prisoner, shrugging his shoulders. "I confess I should be glad to be someone else. The mere sight of my face in front of a tradesman elicits the dollar mark. I spell only mere money to women. My friends may belong to me and maybe to my millions. Why shouldn't I want to be someone else?"

The sergeant regarded the evidence under his hand. "You're a pretty clever actor, my good fellow," he observed sarcastically; "but you've been caught with stolen goods on your person, and your story's a bit thin. You have no proof to offer that this watch marked R V, this money and these letters have not been stolen from Mr. Vandermart, whose name you have assumed. Believe me, we're onto all those little games. It's the lockup for you. Take him away, officer!"

"The devil you will!" The prisoner struck out wildly with his handcuffed hands. He lurched toward the desk and pounded on it with unpleasant violence. He choked:

"You—you —— Do you think I'm going to let you pull off an absurdity like this? Keep your hands off me! Money isn't much, but by the Lord Harry it'll do some things!"

"Restrain that man!"

"Look out! I've got a Yale kick."

Cicily screamed. The chorus scrambled down through the gateway of the railing.

"Hold him!" besought Cicily. "He's murderous!"

"Wait!" wailed the reporter, dancing round. "I've telephoned for Miss Waynne's brother and the city editor. They know Mr. Vandermart."

"Take him away!" thundered the buckwheat-faced man, white with rage.

The prisoner lurched toward the desk again. His shirt was torn from his arm, his hair was like wind-tossed hay. There was blood in his eye.

"Wait!" begged the reporter. "It might be ——"

The chorus closed in. They bore the struggling figure to the door. It opened! A young man stood in the aperture—a cool, dapper, well-dressed young man.

Face to face with the unlovely thing the chorus bore onward he paused, startled, looked again. Then surprise, incredulity and at last a grin spread over his face. The grin was wide, triumphant and comprehensive. His eye wandered to the woman in the case. The grin became more comprehensive. Cicily flew toward him. She caught hold of his arm.

"Who is this man?" demanded the sergeant, scowling.

Cicily turned. "My brother. He ——"

The prisoner struggled toward the dapper young man. It was not a handsome struggle. He kicked out right and left.

"Steady, Reggie, steady! Look out for that kick, men. He was famous for making the goal."

The door opened. A tall, thin, important-looking man came in.

"The city editor," said the young reporter.

The sergeant puffed up his buckwheat-colored cheeks and puffed out his blue-coated chest.

"Hell of a mix-up, Mr. Craig ——" he began.

"Says he's Vandermart," gasped the cub reporter, indicating him whom the chorus strove with. "Some story! Scoop for the paper. Thief—housebreaker—lady in the case. If it is Reggie Vandermart ——"

The city editor strode over to the prisoner. He looked into the gray eyes. They showed him rage, demand and pleading in quick succession.

The city editor made an authoritative motion to the sergeant. The sergeant made a motion to the chorus. The chorus released the prisoner. He strode over to the desk and spoke. What he said will not be stated. He might have said less if he had had time to think. We will give him the benefit of the doubt. The air was blue.

The city editor smiled. "It's Mr. Vandermart," he said.

"Hello, Reggie," said the dapper young man, advancing. "I told you you would get the worst of it. Say, what was the concrete evidence you picked?"

Cicily turned pale. It's unpleasant to find a man isn't a thief, all in a minute like that. She grew very pale and then flushed.

"Do you mean to tell me," she whispered, "that this—this—man is Mr. Vandermart?"

(Concluded on Page 69)

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An Expert Buyer's Statement

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THE kitchen is the *real* battleground in the war on waste, and the Hoosier Cabinet is the biggest factor in home defense. For America depends on her housewives to save their time and strength as well as food.

Worn-out womanhood would be a national weakness. Mark this.

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The Hoosier cuts kitchen work nearly half.

It saves food by preventing waste in measuring and mixing and by keeping supplies in protected places.

By providing places for 400 articles within arm's reach it saves miles of steps.

It is scientifically arranged, with the most used articles nearest at hand.

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The wide uncluttered cupboard provides ample work-space above the sliding table top.

The Revolving Rack of Six Glass jars keeps spices air-tight and ever-ready.

The patented Shaker Flour Sifter shakes out flour light and fluffy instead of grinding flour and grit through a sieve.

The Hoosier Two-Way Sugar Bin holds twice the ordinary amount.

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Hoosier experts have experimented thousands of times to perfect this "automatic servant."

Now Hoosier's Council of Kitchen Scientists pronounce it as efficient as can be made.

Accept One On Trial

The authorized Hoosier dealer in your town will deliver this cabinet on convenient terms.

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Before-war prices are now offered on popular models. But war-time demand compels us to limit each dealer's supply

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HOOSIER
KITCHEN CABINET

(Concluded from Page 66)

Her brother grinned. "Reginald Starr—You've made a mess of it, sis; as usual."

The city editor advanced to the erstwhile prisoner.

"I want to thank you for that contribution to our tobacco fund, Mr. Vandermart," he said gratefully, holding out his hand.

"Don't mention it," said the contributor mechanically; but he was not listening; his eyes were in an inevitable place.

The sergeant cleared his throat. "Even," he said, clearing it again—"even if the prisoner's identity as Mr. Vandermart is established—even, I say, if it is established, he still stands charged with the theft of this lady's property; and unless she consents to withdraw her charge I have no authority to release him."

"Oh, come now!"

The city editor threw back his head and laughed. So did the dapper young man. So did the cub reporter.

Cicily advanced to the center of the room.

"The name of Reginald Vandermart," she said haughtily, "means no more to me than that of the poorest day laborer; in fact, it means less. I came here to swear out a warrant. A man entered my house and stole a piece of property. That the man's name happens to be Reginald Vandermart makes not the slightest difference in the world."

Her brother groaned. "Do you want the whole darned thing in the papers?" he demanded.

She held her head high. "I have nothing to fear from publicity."

The sergeant coughed. "Then unless Mr. Vandermart can clear himself ——" he began, and looked away.

"Clear himself!" The dapper young man got red in the face.

"Not here!" warned the prisoner, indicating with a glance the cub reporter and the city editor.

"Yes, here!" said the dapper young man recklessly.

He took hold of his sister's arm. Not gently. I am ashamed to say he shook it. "Look here, sis," he said, "you're making it so infernally uncomfortable for everybody that I'll have to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Mr. Vandermart did go to your studio. It was a little bet between us—just for fun, you know. He bet me he could get in to talk to you and bring me back something so I'd know he'd been there. I bet he couldn't. That was all there was to it. He went. He didn't go to steal—just to bring back something—concrete evidence, you know. I was to return it all right, whatever it was. Now you know the whole blamed thing. And if you'd had any sense everything would have been all right and we would have had a nice little laugh ——"

The prisoner groaned. He avoided the sapphire eyes; he knew his hour had come.

"Had any sense! A nice little laugh!" repeated Miss Waynne bitterly.

She turned; she drew herself to her full height. She took a step nearer the prisoner. His eyes besought mercy. He did not twinkle.

"You made a—a—bet that you could enter my home?"

The prisoner bowed his head.

"Outrage my hospitality?"

Silence.

"Remove a piece of my property?"

Heavier silence.

"Will you be good enough to inform me what was your object in thus insulting me? What was I to you that you should single me out for this—this outrage?"

Silence like unto death.

"Plague it all, sis—he wanted to meet you, you know. Don't be hard on a fellow. He's just been unfortunate."

"Unfortunate!" Miss Waynne flushed. "Unfortunate!" she repeated with withering contempt. "Is it only unfortunate to make a common wager that you will enter a lady's house uninvited—intrude your undesired presence into her home—outrage her ignorant trust and innocent hospitality—steal from her—laugh at her behind her back—force her into a ridiculous and humiliating publicity for your own ends ——"

"Oh, come now, sis, let me explain!"

"Let you explain!" She wheeled suddenly. "I will not comment on your part in this disgraceful affair, for I could hardly have expected any better of you even though you are my brother, for you have always been foolish and irresponsible, occupied only with the trivial pleasure of the moment ——"

"Let him speak then!"

"Let me speak!" The condemned stretched out his hand.

"Let—him—speak!" Miss Waynne suggested the Kaiser reading one of Wilson's messages, or a shrine violated, or something awful of that sort. She took a step nearer. "Let him speak! Unless your friend wishes me to express further in public my utter and undying contempt for him he will remove himself from my presence. I never wish to hear his voice or lay eyes on his face again as long as I live ——"

"But, sis ——"

"Do you understand? I never wish to hear his voice or lay eyes on his face again as long as I live. I despise him with all my heart and soul!"

Well, well, well!

And exactly eight months after the delivery of this ultimatum, if you had been able to insert your finger into one of Uncle Sam's mail boxes and extract a letter addressed to Private Reginald Vandermart, Camp Gordon, Georgia, you would have read—written in a lady's delicate running hand, on sweetly scented paper—something like this:

"*My Own Dear Boy:* The postman didn't bring me any letter to-day, and so the sun stopped shining, and I didn't care that spring was coming or anything! Besides, it's horrid of her to come round just the same when you're not here, when she made us believe she was all ours! Disloyal old thing! I hope that her crocuses won't come up and her daffodils all will wither.

"Do you know, dear, I got to thinking to-day of our love. It's such a wonderful thing! Do you suppose anyone ever loved the way we do? When I compare the love of other people to ours, I feel so sorry for them! Of course I realize that other women can't know the heights of love because they haven't you! Imagine living without a 'twinkle man,' and imagine loving some of the creatures one sees in the subways. I often wonder if anyone calls them 'Pretty Boy.'

"The sweetest thing about our love, dear, is the trust we have in each other, and so of course I believe you about Mrs. Delmar; but as long as it does mean nothing to you and you don't care anything for her I'd be happier if you promised never to see her again! Our little jade lady is looking at me as I write. She's awfully jealous. I think she thought you really wanted to elope with her. Just think, if I'd never dragged you to the police court or sworn out a warrant for your arrest you'd never have been mine! The very thought frightens me. Dearest. Don't forget to throw away that old civilian hat—the one I hate. It simply ruins you! And I do hope you'll get a barber in Atlanta who won't cut your hair the awful way that one at Camp Upton did. It made me sick for days! Oh, my dear—my own—I do miss you so! I know I wanted you to give your services to the country and I'm proud, proud, proud—that you went just as a private when you might have been anything; but it's awfully hard to be patriotic when you're as much in love as we are. Of course if one loves the way most people do I can see it isn't so bad. And when I think how horrid I was to my own beautiful boy that first day I could tear my hair—but I won't, because you love it—and I'll make it up to you when you come home, for I'll be so sweet—so sweet, so sweet.

"Honestly, dear, if this war doesn't end before they send you I'll have to go as an ambulance driver or a Red Cross nurse or a stowaway or something; for really and truly, I feel as if I just couldn't draw my breath without you a minute longer.

"For ever and ever and ever, as long as we both shall live and after

"Your own own Cicily."

Some humorist! Good old Fate!

THE KNOTLESS LEADER

SOME time ago there was brought up the question of the knotless leader, which has been coming into the notice of anglers the last few years. Curious to know the material used in these knotless leaders—some of which I have seen fifty to sixty feet long—I sent in some samples to a man who makes a specialty of the importation of these goods and asked him to tell me what he knew about them. In reply he wrote:

"One of the samples you sent me is known on the market as 'Sil-gut' and is made from the cocoon of a spider existing both in China and Japan. It was originally intended for musical-instrument strings. The other piece sent is known as 'Fibra,' being a vegetable fiber put together with a gum preparation. The third and newest is commercially known as 'Telarana'—which in Spanish means cobweb.

"All this I have gathered from William Robertson, Glasgow, Scotland, whose forefathers for generations have been in the tackle-manufacturing business. While I was fishing on Lochleven, Kinross-shire, Scotland, four years ago, I found this leader generally used, and I as an angler at once saw its qualities—strength, no reflected light, and knotless; and as Mr. Robertson was president of the Lochleven Anglers' Association, I immediately got in touch with him and got all the inside information I could as to where 'Telarana' came from, how it was originated, and what it was made of. The conclusion of the whole thing amounted to the following:

"The process of manufacture of ordinary gut we all know. The bulk of this is made in a province in Spain known as Murcia. In that special section the silk is of the finest quality and congeals easily because of its infinite fineness, other sections producing silk that is much coarser in the fiber. The worm when at the right stage is given a bath of strong acetic acid; this loosens the flesh part of the worm from the sac of glutinous silk. The sac is then pulled between the teeth and the fingers and stretched as far as it will go, immediately congealing in the air. So much for the ordinary commercial gut.

"I asked Mr. Robertson if there was a secret process in the making up of the leader. He said, 'Well, in a sense there is, but it is almost owing to the fineness of Murcia silk that it is makable.' The process is this: A large number of silkworms are placed in a jar or kettle. When they are about to spin their cocoons they are treated with acid, thus taking off the worm part. This is skinned off, then there is left nothing but silk sacs; this is then churned into a glutinous mass. Openings of various sizes in the vessel are made and the silk drawn through the holes according to what size is wanted, be it Number One to Number Five, and in lengths of 100 to 150 feet. This silk congeals the same as single worm gut on coming in contact with the air.

"All the care these leaders need is stretching and drying before putting away. They are unaffected by climatic conditions, good in salt and fresh water; in fact I have sent some Number One, nine-foot, to Panama, where they use them with a fly for tarpon fishing. They have wonderful tarpon fishing there. I can say there are 10,000 anglers using these leaders."

The difference between the regular leader and this new one seems to be the difference between an individual and a corporation, so to speak. It is rarely that any strand of the best silkworm gut is more than sixteen inches long, and I do not recall having seen any which would trim eighteen inches in length. Each strand represents a single worm. It is obvious that the product of several worms must be used to make a leader even six feet long. Now we know the secret of the manufacture, which, so far as I know, is made public for the first time.

I have never heard that the white Japanese leaders, which rarely came more than five or six feet in length, were "spider gut"—indeed did not know there was any such thing in the world. Now it seems that the spider gut is called "Sil-gut," and the real silkworm gut is called "Spider web!" So much for the transposition of terms in trade. The other product, mentioned as "Fibra," a very fine, hard and strong leader, twisted of several strands, appears to be vegetable, as of course we all had thought. In use I found this also very good. I did not find that the Japanese leaders were quite so easy to work as the regular knotted leader material, but they never soak up or soften too much. Some knotless leaders, as you may have noticed, do have a tendency to grow just a little pulpy after continuous use. Take a tip, and stretch them well when you dry them.

NEW-SKIN

New-Skin is not merely an antiseptic: it also prevents germs from *getting into* the wound.

Never Neglect a Break in the Skin!

New-Skin forms a film over the injured part that protects it while it heals.

The New-Skin covering is waterproof. You can wash right over the cut without doing harm.

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Genuine New-Skin comes in glass vials, in red-and-gold paper containers, *never in tin tubes*. 15 and 40 cent sizes. If your druggist does not have the real New-Skin send us 30 cents in stamps and we will mail the larger size, postpaid.

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Visit the Styleplus store in your city or town during this coming week. This is the season to buy clothes with a reputation to maintain—a good time to get the Styleplus habit. If you do, you will satisfy your pride, get good quality and keep your outlay on the *thrift spirit* basis.

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No sir; this is the same old girl. She is not going into the discard this year.

I have given her a new dress—did the job myself in a few hours' work. A new car would cost a thousand dollars, and I am going to put the thousand into Liberty Bonds!

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We are recognized leaders in the auto paint and varnish fields.

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GOOD enough for the Professional *EASY* enough for the Amateur *QUICK* enough for either

BUSINESS WILL BE BUSINESS

By Everett Rhodes Castle

ILLUSTRATED BY LEJAREN À HILLER

MR. NATHAN ROSEWATER, of the firm of August & Rosewater, manufacturers of the well-known line of A. & R. blouses, was a man who believed in keeping abreast of the times. He was a man who knew that regardless of a swell assortment of numbers or the inwoven quality of Georgette, organdie, crêpe de Chine or plain voiles it took something else besides a truck to move waists from the shipping room. Of course prices could be cut or sacrificial discounts allowed, but upon such distasteful methods of merchandising Mr. Rosewater frowned. Not that Mr. Rosewater was a profit hound—as he will tell you himself—being at all times a modest man, taking his twenty-one per cent with becoming meekness and humility. That this same keeping abreast of the times had proved its metal was evinced by the new A. & R. manufacturing loft in the West Fifties and a mahogany and plate-glass clad office and salesrooms in the very center of the Broadway-Madison wholesale district; and by the weighty additional fact that for five long years he had been able to hold the plump business of Miss Adele Glaub, buyer of waists for the Mammoth Store in Bigburg. This last alone constitutes what the legal confraternity is pleased to call the preponderance of evidence. Naturally enough, by the same legal token, it was this same preponderance that bore the brunt of the savage, clever, sly, bloodsucking, price-cutting, underhanded, rotten, dirty, grafting attacks of competition. The adjectives are Mr. Rosewater's, who does not believe in calling a spade an implement of agriculture.

"Oo-oo-oh, Mr. Merode! How You Big Men Like to Kid Us Innocent Little Girls"

It had been Mr. Rosewater who had discovered—just as Miss Glaub's interest in the usual methods of entertaining out-of-town buyers had begun to flag and the Glaub eyes had begun to wander toward other selling fields—that the dark-clad sinuous figure of the Bigburg waist buyer, with its head of blue-black shimmering hair and eyes dark with danger and lure, was the living image of the immortal Beda Thara, vamp preëminent of them all. Keeping further abreast of the times Mr. Rosewater dressed himself very carefully in the tastiest of dinner jackets, invited the beautiful siren out to a quiet little dinner and allowed the secret to be wrenched from him.

"Oh, Mr. Rosewater!" she reproached him softly with shining eye and dimpled mouth. "Ain't you the limit though; always handing out the greatest line of chatter!"

But the victim must needs run on to his doom. "But it's so!" he urged. "There's something about the way you look at a man that ——"

"What?"

Miss Glaub was gently prompting him.

Mr. Rosewater gulped and uttered a most satisfyingly incoherent mumble concerning the look and its effect on increasing the R. P. M. of any male heart action.

"Don't you dare kid me any more," she commanded with smiling severity; "you ought to be ashamed of yourself, so you ought!"

But at the end of the evening Mr. Rosewater had proved his case; not only were the dark dangerous eyes once again bright with interest but there reposed in the inner pocket of the tasty dinner jacket a memorandum hastily written on a portion of Broadview Inn menu card, which noted that the original Glaub order had been increased from two to five gross on seven different numbers.

But that had been a year ago; and a year is a long, long time. Mr. Rosewater had sadly lamented this on a fleeting scouting trip through the Middle West, when he had stopped off at Bigburg and gayly inquired over a charming little luncheon when Miss Glaub would be in New York to buy her entire consignment of spring waists from August & Rosewater.

"I don't know—yet," she told him. "I'll let you know."

But it was not the words that caused the Rosewater lament but the wandering uncertain gaze that accompanied them—much the same gaze that Mr. Rosewater had noticed before the startling likeness to the great Beda had come to him. Truly she responded with bright eyes as of yore when Mr. Rosewater became vamped over the endive-fruit salad; but soon the look was back—wandering—uncertain.

It disturbed Mr. Rosewater then; it disturbed equally as much a month later as he plucked a purple-rimmed envelope from the rest of the morning's mail and opened it hastily. A moment later he was moving quickly toward the private office of his partner, Mr. Sigmund August.

"Well," he said without preliminary greeting to that comfortable reading figure, "Miss Glaub is going to be here the last part of the week."

Mr. August lit a cigar and gracefully flipped the burning match to a silk manufacturer's ash tray. "Well," he said, "that ain't goin' to make us sore, is it?"

"I ——"

But Mr. August felt quite jovial. "When a good customer like Miss Glaub—who never spends less'n six or seven thousand with us every spring for three or four years—comes to town it ain't exactly a time to go roun' in crape—is it, Nate?"

"I—I don't know."

Mr. August lost a liberal portion of his cheerfulness. "What dya mean, you don't know?" he demanded.

Clearly the tone of the senior partner indicated that if anything was wrong the blame lay certainly with Mr. Rosewater. This irked Mr. Rosewater, who showed it plainly.

"I mean that you don't need to yell at me as if I was a dog or Miss Ertle, your stenographer," he stated irrelevantly. "Besides—you can't tell any more about a woman than you can about a dish of sour braten in a cheap restaurant."

"That don't tell me nothin' about Miss Glaub an' the rest of it." Mr. August continued to puff regularly but the brown eyes were unmistakably anxious.

Mr. Rosewater loosed a most unsalesmanlike glare. "Well, who said it did!" he asserted.

"But ——"

"Well?" truculently.

Mr. August sat up very suddenly as if an idea had hit him on the exact center of the last pearl waistcoat button. "You don't mean," he almost whispered—"you don't mean she's forgotten all about lookin' like Beda Thara an' everything."

Mr. Rosewater shook his head. "It ain't that," he explained; "she likes to be as dark an' dangerous as ever—only ——"

"I'm still here," his partner reminded finally with acrimonious gentleness.

Intent on his problem Mr. Rosewater let the tone pass unnoticed. "—— only the edge of the thing is kinda wearing off," he finished.

"How?" What a bear for detail August was!

At length and with appropriate gestures Mr. Rosewater explained the roving uncertain eye—how it was soothed in the first place; and finally, with a cough that seemed to say that it was beyond all human agency, he explained its return.

"I didn't say anything to you, Sig," he added as the other conferred with his rapidly fraying cigar, "because I thought I could get ahold of some new idee to keep her interested."

"An' you didn't?"

"That," said Mr. Rosewater, and sat down dejectedly, "is just about the size of it."

Silence while the senior partner further mutilated the maimed perfecto and Mr. Rosewater fumbled nervously with a late copy of Ready-to-Wear. Then:

"I suppose"—the senior partner's face fairly quivered with bitterness—"I suppose you think it is up to me to forget all about my family an' everything—an' go out to dinner an' let myself get vampired—huh?"

A picture of the robinlike form of Mr. August in the subtle rôle of A Fool There Was made Mr. Rosewater smile in spite of the impending gloom. "No," he said.

"Well?"

"I—I ——"

Mr. August tossed the maimed remainder of his morning smoke to the floor and stamped upon it savagely. "Me," he observed bitterly in the direction of the flattened stump—"me, I'm the production head of this concern. I buy the silk an' make it up into waists; if the styles is stickers that's my fault too. When the price of silk takes a jump like a Zeppelin, y'understand, why you don't see me coming roun' complaining—an' asking for help. When some number don't take, why I don't come roun' an' ask you to help me out—do I now?"

Dull red, Mr. Rosewater said nothing.

The other continued his soliloquy to the stump. "When all you got to do is sell what somebody else makes—an' everything—why it seems like the least you can do is to do it without comin' roun' an' trying to make the other fella part of the goat. Am I right or am I wrong?"

Apparently he was undeniably right, for with a swift kick at an obtruding table leg Mr. Rosewater rose. "All right," he agreed thickly, "all right, I will—only you didn't need to be so cutting about it; though of course I am only a partner in this concern an' my feelings ain't to be considered a-tall—only I ask you where would all your waists be if I didn't sell 'em? What good would makin' them do?"

"Ha, ha!"

"Yes; an' furthermore if the selling end wasn't so clever how many more stickers wouldn't we have—though we gotta 'nough"—this last with a touch of the August acid.

"Clever!" echoed Mr. August. "Clever! All right, go out an' get a bigger order than ever from Miss Glaub. Find a way to keep her interested."

For a moment Mr. Rosewater glared. "All right, I will!" he shoved through clenched teeth and left the room.

And he did. The very next morning while dejectedly scanning the newspaper preliminary to attacking the problem of holding the Glaub interest, the roving dull eye of the junior member of the firm fastened itself on a tiny paragraph tucked away in the corner of a half page devoted to movie fans. A moment later, eyes like patent-leather buttons, paper in hand he was dashing madly for the office of Mr. August. Gone was any trace of anger or reproach as he chortled a happy good morning. With an eager push he thrust the paper into the astonished hands of the senior partner.

"Read that, Sigmund," he shouted—"read that an' see whether I have to come roun' to you for any advice when it comes to sellin' waists. Read it!" as the other only gazed at him.

Mr. August gave his attention to the notice that Mr. Rosewater's eager finger pointed out. "Well," he said after the second careful reading, "what has this Claude Merode—this roses an' cream-puff movie actor—got to do with sellin' waists, huh?"

Mr. Rosewater laughed, and in the laugh were content and confidence. "Don't you see," he pointed out—"don't you see where he is in town for a coupla weeks?"

(Continued on Page 77)

A glimpse of one of the cavernlike rooms in the many Goodyear plants at Akron, Ohio

Copyright 1918 by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR

AKRON

Their Final Cost Is Lower

THERE is one all-powerful and unchanging reason for the steadily increasing popularity of Goodyear Cord Tires.

It is not their extra comfort, nor their greater speed, nor their unusual freedom from trouble—though these qualities are very marked.

It is not their high capacity for saving gasoline, nor their good appearance, nor yet their ability to withstand continued punishment.

The real reason for their swiftly growing favor is that over and above these other advantages Goodyear Cord Tires are actually more economical to use.

When we say that these tires are more economical to use we mean that their cost per mile is appreciably lower than that of ordinary tires.

In making this statement we include in the consideration the fact that Goodyear Cord Tires cost somewhat more to buy than ordinary tires.

But the exceptional mileages they deliver are so far in excess of those ordinarily experienced that this additional first-cost is altogether outweighed.

Thousands upon thousands of users, under every condition of service, have found Goodyear Cord Tires the cheapest tires they could possibly buy.

Conditions in this country due to the war are stressing this virtue of Goodyear Cord Tires with unexampled emphasis.

They are bringing to the notice of motorists everywhere, and with a force that cannot be disregarded, the real economy of quality equipment.

They are causing thinking men to look past the delusive attraction of low first-cost to the true answer in tire value, which is final cost.

We believe that every man won to this way of thinking is a man on his way to trying Goodyear Cord Tires.

Apart from the intrinsic goodness of these tires, we ask you to think of them in the light of the Company behind them.

By the worth of its products this Company has won the largest patronage from tire buyers of any Company in the world.

Goodyear Cord Tires stand not only as a representative product of this Company but as its very finest accomplishment.

Goodyear puts them forth as the sum of its tire-making experience, the most efficient and serviceable tires it is now able to build.

Fourteen years of patient and laborious endeavor have been spent in bringing Goodyear Cords to their present high state of development.

Today they are preferred equipment on a pronounced majority of the fine cars manufactured in this country.

During 1917, every race driven on the speedways and tracks of America was won on them, and won by a non-stop run.

They have proved their entire practicability for heavy truck service, and by their strength and resilience they dominate the airplane field.

Goodyear Cord Tires afford extra comfort, swifter speed, less trouble, larger fuel savings—but it is their economy which should most engage you at this time.

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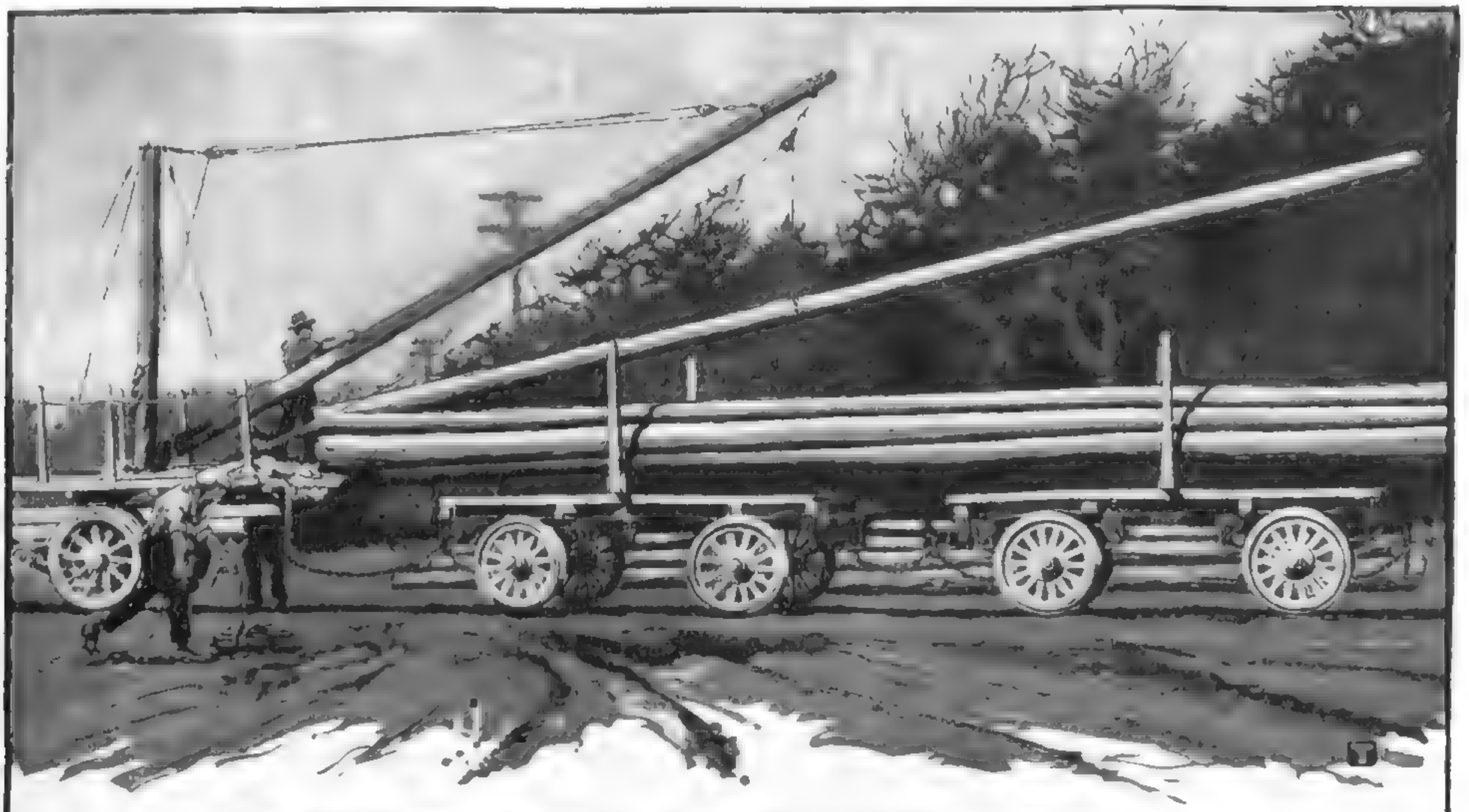
There are 20,000 Goodyear Service Station Dealers in America, all pledged to help Goodyear users care properly for their tires. Now, above all times, we urge you to profit by this service, which means extra tire mileage and lower tire costs.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

CORD TIRES



The Mountain States Telephone Co., of Utah (Bell Telephone Company), use Troy Trailers in their every-day hauling of cables, insulators, etc.—one Troy Trailer with each truck. Then, for transporting long poles, they put two of their regular Troy Trailers behind a truck, the hoist and derrick being mounted on the truck. The adaptability of Troy Trailers thus saves them from purchasing special equipment that otherwise would be necessary for the hauling of their big poles.

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A trailer **must** stand up under high speeds—a trailer **must** follow in the track of a truck—a trailer **must** be specially designed and constructed to care for ALL of the peculiar conditions met with in **trailing a truck.** Wagon construction, or converted truck chassis, will not do for successful trailer operation.

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Troy Trailers have been perfected only after years of tests made in actual "trailing" operations, and under every possible road and service condition. Because of their being specially designed, Troy Trailers can be backed to any exact spot, alongside a loading platform, or into an alley, **easier** than you can back your truck into these same locations.

Troy Trailers are made in from 1 to 5-ton capacity and with any type of body.

The Troy Wagon Works Co.

Troy, Ohio

Oldest and largest makers of Trailers, making possible highest grade construction at lowest cost.

(Continued from Page 73

"Anybody can see that—it says it in the paper—but what has this ham actor—not that I got anything against him, y'understand—but what has he got to do with sellin' Miss Glaub a large spring order as usual?"

Once more Mr. Rosewater laughed joyously. "You don't see it," he explained, "because you are a clever boy only when it comes to makin' waists."

"Oh!" said Mr. August.

"Now, for instance, if you kept right up to the minute like me, you would know that this Claude Merode is the kind of a long-haired hero with a little nick in his chin that right now is the biggest kind of a hit with the ladies that used to like East Lynne an' plays like that."

Mr. August nodded. "Francis X. Bushman stuff."

"Eggs-actly!" Mr. Rosewater emphasized the first syllable approvingly. "They fall for him like a ton of bricks; an' furthermore ——"

But Mr. August had a practical interruption

"What's all that gotta do with selling Miss Glaub some waists?" he inquired in the tone of the champion speller requesting his tongue-tied opponent to spell scissors in the semiannual spelldown.

But there was no stumping Mr. Rosewater. "Well," he said, "ain't Miss Glaub a movie fiend?"

Mr. August subscribed to that.

"Ain't she a movie fiend of the most rabid kind?"

Maybe," conservatively.

'Ain't she always talkin' about this Merode?"

"A-heh."

'Well!"

"Well, you still ain't said anything to the point."

But cold water did not come cold or wet enough to dampen or chill the rapidly mounting Rosewater spirits. "Wait!" he commanded. "Listen! What would you say if this Merode guy was a good friend of mine an' come up to see me while he was here? What would you say if he should happen to come up on the same day that Miss Glaub did? What would you say if I, as a old frien', fixed up a nice quiet little dinner party for the three of us for the evening? An' lastly, Sigmund, what would you say if in the course of the evening this Merode guy should happen to say—naturally, like a old frien' would—that he saw Beda Thara in California just before he left an' he happened to notice that she was wearin' a waist just eggs-actly like one he saw up to our salesrooms? An' furthermore suppose that he should say a little later—about over the coffee—that out in the studios among all the swell movie actresses they all wear A. & R. waists in private life—won't have any other kind? What would you say about our chances of copping a nice fat order the next day—eh, Sigmund?"

What Sigmund would say was written in shining letters upon his teeth and eyes. Gone was all trace of skepticism; vanished into thin air all trace of unbelief.

"I would say, Nate, ol' boy," he congratulated, "that as a salesman you was as up-to-the-second as your partner is in making waists." But a perplexed line gradually took the place of the smiling curve as Mr. August appeared to think. Slowly he spoke: "Only ain't it kinda funny," he mused, "that I ain't ever heard you speak about knowing this cream-puff boy before?"

It was Mr. Rosewater's moment. "Sure you ain't," he conceded easily; "an' why, Sigmund, ol' boy—why? Simply because I don't know him from Adam."

"But ——" a mixture of puzzlement and rising anger.

Mr. Rosewater held up a staying hand. "Wait!" he again commanded. "Don't go off half loaded, August—wait! I guess they ain't any of these pretty boys makin' so much money" the Rosewater voice was frankly triumphant now—"that they wouldn't go to a nice little dinner—free—with a nice young lady—an', say, about $100 cash just to be friendly for one night—would they?"

II

SIX dollars a day is not a sufficiently large sum to create any amount of vermilion in New York, especially when from this must be deducted three meals, car fare and necessary tips. It was for this reason, then, that the majority of the Mammoth buyers visiting the big city on the little island patronized a modest side-street hostelry in preference to more ornate main-street quarters. But not Miss Adele Glaub. When in New York it was Miss Glaub's motto to be more New Yorkish than any New Yorker could be. To that end the six dollars' expense allowance was expended for hotel accommodations alone. And the meals —— Well, what is a waist manufacturer's expense account for if it is not to entertain out-of-town buyers? Besides, shrewdly argued Miss Glaub, if you didn't eat your share of it, why, you paid for it just the same; it wasn't taken off the merchandise purchased; and it certainly was only right to have your money's worth. And so it was from the golden telephone room of the princely Biltless that Miss Glaub informed the delighted Mr. Rosewater that she was in town and would be at his showrooms at three.

"An' for dinner, of course!" Mr. Rosewater implored.

The Glaub tone was languid and quite blasé, but it assented after a short pause that caused Mr. Rosewater to suck air in hectic anxiety.

"That is—if you won't be tiresome," she amended.

Mr. Rosewater promised, and was glad he could grin undetected.

A moment later he was impatiently shrilling for a little New Jersey service—which finally was granted. After sundry clicks and mumbled imprecations Mr. Rosewater said "Hello! Hello!" very vigorously and demanded the presence on the wire of Mr. Claude Merode. "Tell him it's Mr. Rosewater callin' him," he directed.

A moment later his voice was silken. "How are you to-day, Mr. Merode?" he inquired with deep feeling. Apparently Mr. Merode was in the best of health and spirits, for Mr. Rosewater said cryptically "She's here"; and then in rapid succession:

"Come about four o'clock."

"Sure, for the evening."

"You ain't forgot about memorizing that paper I give you?"—this last with unmistakable anxiety. Apparently this answer too was favorable, for Mr. Rosewater smiled broadly as he went out to have a manicure and procure a fresh collar.

Punctual to the half hour Miss Glaub arrived and languidly went through the routine of having a fuss made over her by both members of the firm.

"If you keep up," said Mr. August with deep conviction, "I see where we lose one of our best customers."

"Why?"

Mr. August bowed. "They won't be able to keep you out of the movies," he said.

"An' While You're at It," Miss Glaub Said Quietly, "You Might Just as Well Hold Up That Order From This Afternoon Till I See You To-Morrow"

"O-o-oh, Mr. August—plee-ease!" The graceful Glaub hand with its huge artistic dinner ring went up in coy protest.

But between friends, truths, even painful truths, must be told, so Mr. August was constrained to continue by adding that, painful as it would be to lose a fine customer like Miss Glaub, still the thrill of seeing her show up some of those cheap hams that attempt to pull the heart-throb stuff would more than counterbalance any monetary loss.

"O-o-oh, Mr. August, I didn't come down here to be kidded; did I, Mr. Rosewater?"

Mr. Rosewater said certainly not, and added: "You came down here to buy waists—lots of them—beautiful things—at prices that a shrewd judge like you will gobble up in jig time."

Which was entirely different The dark dangerous eyes glinted to a business hardness.

"That," said the formerly coy voice, "remains to be seen; an' I ain't so sure that——"

But skillfully or hospitably, Mr. Rosewater refused to let this pessimistic view continue. "Not another word!" he protested. "We ain't goin' to drag any business in yet a while. We'll just pass the time until dinner by lookin' at the new models—wonderful things." Then hurriedly: "But no prices or quantities"—playfully; "I positively won't allow it."

And so it was that at this elaborately camouflaged game of wits the two were briskly engaged when the hall door to the showrooms opened and the doorway framed a most exquisite close-up of Mr. Claude Merode.

Warned by the suddenly slack jaw of the beautiful siren that the open door meant more than a wandering errand boy, Mr. Rosewater turned. A second later his voice was booming in silken welcome.

"My dear Claude! Ain't this a com-plete surprise"—business of moving joyously forward—"an' I thought you was still out in California making more heartbreakers."

From the midst of the vigorous Rosewater handshake the handsome matinée idol was heard by the eager ears of Miss Glaub to murmur that he had—er—returned for a few days unexpectedly.

But the completely unexpected joy of seeing his dear friend did not make Mr. Rosewater forget that a lady was present. With his arm linked comradely within the sharply pressed Merode sleeve Mr. Rosewater moved his friend forward to where the lady stood against a background of vivid sports stripes.

And the meeting found the lady prepared—quite. The dark eyes had softened to the Beda Thara lure, the black earrings were pulled forward after the fashion, Spanish, of the great Thara in Camille. The languid hand with its huge green-eyed asp gleaming dully on white forefinger was resting gracefully just under the white cupped chin. As the two friends drew nearer the blood-red lips parted in a most engaging smile. When Mr. August, quietly observing the little scene from the partly closed doorway of his office, saw the smile he chuckled softly and closed the door quietly. They were off to a flying start!

After the introduction—loudly and playfully on the part of Mr. Rosewater, murmured on the part of Miss Glaub, and hesitatingly on the part of the great Merode—the joy of seeing his old friend again overcame Mr. Rosewater. "An' of all the times to come," he added, "you came just at the right moment."

Plainly Merode, so impetuous in reel life, was treading cautiously now. "Yes?" he said uncertainly.

"You betcha! Weren't you surprised to see, in a New York waist company's showrooms, a ——" Mr Rosewater's voice trailed off in a rising inflection.

The handsome Claude took his cue readily. "I thought I had left Madame Thara in California," he murmured gallantly, and bowed. Oh, that courtly, graceful Merode bow!

The big green one-eyed asp undulated slowly from chin to brow. The dark eyes grew bright with that same satisfying brightness Mr. Rosewater had observed the first time he had been vamped. He inhaled with a deep calmness and called it a bargain, even if it did cost $150 instead of $100. "O-o-oh, Mr. Merode!"—with playful reproach. "How you big men like to kid us innocent little girls"

But under such warming tenderness the Merode diffidence was rapidly dissipating. "Not at all!" he assured her with a graceful gesture reminiscent of The Deep Heart. Then with a meaning glance in the direction of the beaming Mr. Rosewater: "Little did

(Concluded on Page 81)

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The reason that this is the only type of storage battery which can be and is shipped bone-dry is because it has Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation between the plates.

In addition it is the one automobile starting and lighting battery with the advantages of complete protection to the life of the plates through a hard rubber insulation that neither lessens voltage nor increases the size and weight of the battery. It is a brand new battery when you get it and a better battery as long as you have it.

When in service on your car, however, it must be filled with distilled water at regular intervals, like any other battery.

You owe it to yourself to learn all about this remarkable Willard improvement in battery quality. It costs a little more, but the slightly higher price is far offset by the assurance of dependable starting and lighting.

Go to the Willard Service Station and let them tell you all about it. Meantime, write Willard Storage Battery Company, Cleveland, for an interesting free book, "The Story of 196,000 Little Threads."

Willard STORAGE BATTERY

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Du Pont Fabrikoid Company, Wilmington, Del. . . . . Leather Substitutes
The Arlington Works, 725 Broadway, N. Y. Ivory Py-ra-lin and Cleanable Collars
Harrison Works, Philadelphia, Pa. . . . Paints, Pigments, Acids and Chemicals
Du Pont Dye Works, Wilmington, Del. . . . . Dyes and Dye Bases

Visit the Du Pont Trapshooting School, Young's Million Dollar Pier, Atlantic City

DU PONT

(Concluded from Page 77)

I expect such a delightful meeting." And the look seemed to add "Such delightful appreciation."

The Rosewater beam ceased—just like that. These movie cream puffs—a woman looks at them an' they think they must go through a lotta this heart stuff. Besides, after all, this was a business proposition—a hundred an' fifty dollars. Abruptly Mr. Rosewater brought the conversation round to the business in hand.

"I was just showin' Miss Glaub some of our new things for spring," he explained to the handsome figure, now gently stroking the nationally known shiny dark hair with a wrist-watch-clad arm.

Miss Glaub with a pretty pout in the direction of the striking pose protested silently that she had nothing to do with this thrusting of vulgar commercialism upon such an artistic combination, but Mr. Merode, noting his cue and the momentary cold gleam in the Rosewater eyes, went automatically into his rôle.

"You were, eh?"

"Yes; an' she was sayin' ——"

The hero of The Deep Heart, The Cold Dawn, The Last Ace, and so on, stopped him there. "An' I'll bet she said just about the same thing that I heard Madame Thara say only last week."

"What was that?"—with low eagerness.

"Yes; tell us, Claude." Then with playful caution: "That is, if it ain't too awful."

"She said"—each syllable with histrionic emphasis—"that an A. & R. label in a waist meant more to her—in—er—style and value than any mark she knew of."

Mr. Rosewater smiled broadly at such unexpectedly good news. "Indeed you did come just at the right time," he commented, "because Miss Glaub here—though she always has bought most of her blouses from us, y'understand, Claude—actually seemed to be hesitating this year. Ain't I right, Miss Glaub?"

Instantly the dark eyes were filled with injured protest. "How can you say such a thing, Mr. Rosewater," she protested, "when you know all the time how well I like your stuff?" Then with sudden business remembrance: "Not that I don't pay enough for it."

"With the silk market like it is—we don't make hardly expenses in some lines, an' ——"

"O-oh!"—skeptically.

Mr. Rosewater appealed to his old friend. "Ain't it the truth, Claude—did you ever hear of me trying to hog the profits in any line I was ever in—did you?"

Thus appealed to, the handsome Claude was compelled for the first time in his chivalrous life to side against a lady. But he did it so reluctantly that plainly the lady was not hurt.

"After all," he concluded, "if you have to pay more you have to get more; so why not let it go that way? Surely from what I have seen of Miss Glaub she doesn't appeal to me as the type of—er—woman that haggles over pennies."

Miss Glaub blushed, and Mr. Rosewater, noting the dull red, again felt that the hundred and fifty had been well invested.

And then Mr. Merode with an admirable mixture of surprise and admiration caught sight of the A. & R. leader for spring alluringly displayed in the center of a large plate-glass case—fresh and dainty for the occasion. For a moment he stared, speechless at the beauty of it. When he spoke it was in the gripping tones that had been so successful in his late lapse into vaudeville. "What are you doing with that beautiful French creation in your case?" he murmured. "I didn't know that you were importers as well as ——"

"We ain't," Mr. Rosewater explained quietly to his old friend; "that is just our new leader for spring—our model Number Four-Forty—in white an' flesh an' five different shades."

"You don't mean ——"

But Mr. Rosewater did. "Ab-so-lute-ly!" he confirmed. "An' how much do you think now, Claude, they should be, retail?"

Mr. Merode thought deeply for a moment. "Fifteen dollars?" he hazarded.

With a triumphant smile toward the all-listening siren, Mr. Rosewater shook his head. "Six-eighty-five!" he boomed. "Think of it, Claude!"

Mr. Merode did. "I'll bet you will have great difficulty in supplying the demand," he speculated.

"That is just what I was tellin' Miss Glaub, an' advising her to get in good now, when we can make deliveries."

The handsome brute looked admiringly into the depths of the deep, dark and dangerous. "You won't have to tell that to a woman like Miss Glaub," he predicted with smiling gallantry.

And here, very diplomatically, Mr. Rosewater let the subject drop.

For forty minutes they discussed the lowness of public taste when it comes to appreciation of true film art—of how wonderful Mr. Merode had looked in uniform as the English captain, in which the handsome Claude joined; of what Madame Thara would say when she heard from Mr. Merode that her double—really better looking in some respects, confided Mr. Merode—was still managing a waist department instead of luring some gilded fool to his doom with a large red rose and seven thousand feet of film.

Then Mr. Rosewater spoke of dinner—and Miss Glaub, who had fully expected to go *sans* evening gown and peacock fan, suddenly discovered that it was im-pos-sible to go without returning to dress.

"In an hour, then," murmured Mr. Merode, and fixed the exact minute with his left wrist.

"In an hour," she assented; and then as the tall lithe figure moved toward a hospitable cigar humidor Mr. Rosewater came into his own—as he had once before.

"Save me ten gross of those Four-Forties," she whispered. And then: "Ten off for ten days?"

Mr. Rosewater gave art a try-out.

"Honest, I'd love to; but this market an' everything"—with a burst of almost unheeding generosity—"I'll make it seven."

With the indifferent assent of a person who hates a pinched penny Miss Glaub nodded.

III

EVERY buyer of ready-to-wear dines at least once each trip at the Broadview Inn and partakes plentifully of the famous Broadview chicken dinners and the five-piece string orchestra. It is also much favored by wholesale jobbers and manufacturers because of the cozy little nooks formed by drooping dejected palms, behind which the harrowing details of discounts, prices, quantities and deliveries may be discussed with the maximum of public privacy. And so it is that we find the two old friends and the charming siren of the Mammoth Department Store sipping ice water and waiting for oysters. Art is again rampant! And how it dowels in! Talk of close-ups, cut-ins and what not seems to be the logical sort of conversation to interest the svelte figure in clinging black that hides now and then the dark dangerous eyes and the soft red alluring lips behind the all-enveloping splendor of peacock feathers. It is part of earrings and dully gleaming asp—in short it is more like the great Beda Thara than the great Thara herself. Such is art!

But there is such a thing as too much art—at least so reasoned Mr. Rosewater after the handsome Claude had said for the fourth time that he didn't think there was any question about the fact that Miss Glaub would make the biggest kind of an immediate success.

"How's Anita Stewart anyway?" he broke in hastily.

Miss Glaub frowned quite obviously. Mr. Merode coughed. "She's quite well," he said. "But as I was saying, Miss Glaub, you ——"

"They tell me," said Mr. Rosewater—and his eye was too cold for such an old friendship—"that this guy Fairbanks really makes all those jumps an' things."

"Yes, but as I was saying to Miss ——"

"An' this funny fella now—Charlie What's-His-Name—does he honest make a million dollars in cold money, huh?"

It angered the handsome Claude—brought all the brute in his nature to the fore; after all, a measly hundred and fifty ——

"I don't remember," he said shortly, and attacked his first portion of chicken.

Mr. Rosewater pursued his line of thought. "You always did have a short memory," he said with deep meaning.

"Oh!"

"Even when a boy," pursued Mr. Rosewater artlessly, "you couldn't even remember what I told you the day before"—slowly—"even—when—I—wrote—it—down—for—you."

"Don't you mind him a-tall," the gentle siren counseled smilingly; "after all, people whose only thought is of business ain't—well, they can't understand, that's all."

Mr. Merode inclined his head in courtly assent, but privately observed that inasmuch as he had gone into the thing—more for a lark than the little pittance—why, he might as well go through with it—go through with it at once. Besides, it would be just like this person to refuse to pay if ——

"But getting back to my admiration of this afternoon," he began, "I certainly never thought you had it in you to bring out such wonderful-looking creations."

Mr. Rosewater tried to appear unconcerned, but beamed instead, and to cover the beam called loudly for an additional pat of butter. On its satisfactory arrival he said, "Didn't you though, Claude?"

Claude didn't. "There isn't a deleterious thing about them," he said enthusiastically.

The siren stopped with a portion of appetizingly broiled chicken halfway to the alluring red lips. "There ain't a what?" she inquired sharply, forgetting in her astonishment to be soft and alluring.

"Deleterious," said Mr. Merode, and smiled.

It was then for the first time that the queer little line traveled across the red lips and seemed to straighten them. But the others were too busy about the business in hand to notice this usually disquieting sign.

"Honest, Claude, to hear a man of the world like you say that—that sees the classiest, nobbiest stuff in the country—on the best-looking women—why ——"

"Well it's so," affirmed Mr. Merode; "and, as I noticed while up to your showroom, the splendid workmanship—even the little details, such as buttonholes—why ——"

The queer little line was still there, but the soft voice was nearly as soft as ever. "Were they handmade, Mr. Merode?" slowly but quite casually.

Mr. Merode thought back quickly, but not to the waists; the paper that Rosewater had given him said that —— "Machine made," he corrected; "but I never saw better workmanship."

"Oh," said Miss Glaub, and a good bit of the warmth went out of the tender eyes.

But Mr. Rosewater, keenly watching the effect of the enthusiastic movie hero's words, caught sight of the departing warmth and noted for the first time the disquieting little line about the mouth. Plainly an antidote was necessary for something that had been said. Mr. Rosewater could only think of one.

"Tell us some more about Beda Thara, Claude," he invited cordially; "an' the merry life of bein' the best-lookin' man in the films."

The handsome brute deprecated the latter portion of the Rosewater speech with a graceful upraised hand—but he did it most willingly.

But art had gone by the board; likewise the warm alluring glances that Mr. Rosewater knew to be harbingers of large orders. The siren was politely interested, but without any of her former eagerness. Indeed on two occasions her low laughter seemed frankly skeptical. In vain did Mr. Rosewater gaze with infinite fascination into the dark eyes, in vain even were the soft Merode looks. After a half hour—through to the final sip of demi-tasse—the hero of millions of women worked with unabated zeal; but finally, like a workman who has done all he could and the whistle has blown, he laid away the tools of his fascination and settled down into the solace of injured silence. He was still within its comforting folds when Mr. Rosewater paid the check and figured an exact ten per cent for the waiter.

In a final effort to lessen the gloom that had descended like the fabled bolt from the blue, Mr. Rosewater whistled blithely and said as they parted for the night, "I requested an extra big order book to be ready when you come down to-morrow, Miss Glaub."

Quietly she withdrew her hand and wrapped the cloak tighter about the gleaming shoulders.

"Between the cup and the lip," Miss Glaub said quietly—too quietly, "there is a big difference. An' while you're at it, you might just as well hold up that order from this afternoon till I see you to-morrow."

IV

MISS ADELE GLAUB walked into the showrooms of the waist concern of August & Rosewater like a woman who has come upon a mission that has disagreeable possibilities. She cut short the flowery, warming greetings of the junior partner with a curt little nod of greeting, but was gracious enough to take the chair he pushed before the big show table. When he was seated, anxiously near the edge, she began.

"Let me see," she computed quietly, "I have bought my waists of you for something like five years now—ain't I, Mr. Rosewater?"

Mr. Rosewater nodded.

"An' during all that time your bills have been paid promptly?"

"Why, surely; you know that we ——"

"An' you have no complaint to make about my treatment, huh?"

"Why, Miss Glaub, what coulda put such a idee in ——"

She stopped the flow with a firm hand. "Wait a minute!" she said, still curtly. "An' I never tried to put anything over on you—have I?"

"Why, certainly not. You have been a model customer. It was only the other day I was sayin' to August ——"

"Well?" she interrupted coldly.

"Well what, Miss Glaub?"—pleadingly.

"Do I look green?"

"I—I ——"

"Do I look as much like a boob as all that—do I?"

"Miss Glaub, I implore you to ——"

"So you thought you could slip that stuff over on me, huh?"

His silk handkerchief was doing heroic work now. "Slip—something—over? I don't—understand." Merode, he couldn't have said anything about the hundred an' fifty; no, it wasn't that.

"So you don't understand"—with the withering variety of sarcasm—"you don't understand how I could know that you was tryin' to hand me a cheap imitation of a great actor—somebody that just happens to look a lot like him? You didn't think I'd get wise . . . out in Bigburg?"

A generous half moon is the only thing that describes the yawning vacant space between the Rosewater lips—drugs the only thing to describe the brightness and genuine astonishment in the Rosewater eyes. "An imitator? Miss Glaub, as sure as I am standing here that man was Cl——"

Once again she stopped him, quite imperiously this time. "Don't say another word!" she commanded. "Only listen to me, an' answer yes or no. In the first place, Mr. Rosewater, I want you to understand that I buy waists from you because I like your waists—and ev-e-ry once in a while your price—an' I am willing to buy to-day only ——"

"Only what?" Uncamouflaged anxiety this.

"——only I want you to give me credit for a little common sense. In the first place a man is a man—ain't he, Mr. Rosewater?"

Mr. Rosewater perspiringly acknowledged this.

"Only some men are different?"

A nod.

"For instance—waist salesman, huh?"

Mr. Rosewater sat anxiously neutral.

"An' a man might look like a great actor—almost like a brother—but he might still be a waist salesman—mightn't he, Mr. Rosewater?"

Vain words of denial rose within the Rosewater breast—rose and died.

"For instance, I dare you to go out an' find me a single solitary man—not a waist salesman, understand me, Mr. Rosewater—even if he is a great actor—an' let that man take a look at a waist an' tell whether the buttonholes are hand sewn or with a machine. Only a waist expert ——"

"But honest, Miss Glaub ——"

"An' furthermore, show me an ordinary man that is expert enough about waists to know all about this deleterious stuff at a glance."

"But I wouldn't fool y——"

The siren sat back and hushed him with blazing eyes.

"Don't say it," she warned; "don't say it! You know what I said: That I was willin' to continue to buy waists from you on one condition—an' let this masquerade stuff pass off like a little bit of harmless entertaining; only, Mr. Rosewater, I want you to tell me the truth—the whole truth—an' nothing but the truth. Wasn't that poor fish a imitation?"

It was then that Mr. Rosewater rose to the heights of great salesmanship.

"Yes, he was," he admitted lowly.

A slow smile crept over the red lips, a less frigid temperature into the dark dangerous eyes. "In that case," she said softly, "you can get out your order book. An' we'll begin by making those Four-Forties ten off instead of seven."

Westinghouse

E[illegible]VES AND POWER PLANT EQUIPMENT

Where Steam's Mightiest Was not Enough

Puffing and snorting, three powerful Mallet compound locomotives could not haul and push the 3250-ton coal trains up the Elkhorn Grade faster than seven miles an hour.

This point on the Norfolk and Western was one of the most congested in freight traffic in the world—hauling the vast tonnage of the mines to the seaboard.

Steam could not—even in the most powerful and efficient locomotives which had ever been designed—move coal over the mountains fast enough or at low enough cost.

The substitution of electricity for steam on the Elkhorn Grade will be an enduring monument to the engineers who foresaw the traffic problems of the future and that the world would soon find more power from less coal an imperative need of transportation.

It was one of the first great demonstrations of the distinct and progressive advantage in reliability of operation that follows railway electrification.

It was one of those milestones in industrial progress that mark achievements of far reaching effect, and will often be remembered when electric freight transportation has become universal.

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East Pittsburgh, Pa.

Invest in Liberty Bonds and do your full part to help win the war.

Westinghouse

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Electricity Hauls More Coal with Less

Today, heavier trains than ever climb these mountains of Virginia, but they glide up the steep Elkhorn, and through the tunnels at twice the former speed, and track capacity has doubled.

Two Baldwin-Westinghouse Locomotives are more than equal to the task of the three steam giants they replaced.

They make no smoke, and the coal whose energy feeds the wires from which they draw their power is not half what used to blaze under the boilers of the steam locomotives.

The Norfolk and Western is just one among many Steam Road Electrifications of Westinghouse equipment.

550 Miles of trackage on the New York, New Haven and Hartford are electrified, saving half the coal formerly burned and making travel clean and comfortable.

The Pennsylvania Terminal electrification at New York cut locomotive maintenance cost in half and led to vast improvements at the Philadelphia terminal.

Electrification increased the capacity of the Hoosac and St. Clair Tunnels 100 per cent, eliminated gas and smoke, increased the speed of trains and decreased train breakages.

The saving of coal by the use of electricity generated by water power on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul will be increased by the use of Baldwin-Westinghouse locomotives on the Cascade extension of this line.

Steam road electrification is but one of many ways in which Westinghouse Engineering, Westinghouse motors and Westinghouse electric power-plant equipment are contributing to a new age of railway and industrial efficiency.

If you value your American liberties buy Liberty Bonds.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
East Pittsburgh, Pa.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Lord Reading

THE Story of Lord Reading—alias Rufus Daniel Isaacs—reads like fiction. Chapter I—Discontented with the work his family has chosen for him, he runs away to sea. Chapter II—He returns home and goes to work, but is unsuccessful, and at twenty-six finds himself a failure. Chapter III—Enter the heroine, who encourages young Isaacs to study law. Chapter IV (ten years later)—He is a famous lawyer and is happily married to the heroine. After this follows a spectacular rise in politics and law, until 1918 finds him Lord Chief Justice of England. The next chapter of the story is laid in the United States, whither our hero has come as Ambassador and head of the British War Mission.

Isaac F. Marcosson

An Autobiography

I WAS born in Louisville, Kentucky; served my newspaper apprenticeship in the training school sometimes called the "mint julep fountain" presided over by the most picturesque and lovable of all American newspaper editors, Colonel Henry Watterson. After years in these journalistic trenches I was "discovered" by Walter H. Page, now Ambassador to Great Britain and then editor of The World's Work. Five years on that magazine (which did not belie its name for labor), and which included among other adventures the putting of Upton Sinclair's epic of Packingtown, "The Jungle," on the map, paved the way to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, where I became a Boswell of the Dollar and helped the Wall Street sphinxes to find their tongues. I have always believed that the business man was a nation's chief asset; that the Romance of Big Business was the

(Concluded on Page 138)

Col. E. D. Swinton

TO THE right is the man who developed the famous tanks, and above a picture of one of these Jabberwocks of the battlefield. Colonel Swinton got his original idea for the tank from an American tractor which he saw at work on a farm in Antwerp before the war; but it was not until two years later that the first of the death-spitting monsters started its caterpillar crawl over No Man's Land and across trenches, to the stupefaction of the Hun Receiving Committee. Colonel Swinton is a member of the new British Mission that came to this country headed by Lord Reading.

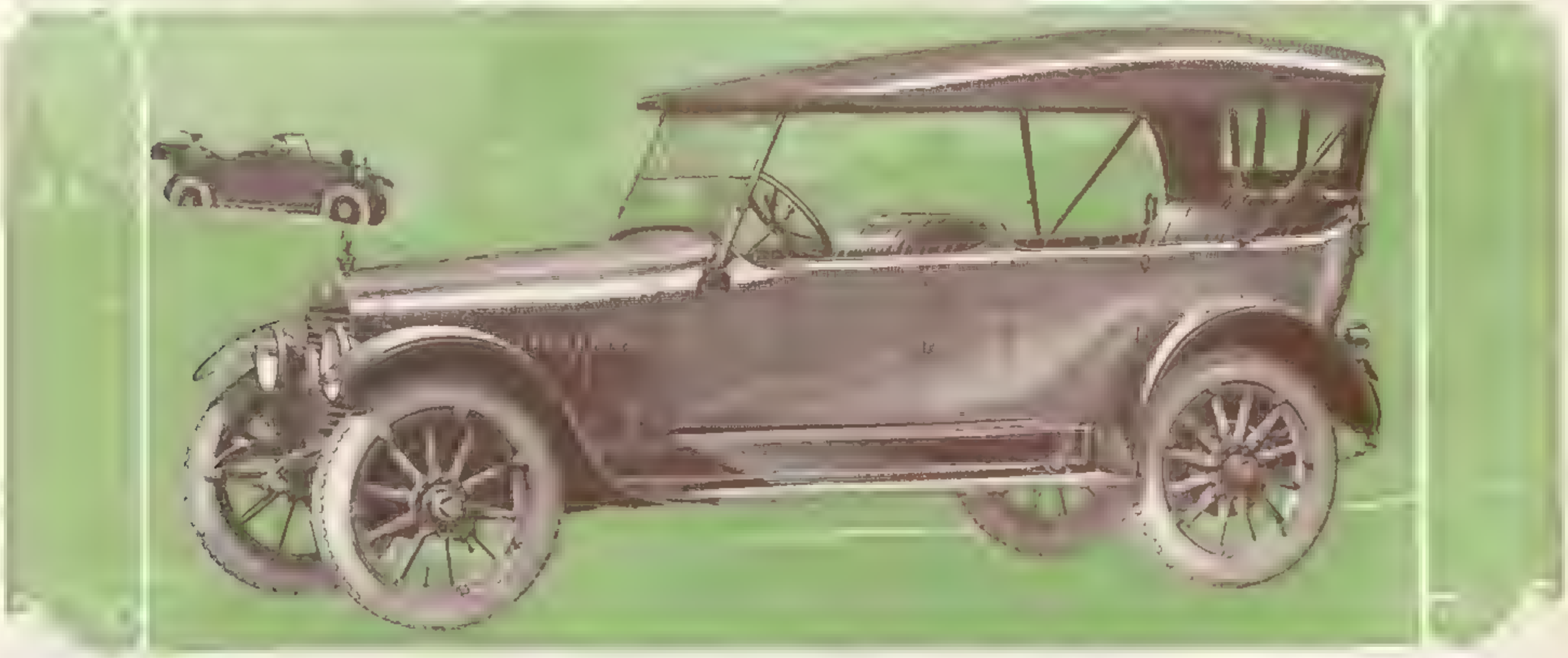
Josephine Daskam Bacon

An Autobiography

IT IS always very difficult for me to approach autobiography in the proper spirit. The reason for this is that the autobiography is usually requested, in the case of articles like this, on the basis of my being a writer; and as I have always regarded writing as beyond any shadow of doubt the least interesting of my many occupations, and as nobody ever believes this, we never get very far.

It is so clear to everybody else that this attitude of mine is a "pose," and so clear to me that nobody with any sense who could do anything else would sit still and write, that the reading public and I don't exactly pull together, if you see

(Concluded on Page 138)



Why 50,000 Motorists Have Accepted The Hudson Super-Six As Is

Performance Is What They Bought, And That Is What They Got

The new Hudson Super-Six Phaeton. It is a 7-passenger car, a de luxe development of the earlier Super-Six models, of which there are more in service than any other fine car of its type.

THEY looked for no special detail. No special device or equipment influenced their choice.

What they bought was what they knew the Super-Six has done for men they know. There was plenty of proof that the Super-Six is not merely a good-looking, easy-riding car.

The convincing thing is the way in which it meets every service punishment without faltering.

Before many Super-Sixes had been delivered, stock cars were matched against the most difficult tests known to motordom. There was the one hour run, the twenty-four hour test, the climb up Pike's Peak, and the double trans-continental run.

In each the Super-Six showed better performance than any other car of its class had ever shown, regardless of cost. Some of these records were better than any car, regardless of class, had ever made. Some still stand, although attempts have been made to defeat them.

Hudson engineers wanted to learn how to make later models better than the earlier ones in endurance and reliability.

Now a Finer Super-Six

The first Super-Six possessed all that Hudson engineers knew at that time

No experience with cars known then could have helped to make it better than it proved to be.

But now 50,000 cars are in service. Much was learned from the experience owners had with them

The special tests also showed ways in which endurance could be extended. Hudson engineers learned ways to improve their earlier standards

That, you who know the Super-Six will appreciate if you will merely ride in and drive this new Hudson And if you do not know the Super-Six, then you will more than ever understand its qualities for your knowledge of motor car performance will be founded upon the standards which you know.

From the very first, the policy has been to make the Super-Six the perfected ideal car. That called for many refinements, for the finest materials, the finest workmanship. You will realize that influence by merely examining the car, but its deeper meaning can come only from the day to day, month to month, service it gives

In every detail of the ten different body styles the same ideal of matchless design and workmanship has been preserved.

Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit, Mich.

Look for "Champion" on the Porcelain as well as on the Box

Like every other article that through superior merit becomes the standard of quality and value, Champion Spark Plugs are imitated.

That's why we ask you to look for the name, "Champion" *on the porcelain* of the plugs you buy, as well as on the box.

Champion "x" is factory equipment on Ford cars and has been since 1911.

Champion "Conical" is factory equipment on all Ford Tractors.

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio

Champion Spark Plug Company of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario

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That word "Champion" on the porcelain is your final and positive guarantee of absolutely complete satisfaction.

pion Dependable Spark Plugs

'Ever-Ready' Army Razor in Khaki
$1
BLADES
'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor
HERE'S the 'Ever-Ready' in its new Khaki uniform—all snug and tight and very compact—ready to be slipt into corner of kit bag. The new kit is fine quality khaki—rubberized and waterproof, made to stand up under the hard service "over there" the same as the 'Ever-Ready' frame and blades.
The 'Ever-Ready' is the only dollar razor that has thorough, guaranteed distribution of blade supply in France and England. Buy the 'Ever-Ready' "over here" because you can get the blades "over there"
Extra 'Ever-Ready' Razor Blades 6 for 30c
$1.00 Standard Outfit
TRADE MARK FACE

OUR NAVY AND THE FRENCH COAST

(Continued from Page 15)

the sea thirty-six degrees. Among those who looked on and pitied the exhausted man who had made such a plucky fight of it was the ship's cook, Joseph Marcio. His realm of pots and pans being wrecked and awash, he turned his attention to this affair of the drowning quartermaster. Knotting a line about his middle and making no fuss about it he jumped into the sea and swam to Robertson, a veritable porpoise of a sea cook with a soul as big as all outdoors.

The ship had some way on her and could not be wholly stopped. It happened therefore that when the cook grabbed the quartermaster they were slowly towed through the seas. The strain was terrific and the rope nearly cut the cook in two, but he clung to his man until they were fetched alongside and hauled aboard together.

The quartermaster was unconscious, and the cook also collapsed on deck, but was thawed out with no serious damage. This Joseph Marcio was promoted to the rating of chief commissary steward in recognition of the deed and was recommended for the gold life-saving medal of the Navy Department.

The danger and hardship of winter weather on the French coast, exposed to it day in and day out while the convoys come and go, are incidental to the routine of the warfare against the German submarine, which is the vital issue. The French aid and coöperate with their armed trawlers, destroyers, seaplanes and torpedo boats. Considering the means at hand, the great coastwise convoys have been guarded surprisingly well, with small percentage of loss. Sinkings are bound to occur, however.

Fritz may be hardy and dogged in the use of the submarine, but he is seldom audacious. He plays it safe, and there may be iron in his blood, but there is no flame of daring, no love for the hazardous enterprise which stakes all on a throw of the dice.

During the winter he once ventured inshore and ran the risk of reefs and shoaling water to attack a coastwise convoy comprising more than a score of ships. Approaching them unseen, at midnight, he ran amuck like a wolf in a sheep pasture, sinking four before the vessels of the armed escort had caught a glimpse of him. One of the victims was the American steamer Harry Luckenbach, which floated eight minutes after being torpedoed. Stricken ships usually plunge under much quicker than this. Her crew of thirty-three men went into the water on rafts, bits of wreckage, in a boat which was shattered and useless. Other ships were blown up and sinking near them. The affrighted whistles of endangered steamers, the muffled explosions, the cries of dozens of men drowning or floundering about in the darkness, the noise of guns firing blindly at what was fancied to be the submarine—made a very fair inferno of this bit of the Breton coast.

Old Glory at the Masthead

One of the American yachts steamed into this tragic confusion and switched on her searchlight, regardless of the fact that it blazoned her against the night as the easy target for another torpedo. She found herself among the castaways of the Harry Luckenbach. The air was full of their voices coming out of the gloom, men whose blood was already congealed by the icy water, whose throats were contracted and teeth locked so that they had become inarticulate and could only moan. The searchlight began to pick them out, but it was largely by chance. Its bright beam might sweep within a few feet of a poor wretch and yet miss him for the time. When out of the light they were wholly invisible, groping and splashing with no sense of direction, scattering themselves over a continually widening area.

The searchlight also illumined the Harry Luckenbach just before she dived under. The American ensign was streaming aloft from its halyards, a picture to hold in mind. It was later learned that one of these merchant seamen, of a crew raked up anyhow on the water front of New York, had bethought himself to run up the Stars and Stripes in the last moment and let the old hooker go to Davy Jones with the colors flying. More than this, when they were in the water and before the cold gripped their hearts, a few of these sailors raised a cheer for the flag and even tried to pipe up The Star-Spangled Banner. A dramatic little episode and very genuine, for there was no touch of the grand stand in it! They expected to be drowned, every mother's son of them, and they did not even know that the yacht was heading in to pick them up.

It was such a crew as you might expect to find on a cargo steamer in wartime—Spaniards, negroes, Norwegians, a few Americans. One or two at a time they were fished aboard the yacht until twenty-six had been accounted for.

One of them got his hands on a rope which was tossed from the deck. He was at the last gasp, but his fingers closed, and slowly, painfully he hauled in the rope hand over hand. The ship was moving, and the bluejacket who held the other end had to let go. The man in the water was unaware of this and he continued fisting himself along the rope as his last effort and his one hope of salvation. Finally he came to the end of it, and found there was nothing there. The searchlight revealed the expression of his face, of such agonized disappointment as was beyond words.

Again the ship moved toward him and the bight of a line was deftly dropped over his shoulders and he was safely hoisted aboard. The end of the other rope was still in his hands, and his fingers could not be pried loose from it without breaking the bones. The rope was therefore cut, leaving him with a bit of it, which he released two hours later.

Gritty Sufferers

The navy doctor who attended these survivors confidently expected several of them to die on his hands, but they fooled him to a man. One of them had a compound fracture of the leg, the bone badly protruding, but he was conscious and urged that he be allowed to await his turn until the others were looked after. So he sprawled on a wardroom transom, uttered never a groan, and huskily suggested:

"Get those poor stiffs limbered up first, Doc, and see if there's a kick in 'em. One was beggin' for his mother while we were in the water. What do you think of that? Story-book stuff like we used to read, but I never heard it actually happen before. My bum leg? Sure it hurts, but I'm in no hurry."

The doctor had gained a wide experience in accident cases before he chucked up his practice to take on as a two-striper in the navy, but he had never seen men literally rigid from exposure as were these men of the Luckenbach. There was no more bending them than if they had been cast-iron statuary on somebody's front lawn. The master of the lost steamer was taken out of a water-logged boat in which he sat doubled up with chin and knees together. They had to lift him aboard in this grotesque posture, for two strong sailors were unable to straighten him out. Others, who had been floating, could not be hinged and made to sit down or to relax their hold of pieces of wreckage and life belts. They were "stiffs," and extraordinary ones.

An officer of the ship thawed, at length, and his tongue likewise became limber. With intense vehemence he declared to the skipper of the yacht:

"As soon as I step ashore in New York I'm going to load my old shotgun and beat it across the river to Hoboken and shoot the deadlights out of the first German that crosses my bows. Then I'm going to get another ship and come over here again."

These plodding merchant seamen—American, British, French, Italian—who are doing so much to win the war will have no medals pinned on their chests, but they earn them nevertheless. In a class with them for unassuming valor are the fishermen and sailors of the French coast, who ply their trade in waters infested by submarines which spare them not. Our yachts and destroyers pass them at sea, ketches and luggers and trawlers, lifting red sails offshore, with a cheery "Allo" and a flourish of tasseled caps, and the glow of friendship on the brown wrinkled Breton faces. Their stories of disaster, even when translated from the reports turned in to their

(Continued on Page 90)

1/7¢ per Mile

The low cost of high mileage. The high cost of low mileage. *Which way out?*

ONE manufacturer hands us this report on Sterling Tires used all 'round on over 500 business cars. Average mileage per shoe—over 10,000. Cost per mile per tire: 1/7c.

Will all Sterling Tires equal that record? No.

Will 90% of all Sterling Tires better their mileage guarantee of 5000 (6000 for 30 x 3½ and 31 x 4)?

Absolutely!

How do we know that? From the speedometer records made on a large part of the Sterling Tires used last year.

O. K'd by Business

Here are mileage returns sent to us by 20 different users of Sterling Tires. Names of users will be furnished on request.

6,732	10,167	9,273
15,498	13,098	7,000
12,200	13,271	8,486
12,500	13,161	7,500
10,965	14,423	11,000
10,000	23,000	27,000
20,500	13,000	

Most of these figures are, of course, well above the average mileage yield of *all* Sterling Tires. But they indicate the remarkable extra mileage which is delivered by Sterling Tires in many cases.

Take the highest figure quoted—27,000 miles. The user, who lives in Norwalk, Conn., writes, "I am now removing a tire at your Bridgeport Branch (30 x 3½ Vacuum-Bar) that has been over 27,000 miles and is still in condition to run. This tire has never been repaired and has only a slight break in the fabric. I have another Sterling Tire that blew out at 25,060. I have still another that was one of the first Sterling Tires we purchased and had run five weeks before I put on the one that gave me over 27,000 miles."

Who knows best?

The Sterling Tire Corporation has made and sold its tires along these lines:

1 *The only miles that can come out of a tire are the miles which the manufacturer builds into it.*

2 *The tire buyer who is in the best position to judge a tire is the man who operates from 6 to 600 business automobiles.*

So we have always tried to make Sterling Tires enough better so that they would show lowest-cost-per-mile to business users.

The man who knows most about tires is the man who keeps accurate cost records on every tire, on every car, on oil—gas—repairs. Who KNOWS—not hopes or guesses.

Our success has come almost entirely from going first after buyers of that type. Sales figures show this plainly—90% of all Sterling Tires are on business automobiles; 74% of last year's production was sold to previous users.

These are records in the tire business, as any veteran tire man will tell you.

No substitute for mileage

After a man has had experience with several makes of tires, he generally decides to take off the blinders of Price-per-tire and buy solely on Cost-per-mile.

Maybe you are at that stage now. Perhaps you have found, as experience teaches all tire buyers sooner or later, that the business of a tire is to yield high mileage at low cost.

If so, the common-sense of our regular service to customers will interest you.

As long as any Sterling Tire justifies the cost of repairs we will make them—*free of charge.*

This service does not end at 5000 miles. It keeps on throughout the entire life of the tire, even at the 27,000 mile mark—if you should happen to equal the Norwalk man's mileage.

This sounds like a lot to give. Probably it would be, on some tires. But it has encouraged users to bring Sterling Tires to us promptly when minor repairs were needed, and that in turn enables us to keep small troubles from growing big.

Sterling Tires are built for heavy service. They are extra strong at every point. As a rule comparison will show a Sterling Tire of any rated size to be pounds heavier and inches larger than other makes. It pays to repair Sterlings when it would not pay to repair an inferior tire.

STERLING TIRES are sold through a number of responsible dealers and through our 28 Factory Branches. The branches are listed at the right.

Underneath them we print a coupon. If you are interested in lower tire cost-per-mile, it would be decidedly worth your while to fill in the coupon now and mail it to the Branch nearest you.

The *Vacuum-Bar Tread* is a scientific non-skid that really *holds*. It is exclusively STERLING—patented. Ordinarily the non-skid feature will last through the guaranteed mileage.

We own and operate direct factory sales branches in the following cities:

ALBANY, N. Y.	63 Central Avenue
BALTIMORE, Md.	1[illegible] N. Charles St.
BOSTON, Mass.	205 Clarendon Street
BRIDGEPORT, Conn.	340 Fairfield Avenue
BROOKLYN, N. Y.	63 Rogers Avenue
BUFFALO, N. Y.	210 Franklin Street
CHICAGO, Ill.	3031 S. Michigan Ave.
CINCINNATI, Ohio	1302 Race Street
CLEVELAND, Ohio	5018 Euclid Avenue
DETROIT, Mich.	940 Woodward Avenue
HACKENSACK, N. J.	Main and Passaic Sts.
HARTFORD, Conn.	286 Main Street
JERSEY CITY, N. J.	2082 Hudson Blvd.
NEWARK, N. J.	38 William Street
NEW HAVEN, Conn.	232 Crown Street
NEW YORK, N. Y.	234 West 55th Street
PATERSON, N. J.	53 Ward Street
PHILADELPHIA, Pa.	1238 Spring Garden St.
PITTSBURGH, Pa.	540 N. Craig Street
PROVIDENCE, R. I.	234 Broad Street
READING, Pa.	104-106 N. 5th Street
ROCHESTER, N. Y.	565 East Main Street
RUTHERFORD, N. J.	Maple St. and Erie Ave.
SPRINGFIELD, Mass.	336 Bridge Street
ST. LOUIS, Mo.	2824A Locust Street
SYRACUSE, N. Y.	518 South Clinton St.
WASHINGTON, D. C.	1621 14th St. N. W.
WORCESTER, Mass.	32 Shrewsbury Street

Sterling Tire Corporation
Gentlemen:

I would like to receive full data on STERLING TIRES.

My tire size is_____

Name_____

Address_____

S E P _____

STERLING TIRE CORPORATION

(Established 1908)

Rutherford, New Jersey

TO DEALERS:

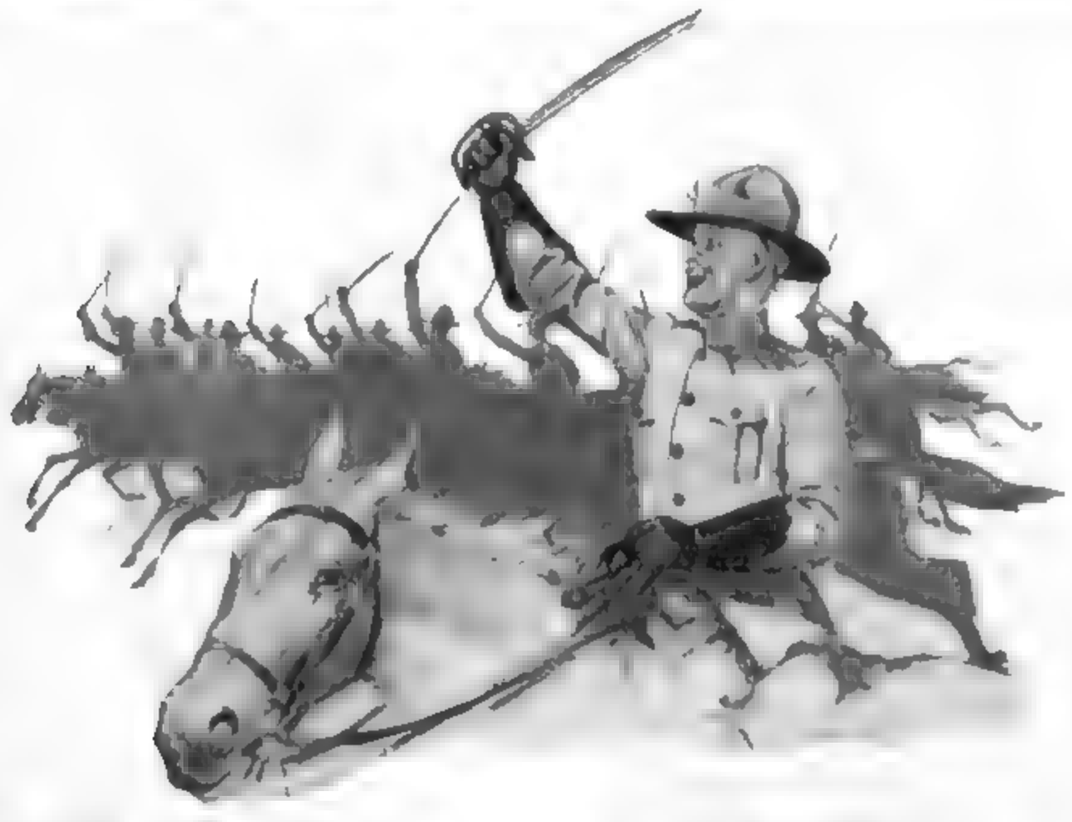
There is at least one man in every sizable town who will agree with the Sterling spirit and Sterling policy, and who can do a satisfactory and agreeable business, increasing year by year, as Sterling quality proves itself. To such dealers, outside of the cities in which we maintain branches, we are prepared to make a proposition for exclusive representation of Sterling Tires and Tubes.

Our years of direct retail selling have given us a system which we know will be valuable to our dealers. Please address the home office.

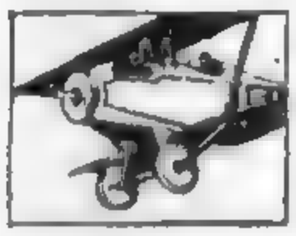
Sterling Tires

TRADE MARK

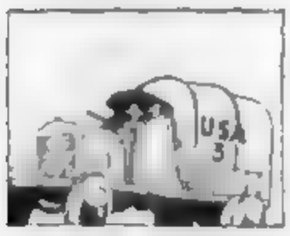
CORD AND FABRIC TYPES



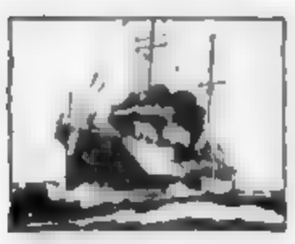
What Diamond-Fibre means to the Nation now



On a single order for fencing-gauntlets, made of DIAMOND-FIBRE, the Diamond State Fibre Company had the privilege and pleasure of saving the United States Government the tidy sum of $120,000. These gauntlets were formerly made of sole-leather, which rare and valuable material was automatically released for use in thousands of pairs of shoes.



DIAMOND-FIBRE is used for various parts on the motors of army airplanes, trucks and ambulances as well as in all other forms of insulation-rings, gaskets, fuse-casings, etc. Railroads use DIAMOND-FIBRE for insulating rail-joints and various parts of automatic signal systems, important now as never before in routing and rushing Government freight.



Field desks, army trunks and all kinds of cases and receptacles are made of DIAMOND-FIBRE. The delicate instruments used in field-telephone and wireless systems are insulated with DIAMOND-FIBRE. Practically every type of electrical apparatus, power boat or vehicle uses DIAMOND-FIBRE in some form.

DIAMOND-FIBRE is a dense, horn-hard material that will replace to advantage many metals and other materials that you are now having difficulty to obtain. DIAMOND-FIBRE is furnished in sheets, rods, tubes and many special shapes. It can be sawed, bent, bored, tapped, turned, threaded, milled, punched, and worked into almost any form. Best of all DIAMOND-FIBRE contains such an absolute minimum of dust, grit, and metal that it is a pleasure to machine.

Tell us your manufacturing troubles.

Diamond-F Protective Papers

Ask your jobber to show you the broad line of specialized wrapping and packing papers including Diamond-F Glazine, Diamond-F Greaseproof (Imitation Parchment), Diamond-F Vegetable Parchment and Diamond-F Parchmoid.

Diamond-F Protective Papers are used for wrapping meats, confectionery, butter, tobacco, desiccated fruits, ice cream, coffee, tea, etc. They keep impurities out and original goodness in.

Diamond-F Protective Papers are all that modern machinery and human hands can make them. Leading manufacturers everywhere use them. Pure spring-water is used in making Diamond-F Protective Papers, resulting in a pure, cellulose sheet, free from metals, waxes, oils and other foreign materials which may taint the product. If your jobber cannot supply you, write us direct.

Diamond State Fibre Co.

Bridgeport, Pa. (Near Philadelphia)

Offices in Principal Cities

P. S.—Celoron and Condensite-Celoron are two remarkable new water-resisting materials.

A Mark of Quality — A Sign of Service

Diamond-F

(Continued from Page 88

admirals, have a note of appeal—the intimate human touch that is lacking in similar documents elsewhere. I venture to quote two or three of them, episodes which have been talked about in port:

"The trawler Saint Mathieu left port to go fishing one hundred miles south-southwest of the Raz de Sein. Bad weather delayed him until the lookout at the gun saw a boat on the horizon and several moments later a shell passed over the Saint Mathieu. The captain immediately took in his nets and went to battle stations and headed for the enemy, at the same time opening fire with the bow gun at sixty-five hundred meters. The submarine also headed toward him while he continued his fire in a spirited manner. A shell passed to starboard of the Saint Mathieu, shattering the upper part and wounding the man at the wheel. Perceiving that the fire of the submarine was well regulated, the captain of the Saint Mathieu steered to port, and encouraged his crew by showing them that their fire was also good, since the shells were falling near the submarine.

"Unfortunately a shell fell on the bow of the Saint Mathieu, wounding three of the gun's crew. The only survivor continued the fire until the ammunition was exhausted. The submarine was then only twelve hundred meters away and his fire was extremely accurate. The second mate of the Saint Mathieu was now killed and a sailor wounded. The captain was unable to reply to the enemy's fire, lacking a crew, so he decided to stop and abandon. Of his crew of thirteen men four had been killed and four badly wounded. Nearly all of the others were injured by the explosions. The boat left the Saint Mathieu, and the submarine then ceased firing but made a signal for the boat to come near him. He asked the usual questions and took an old French flag which he saw in the boat and then went to the Saint Mathieu and sunk her with his guns."

Cited in Orders

"After thirty hours, all navigation being made very difficult by bad weather, and after great suffering on the part of the crew, who were all more or less seriously wounded, a steamer was seen in the night. It was a patrol boat. The night was very dark. The patrol vessel heard the cries of the sailors, but could not see the boat. The boat tried to pull clear, but, said the captain, he was hindered in this by the sailor Jossin, whose head had been injured in the fight and who was afflicted with delirium. The patrol vessel struck the boat, which capsized, throwing all the crew into the water. As a result four were drowned, of whom three had been wounded. The five survivors of the Saint Mathieu were landed at La Pallice. The captain and the sailor Jossin, both seriously wounded, have been given the Military Medal. All the men of the crew of the Saint Mathieu have been cited in orders."

"The French schooner Germaine left to join a convoy of sailing vessels in formation at Lézardrieux. Bad weather prevented her from making way. She went as far as the English coast, but could not round Longships, and a storm prevailing she crossed the Channel again, close-reefed, running with double-reefed topsails. Late in one afternoon the Germaine was attacked by a submarine, which fired four shells, then a volley of five shots while encircling the sailing vessel. The watch was well organized on board the Germaine and was ably commanded by a former sergeant of colonial infantry, who was brave and resolute, but the sea was so heavy that the submarine was not seen before the beginning of the firing. The captain of the Germaine tacked to run with the wind in order to make use of his two guns, and gave the order to open fire. He climbed into the rigging himself in order to watch the shots, which were aimed every time the adversary was visible between the troughs of water. At the fourth shot from the Germaine the submarine abandoned the struggle, swerved away from the sailing vessel and took a course parallel to it. Fearing an attack by night, as soon as darkness came the Germaine changed her course and headed for ——, where she arrived in safety."

"The three-masted French vessel Anne Antoinette, having left Havre, was on the south of the English coast, making a speed of three knots. It was very foggy. Suddenly the captain saw an enemy submarine come forth out of the fog and pass broad on his beam. At first he took it for an English submarine chaser. However, he ordered his gun manned. At a distance of no more than three hundred meters the submarine opened fire with a machine gun, following this with shell fire. The cabin boy of the Anne Antoinette was killed. In maneuvering so as to be able to use his gun the captain opened fire, and at the third shot the submarine submerged and abandoned the attack."

"The French sailing vessel Nimosa left the banks of Newfoundland and when southwest of Scilici a submarine was encountered. She opened fire and one shot struck the hull and several others the rigging. The captain gave the order to abandon ship, which was done in dories in an orderly manner. He alone remained on board and when about to disembark he was killed by a shell. The submarine fired three revolver shots in the direction of a dory to arrest it. The six men were taken on board the submarine and the dory was being used to place bombs in the sailing vessel when five English torpedo boats appeared. The submarine compelled the six men to disembark and submerged at once.

"The French sailors were struck by the aspect of fatigue and nervousness of the Germans. The commanding officer of the submarine kept repeating orders to make haste, and the officer sent to place the bombs had difficulty in carrying on his work by reason of the nervous tension under which he labored. One of the crew of the submarine who had lived a long time in England expressed himself as pessimistic about the war and particularly about the submarine warfare."

The merchant skippers who traverse the Bay of Biscay or join the slow convoys that trail coastwise become accustomed to the vicissitudes of the trade and are not easily startled. One of them was hailed by a commander of an American yacht, who displayed a pardonable curiosity to know why the foredeck of the cargo steamer should be littered with brick, stone and mortar in disorderly heaps. The untroubled mariner, who hailed from some English Channel port, bawled through a megaphone from one end of his canvas-screened bridge:

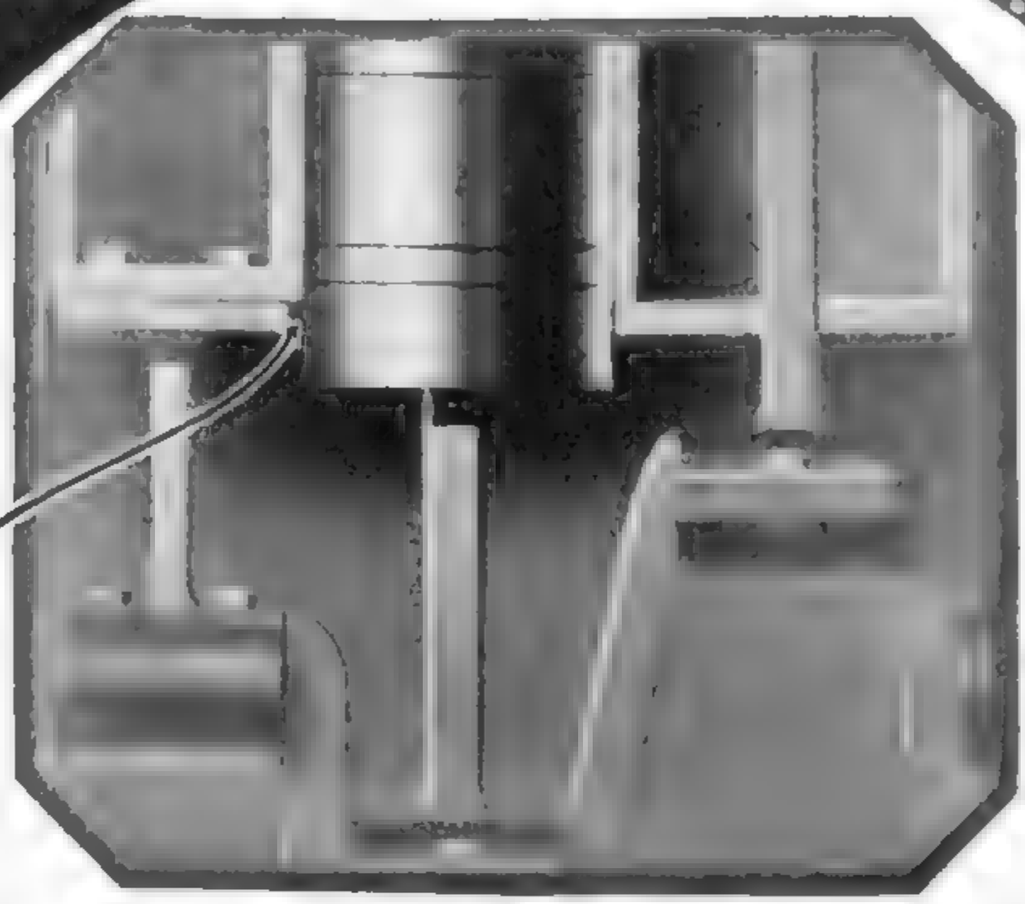
"Oh, you noticed the extraordinary muck, did you? It's what's left of a bloody French lighthouse that I ran into last night while tryin' to find the channel. The thing just toppled over on deck with a frightful crash, and the crew thought we were torpedoed. The blighters made for the boats, but I drove them back. The mate was a bit dizzied by this silly performance of a lighthouse comin' aboard and he stood there beggin' its pardon for bowlin' it over. Odd, wasn't it? Deep water made in close to the rock and I was proceedin' cautiously, so the steamer was merely dented a bit. Fancy arrivin' in port with a lighthouse spilled all over your decks. It's quite new to me. Will the French Government compel me to put up a new one, do you think?"

Portuguese Pantomime

The American naval commander courteously agreed that strange things were bound to happen in time of war. When he told the yarn in the wardroom the navigator reminded him of the famous visit of the Portuguese pilot when the yacht was coaling at the Azores. It was shortly after a German submarine had attempted to bombard Ponta Delgada by way of diversion and as a sample of the only genuine brand of frightfulness. It so happened that an American naval supply ship was anchored behind the breakwater. Her guns would have been blanketed by a wall of masonry but for the fact that she had been purposely listed over to one side for some repair work, and this enabled her starboard battery to get the elevation required to shoot over the breakwater. She therefore went into action against the wicked submarine and drove it away from Ponta Delgada. The natives were grateful to the edge of hysterics and the ship was acclaimed as the savior of the city. It was such sentiments as these that the Portuguese pilot attempted to convey when he climbed aboard the yacht and told what had occurred.

When sufficiently urged the navigator would reproduce it, having moved the chairs aside, because the sketch was largely pantomime and gestures.

(Continued on Page 93)



The oil film that separates the piston from the cylinder wall performs the same service as the wall of pure rubber which surrounds and Insulates each cord from every other cord in

Firestone Cord Tires

-internal friction overcome

FIRESTONE Cord Tire excellence is the result of constructing a fine, smoothly operating inner mechanism. All parts beneath the surface of the tire operate with the least possible friction and heat. The movement of part upon part is sure and accurate. Rub and rasp are eliminated. The stout cords are protected by a permanent "lubricant" of rubber. In this bed of rubber each cord moves as if on ball bearings. See the section cut from a stock Firestone Cord Tire at your dealer's. You'll find many reasons for Most Miles per Dollar and the other desirable qualities of Firestone Cord Tires.

FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO, BRANCHES AND DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Right Now is the Time to Buy Belting Service for Five Years to Come

"Cut out waste," says the Government—"Cut out waste," says the Board of Directors—"Cut out waste," says the Head of the Factory

REQUISITIONS for coal and transmission belting and a few other things go up to the head office for examination these days.

Only about one in every thirty-four manufacturers in the United States know how to buy belting.

The *one* buys *service*, and service only. So many cuts to the hour; so many pieces per day. The output fixed and known per unit of power and dollar of belting cost.

The thirty-three buy belting materials at a constant increase in price, and send them out into the factory with a prayer that they will last as long as the belts they replace. But with no certain knowledge of how long that will be—for the same factors that are raising the prices of "traditional" belting materials are also affecting their quality.

IT is the pull of the belt that turns out the profits—and you are going to need more pull and more power in this country for the next five years.

What would it mean to you if you could be sure that in every department of your plant you were getting the maximum output possible; that every belt in the place was delivering full power all the time—because it was somebody's business to see to it and that somebody had a stake in the belt's performance?

Then you wouldn't care what the belt was made of. You wouldn't even care what the first cost of it amounted to. Because the cost per cut is what counts. And that is the only basis on which to buy belting.

IN certain respects these days a factory ought to live a day at a time and buy from hand to mouth.

In other things it should supply itself for a long time ahead—one of these things is belting service.

In some cases where you are depending on a belting material that is the product of nature, you very likely will have to pay three prices for an inferior quality. In others you cannot get the material at all.

The manufacturer can't afford to provide belting service in advance of his needs if he is using a belting product that deteriorates with age.

But *ageing* is part of the process that makes Leviathan-Anaconda belts durable—so pliable and tough as to be well nigh indestructible in service.

Birmingham, Alabama, manufacturers working in steel and iron knew what they were doing when they began some months ago to replace their old "traditional" belting of various kinds with Leviathan-Anaconda.

After installing them for main drives—secondary, auxiliary and individual machine drives—they were so pleased with their tractiveness and freedom from stretch, so impressed with our constant supervision of all our belts, and with the whole range of what we mean by service, that some of these concerns, in view of the outlook and market conditions, have stocked up with thousands of feet in various sizes.

Our service is continuous. It begins as soon as the belt is put on the pulleys. An installation, large or small, or a supply in your stock room, is a retainer for our belting service. It means that we take the responsibility for what your belts will do and for the power they deliver.

MANUFACTURERS tell us every day that the selling of belts as service is the only right or intelligent approach to this whole question.

What are you buying? A material, a fixed habit and tradition? Or a result? What the belt will do. Power delivered. Length of life. Freedom from trouble.

And—profits!

Because the money you throw under your boilers can come back to you only through power delivered at the machine.

Protect your future belting needs now!

LEVIATHAN AND ANACONDA BELTS

for Transmission, Conveying and Elevating

MAIN BELTING COMPANY, PHIL'ADELPHIA

NEW YORK, CHICAGO, PITTSBURGH, ATLANTA, SAN FRANCISCO, BOSTON

Birmingham, England Paris, France Bale, Switzerland Kristiania, Norway Johannesburg, South Africa Petrograd, Russia Havana, Cuba
MAIN BELTING CO. OF CANADA, LTD., Montreal, Toronto HONOLULU IRON WORKS CO., Honolulu

(Continued from Page 90

"My captain! A-a-a-h, the dam' su'marine, she attack beautiful Ponta Delgada to make it in ruins! It ees one terrible time, I tell you. Whoosh—the beeg shells of dat su'marine dey shoot into Ponta Delgada an' frighten dose people plenty. A-a-a-h, my captain, it ees th' American sheep what surprise dat dam' su'marine! She have beeger guns an' her sailors ees the braves' men in the whole world. Whoosh, my captain—she fire her bombs, one-two-three-bang—bang! A-a-a-h, dat dam' su'marine she get hit in the eye. She ees filled full of terrible scares because she don't know the ship ees hidin' behind the wall. Whoosh! Mo' Yankee bombs drop on dat su'marine. He t'inks American battlesheeps shootin' him. What you say? He duck his n. plenty queeck. Ponta Delgada hurrahs, hip, hip, Yankee Doodle! An' dat sheep make one beeg hit. A-a-a-h, my captain—you ees so young an' handsome! A pity you was not in Ponta Delgada when th' ship had bombed dat dam' su'marine. Pretty girls—dancin'—music—flowers—plenty."

The Coal Passer's Chantey

The destroyers which operate as part of the American fleet that bases on the coast of France are sent far out to sea for one tour and the next order may take them into the English Channel or down to the southward. They are given the hardest kind of service, and, like the yachts, they just keep on going, blow high, blow low. When I went out in one of them it was my seventh cruise during the winter in a destroyer on active service, American and British, and for the first time the weather bowled me off my pins and into the skipper's bunk. There were others, seasoned bluejackets with several hash-bars or service stripes on their sleeves, who staggered to the rail and wanly regretted ever leaving home. The very energetic young commander declared it to be the smoothest trip since Christmas and was quite pleased with it, but this was small consolation. A sooty coal passer clambered up from somewhere between decks, dodged a sea that romped across the deck, wrapped his arms round a gun to save himself and chanted this verse of the ship's own chantey:

"Oh, it's smelly in the fo'castle
And there's scarcely any air;
It takes mighty little motion
To make you seasick there;
Though it's very inconvenient
To be heaving up your grub,
Still we're steaming to the east'ard,
And we're looking for a sub."

The yeoman had somehow glued himself to a chair which was lashed to the wall and was pounding out on his typewriter what he called "a handy bunch of conversation for the use of unmarried members of the American Expeditionary Forces in France." It was to be tried out by selected volunteers from the navy when next they should be ashore. The first installment ran as follows:

"Bong Swah, mad-mwa-zell! Vou zay tray beautiful. . . . Kesker say votr name? . . . Zhe swee Edward Jones. . . . Vooley voo take a walk? . . . Eecy ate oon fine place to sit down. . . . Bokoo moon to-night, nace paw? . . . Avay voo ever studied palmistry? . . . Donney mwa votr hand. . . . Votr hand ay tray soft. . . . Dahn lay Zaytah Unee au bokoo girls, may voo zay more beauuiful than any of them!"

There was little growling among these youthful tars, who had been toughened by half a year of it, but to be stood on one's head in a bucking destroyer did become tiresome after a while, and a voice was raised from a gloomy bunk:

"I wish I were a little rock a-sitting on a hill.
I wouldn't do a thing all day but just be sitting still.
I would not eat, I would not sleep, I would not even wash,
But sit up there a thousand years and rest myself, by gosh!"

This tuneful plaint quite accurately depicts the life aboard a destroyer in the Bay of Biscay, with the added fact that to be missed by a hostile torpedo now and then, the margin perhaps a few yards, lends the spice of variety to the game. Aboard the yachts the officers and men are more comfortably quartered, with deck space to move about on and numerous tiled bathrooms to remind them of their vessels' former state, but the routine of duty is no less exacting.

When I shifted from a destroyer to one of these transformed yachts her commander had received his sailing orders to take charge of the escort of a merchant convoy bound along the coast. These ships were waiting at anchor in the outer harbor, riding deep, and their masters were summoned to the yacht for a conference and instructions. They filled the wardroom, as interesting a lot of mariners as could possibly be assembled—French, British, Scandinavians, most of them elderly and wind-reddened, not in the least heroic to look at, but intrinsically admirable. They were quiet of manner, rather subdued, not so much perturbed as anxious; and the continual strain of their trade in wartime was graven in the lines of their faces.

They were salt-water brothers of the men whose shattered ships have sunk beneath them, who have been cast adrift to perish, who have been shelled and slain in open boats. By the grace of God they had been spared thus far, but a submarine might be waiting to get them on this same voyage. They listened gravely while the naval commander told them what the signals were to be, the hour of getting under way, and how they were to handle their ships in the event of attack. They nodded, asked a few questions, and filed out of the cabin to return to their ships.

There was a livelier atmosphere when the French pilots came aboard with the officer commanding the French vessels of the naval escort. Things had to be talked over with vivacity and in great detail. It was a council of war amid the smoke of cigarettes. The American officers talked what purported to be nautical French, which is full of strange and technical phrases, like sea lingo all the world over, and they made themselves understood, which is highly to the credit of the service. There would be a special protection of French destroyers and seaplanes for this convoy, because a submarine had been reported as cruising directly in the course to be followed. This information seemed to make the American commander unhappy and he confided across the table:

"If the French make all this extra fuss Fritz will get wise and beat it out to sea. The more protection the better, of course, but we might have been in for a bully good scrap. Personally I felt quite hopeful when I heard he was out there laying for us."

A Wireless Dialogue

In the light of the moon, with a sea uncommonly tranquil, the merchant ships stole out of the harbor in the wake of the yacht which led the column. They moved like shadows, showing no lights, turning one by one to round the pinnacle rocks of the outer channel and hug the coast. Daylight revealed them as stretching over miles of water and the smoke of their funnels drifted to leeward like a gray cloud bank. They suggested in nowise the old days of tall spars and shapely hulls and the traditional romance of the sea, these uncouth freight boxes with an engine in the middle; but the spirit of true romance was in them nevertheless, the spirit to do and dare for something more than gain.

When they straggled out of line the guardian yacht that led them would signal to close up, and a French destroyer dashed to and fro to help enforce the rules of procedure. Safely they passed the cape where the submarine was reported as ambushed, and it was presumed that he had discovered business elsewhere. He was looking for an easier mark, a chance to pick off some straggler or a dash into a convoy under cover of darkness.

In the yacht's chart room was a pile of wireless messages which had been picked up from ships in distress, a briefly worded record of tragedies in one area of the war zone. Occasionally one of these stories had a happy ending and was artistically complete, such as this series of radio signals:

[From S. S. ——.] "S O S. Am being torpedoed thirty miles west of —— . . . Am being shelled. Shot just missed by five hundred yards. . . . Am still being shelled. Hope to see you soon."

[From U. S. Yacht ——.] "Keep on that course. We are heading for you. . . . Hold on. Help is coming."

[S. S. ——.] "Escaped. Thank you."

[Yacht ——.] "Well done!"

Before nightfall a fog obscured the convoy and hid the coast. Down rattled the anchors, for it was dangerous to steam ahead into the bay which had been chosen as the escort's destination. Up from the

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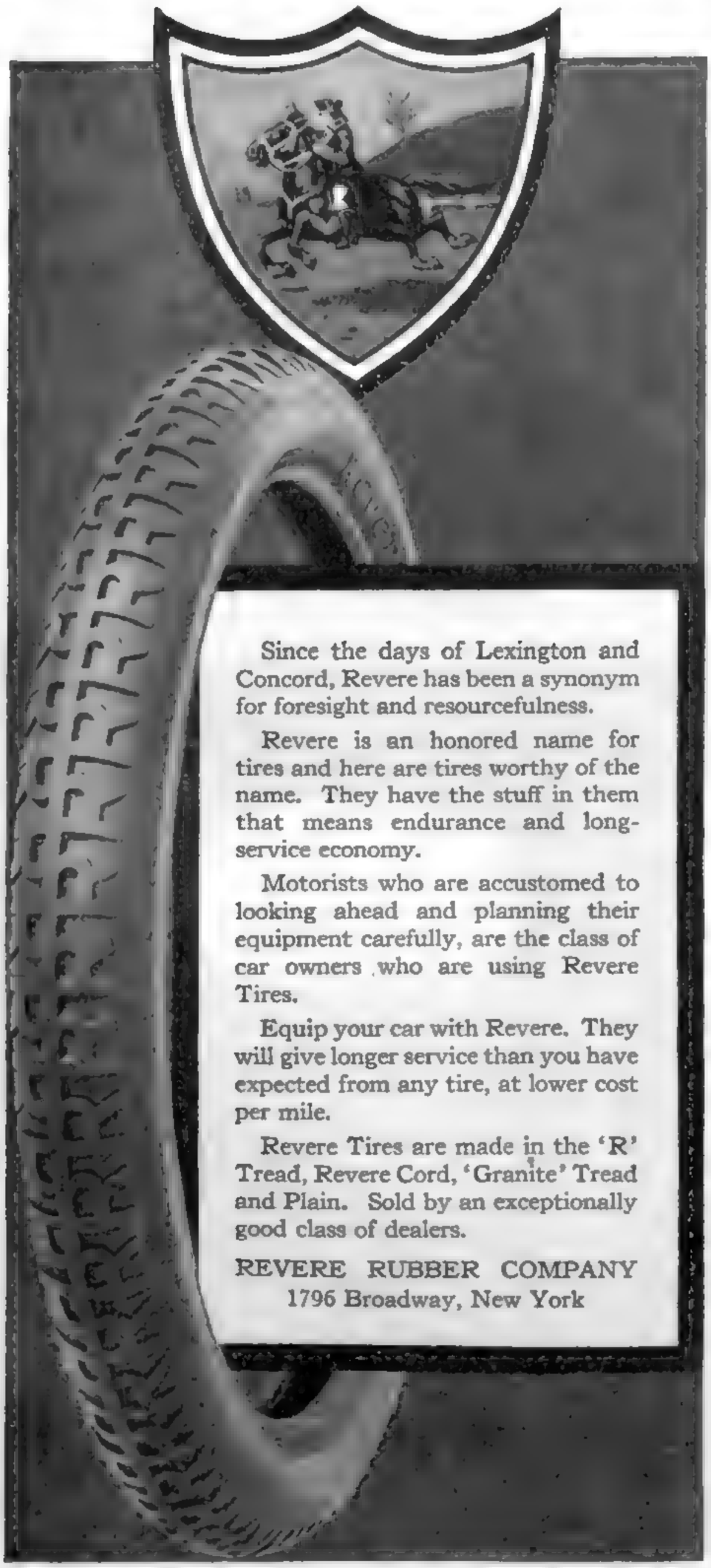

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galley came the yacht's cook, a chunky black rascal from South Carolina, who was anxious to air a grievance to the first officer willing to listen to him. Respectfully accosting the navigator he fidgeted and blurted out:

"Please, suh, does you mind speakin' to that nigger Jonas what helps me cook for you-all? I done put up wid him long as I kin stand it."

"What's wrong with Jonas? You two been quarreling again, Sam?"

"It's his puttin' on airs, suh, an' behavin' hisself in disobligin' ways, suh."

"As bad as that? Give me the bill of particulars."

"Yes, suh! Well, he come aboa'd this trip with a drink or two under his skin. He wan't lit up, suh, but it made him feel like puttin' on dem same ol' airs o' his. Come time to turn out, I tell him shake a leg, nigger, an' help me git breakfas' under way. He jes' lay in his bunk an' roll his eyes an' put on airs an' talk French at me."

"Is that what you mean by putting on airs, Sam? Talking French at you?"

"Yes, suh! That's what he done. He jes' lay on his back an' rolled his eyes and wouldn't say nothin' a-tall but 'Wee, wee, wee'"

"Too bad, Sam. I'll see that he is punished for it. You mustn't let things worry you. What about being torpedoed? Are you afraid of that?"

"Not me, suh. I'll never go down with no yacht when she busts wide open. I watch mah step. Don't ketch me strayin' far from a hatch or a ladder or a do' that leads straight to the deck, suh. I suttinly does aim to make a clean get-away."

During the night a breeze rolled the fog back a little, enough to give the skipper a glimpse of a light to guide him. The French pilots preferred to wait for day, but the yacht signaled the ships to follow her, and boldly, adroitly led the way into the sheltered bay, where they were secure against submarine attack. It was a touch of Yankee dash and resolution, which was later commended by both the American and French admirals in command.

The officer knew the coast by night and day, and he would not risk the merchant ships outside a moment longer than could be helped, fog or no fog.

Other ships were waiting in the crowded roadstead of this port, and the escort turned back with them to run the northbound course and again pass through dangerous waters and gamble with the U-boat, which was reported as still off the coast. This was the routine scheduled, with little respite, to be carried on in all weathers.

Too Big and Too Empty

It was never monotonous. An attack might be made at any moment. Luck and vigilance, and gun crews always at their stations, might bring one convoy safely into port; and the next to follow might meet disaster. The destroyer force was needed mostly for the transport service. The yachts had to work out their own salvation coastwise, with such help as the French could give them. This time they came back to port without mishap, and the liberty parties tumbled into the boats for a few hours ashore.

American bluejackets are no longer a novelty in the old port, whose streets swarm with an amazing variety of fighting men. The khaki of the American army predominates. It is worn by the negro stevedore regiments, and they are far more numerous than the troops from the transports, who seldom receive permission to tarry in the city. These thousands of negro workers, who were largely recruited in South Carolina, wear the uniform with pride and have made an excellent record for behavior. They enjoy France with childlike gusto and never-ending wonderment. The ocean voyage was an amazing adventure to begin with, and it was aptly described by the darky who could not be coaxed on deck after the second day out:

"You don't git me on top o' dat roof no mo'. I don't like the looks of dat lake. She's too monst'ous big an' empty to please me."

It has puzzled them also to find that the black Senegalese troopers and laborers cannot talk English. There was an amiable attempt to fraternize, but the results were not happy.

"Leave 'em alone!" advised a colored American sergeant. "Leave 'em alone! Didn't one man in mah company try to pass the time o' day with one of these yere Senegalese? What this wild African done? He pulled a knife and used it mighty briak. An' they don't talk no language, man. All they does is make funny noises. I never did expect to see niggers so plumb ignorant."

Chinese coolies in blue cotton blouses flit along the pavements and mind their own business, as always. Swarthy bluejackets from a Portuguese destroyer drink *vin rouge* in the tiny cafés of the alleys. French sailors wander in the little parks with their girls or soberly promenade in groups when the military band plays in the square of a Sunday afternoon. The American Navy men flock to the Y. M. C. A. to eat and loaf and read and see the moving-picture shows—perhaps more for the chance of talking to the fine American women who help conduct the work.

A Franco-American Christmas

Delightful is the spirit of mutual respect and affection that exists between the American and French naval authorities. Characteristic was an incident that helped to gladden Christmas for the families of French naval officers and sailors whose husbands and sons had died for their country. This notice was sent to all American ships on the French coast:

"The Commander Patrol Force feels that it would be a privilege on the part of the officers and men of our force if we shared our Christmas with the widows and children of ——, to whom this war has brought so many hardships. It is therefore suggested that each ship and the base make a small contribution for the purpose. Such sum as may be subscribed will be given to the proper French authorities for distribution, with a Merry Christmas from the American Navy in ——."

Our navy turned to with such hearty good will that several thousand dollars was raised. On one yacht the two watch divisions were pitted against each other, and the subscription list averaged eight dollars a man for the ship's company. The total result was most gratifying, because there were not many vessels to call upon. The wives of four French admirals were the committee in charge of the distribution, and the official correspondence adds a charming and eloquent little chapter to the record of the intimate alliance now existing between the two republics. In grateful acknowledgment the wife of the vice admiral commanding wrote:

"We should like to be able to have you hear directly the heartfelt thanks of those whom your officers and men are helping with such delicate generosity. They would surely be more eloquent than ours. However, we are trying to be faithful interpreters in telling you how grateful are the widows and orphans of ——, so numerous, alas—for the ray of joy brought to their sad firesides by the American Navy. Thanks to you, this beautiful Christmas season will seem less sad to them. The material comfort afforded them will make them realize also that someone thinks of them and loves them, and that the great nation which comes to them with outstretched arms, so helpful in their want, will also be able to aid them to avenge the brave dead for whom they are weeping. We thank the American Navy for them and for ourselves, for this help and for this hope."

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The great Certain-teed production goes on with increasing volume, helping rather than hindering our Country's program.

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Its first cost is small, laying cost low and upkeep cost practically nothing. It is guaranteed 5, 10 or 15 years, according to thickness.

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THE BEAUTY of your home—depends on the quality of its wood finish and the ability of that finish to ***preserve*** the wood beneath it. Kyanize Varnishes and Enamels, made by the Kyanize Process, are built for that very purpose—preservation. Each and every one of them is so easy to apply that any novice can do it with a good brush—and the better painters, those who are known for the permanence of their work—are always glad to use them, for they know "Kyanize Satisfies." There's a dealer in your town who values his good name more than a top-heavy profit. You'll find Kyanize Varnishes and Enamels and courteous attention at his store.

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A smooth flowing, easily applied Varnish that dries hard overnight with a beautiful ***waterproof*** gloss. Comes in eight permanent colors, and "clear" and is ideal for furniture and all interior woodwork as well as floors. Note the state house dome on the label.

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THE CREATIVE IMPULSE

(Continued from Page 17)

the surface almost always now, and he is losing his bad dreams for a time.

"One night he is on deck looking at the stars and thinking, who knows what thoughts, when the youngest engineer, a nice little fellow, a Bavarian, you might say, with flaxen hair and blue eyes, just as pretty as a girl, comes up to him. His face is as white and smooth as Mimika's shoulders—but there is no powder on it, heh? And his blue eyes are frightened.

"'Captain,' he says, 'I want to warn you. There is a plot among the men to kill you.'

"'To kill me!' the captain says. 'Why should they wish to kill me, Otto?'

"'They've gone crazy about the diamonds. They say they have had enough of this life, and they will never go back to Germany.

"'They mean to take the diamonds and sell them a few at a time in America. Then they will live like princes. They think I'm joining them.'

"'Is there nobody but yourself on my side?' says the captain.

"'Nobody now,' says Otto.

"'Very well. Thank you, my boy. I will see that you are rewarded for this. When are they going to do it?'

"'When we are submerged and nearing the three-mile limit.'

"'Thank you, Otto,' says the captain again.

"And there's your third chapter; and your fourth, too, Roy—a dramatic situation, heh?"

Roy appeared to think so, and on the strength of it he filled Vandermeer's glass again. He was anxious to help the creative impulse.

"What follows?" continued Vandermeer. "In your tales to-day you must have psychology. The captain is a clever man. What would you do in that position, Roy? He cannot fight them all. I will tell you what he does. He is a diplomatist. He shapes his policy, standing there on the deck of the submarine all alone, under the stars.

"The next evening he orders rum all round, just like this—good rum, from his own little cask, which he keeps for the sake of his stomach. It is a beautiful evening, a sea like oil, and the setting sun makes a road of gold to the shores of America. They are approaching the happy land. The men themselves are more cheerful, and like a good diplomatist he seizes the cheerful moment.

"Not only does he give them rum but he gives them cigars, also from his private box—expensive cigars, just like these.

"'I have a proposition to make,' he says. 'We are all sick of the war, and I myself am more sick of it than anybody.'

"They all stare at him, wondering what he will say next; and the little Bavarian opens his blue eyes like a girl, and stares more than any of them. He thinks perhaps the end of the world will come now.

"'There is nobody here,' says the captain, 'that wishes to return. Why should we return? There is a million dollars in diamonds aboard, enough to make every one of us rich. We are going to the great republic. Good! We will share equally. Every one of us shall have the same amount. I myself, though I am your captain, will take no more than Otto. That will be more than fifty thousand dollars for each one of us.'

"Immediately the last of the clouds vanishes like magic from the crew. There is nothing but smiles all round him, smiles and the smell of rum and good cigars, just like these. They are all good comrades together, shaking hands, except the little Bavarian. He is sitting back behind the gyroscopic compass watching the captain, with big eyes and a solemn face like the infant Saint John.

"And why should they not all be satisfied—except the captain, who is perhaps only pretending to be satisfied? They lose only a twentieth part of their money by including him. On the other hand the captain loses a million dollars, to which these robbers had no more right than you or I."

"I guess the little Bavarian was sorry he spoke," said Roy; and he filled Vandermeer's glass again.

"The little Bavarian was a child, an innocent. He had no will to power, heh? He comes again to the captain late that night, on deck under the stars. His face looks thin and miserable. 'Captain,' he says, 'did you mean your words to those men?'

"'What else could I say, Otto, to save the diamonds, and my life, and perhaps yours? You do not understand diplomacy, Otto.'

"The face of the little Bavarian grows brighter. 'Forgive me, my captain!' he says. 'But I had begun to doubt even you, for a moment. I was thinking of the Fatherland.'

"Now, the captain was much obliged to Otto. His policy was complete in his mind for fooling those robbers, and he would have been glad to save this little Bavarian, who had warned him. But he begins to see an obstacle. He thinks he will put this little fellow to the trial.

"'Come now, Otto,' he says, 'it is very well to think of the Fatherland if you and I could save it. But do you think a few hundred shining pebbles will make any odds? These robbers shall not have them. But supposing we share them, there is nobody in the Fatherland that would be any poorer. They belong to the state, Otto, and if they should be shared with everyone in Germany not one man would be a pfennig the better.

"'But see what a difference this would make to you and me! We are in a state of necessity, Otto; and above that state there is no power, as the Chancellor told the Reichstag. Very well, in this case I quote Louis the Fourteenth: "*L'état, c'est moi!*" and Frederick the Great also. Have I the might to do it, Otto? Very well then, according to the spokesman of the Fatherland I have also the right.'

"'I do not understand you, my captain,' says this little blue-eyed baby, 'but I know well that you mean to do right.'

"'You shall have not fifty but a hundred thousand dollars' worth for your share, Otto, because you have been faithful,' says the captain; 'but you must not think too many beautiful thoughts till we are safe on shore. I have arranged everything in my mind. Go down and sleep.'

"'For God's sake, captain,' cried this funny little fellow, dropping on his knees, 'tell me what you mean to do!' And the tears begin to roll down his face.

"'It is not safe to trust you yet, Otto. You might talk in your sleep,' says the captain. 'Do as I bid you. We shall see what we shall see.'

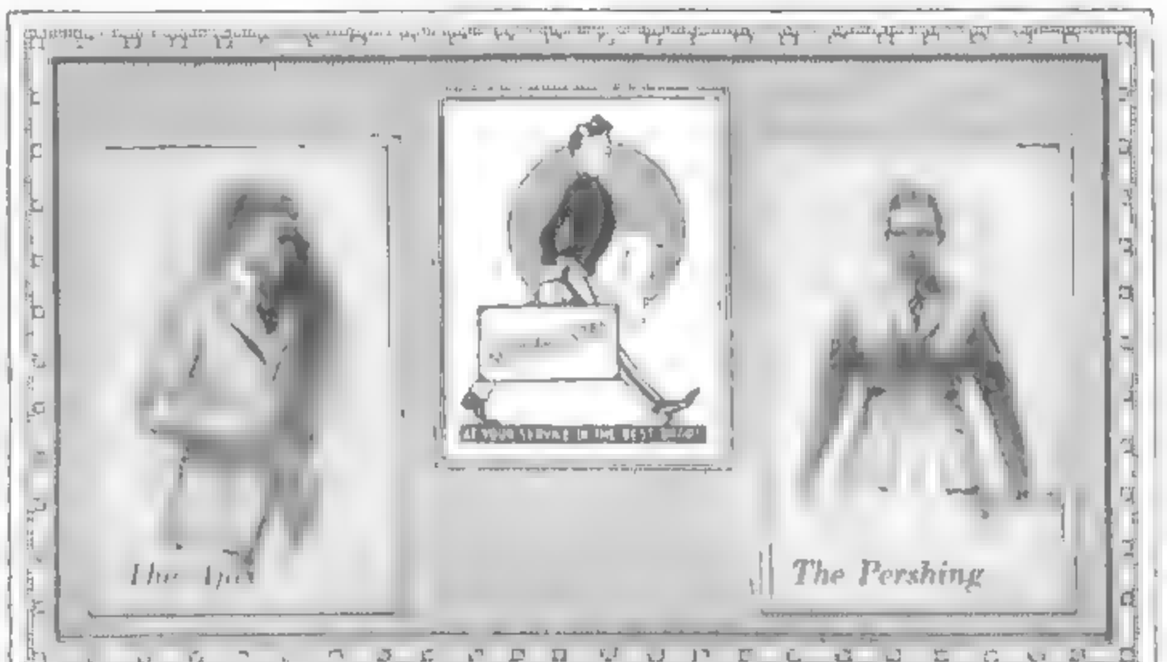
"Very well, Roy, there is at least four chapters to be made from that, heh?

"We come now to the crisis. The submarine is nearing the end of her voyage. They begin to see ships and they submerge. The captain has told them, instead of making for New York he is heading for the coast of Maine, where there will be better opportunities of destroying the submarine and landing unobserved. It is about six o'clock in the evening, when he peeks through the periscope. They are within a short distance of the mainland, but they must lie on the bottom till midnight, when it will be safer to go ashore. They are all very happy. Once more he gives them rum all round, just like this, and advises them to sleep, for they will get no sleep after midnight.

"They sleep very soundly, all except the little Bavarian and the captain. Why? Because the captain keeps the medicine chest as well as the diamonds. If he had had something stronger in his medicine chest it would have saved him much trouble and danger.

"While they sleep the captain takes out the diamonds from the strong box and puts them in his inside pockets. Then he examines the batteries. He is an expert engineer. He can make the batteries work when everyone else thinks they are dead. Also he can make them die, so that even he can never make them work again. He examines other parts of the machinery—those which enable the submarine to rise to the surface. He will not allow the little Bavarian to watch what he is doing. Then he puts on his life-belt, and looks at the men snoring in their hammocks and on the floor. Some of them are stirring in their sleep. There is no time to lose or he may be interrupted. At last he is ready. The submarine will never rise to the surface again, and the sea will never betray the secret.

"There is only one way for him to get out, and it is not a pleasant way. But in his nightmares he had often rehearsed it,



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Black Cat Hosiery for men, women and children earned its reputation for wear through sound principles of construction. The natural wear [illegible] sole and heel—have been reinforced. At places where hose is naturally [illegible] it has been made doubly strong and weeks of wear added to its life.

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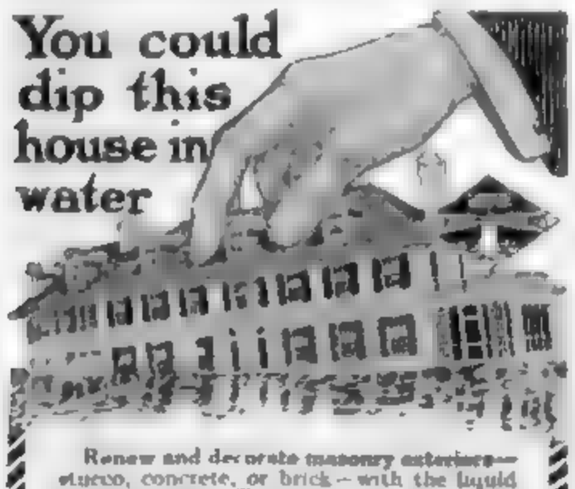

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Protect your garden from bugs and blights by using a Brown's Auto-Spray. A style for every need. Our free Spraying Guide tells how and when to spray—a necessity to [illegible]. Ask also for 1918 catalog.

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870 Maple St. Rochester, N. Y.

and he had always made sure that it could be done before he went to sea. There must always be a way out for one man at least, if not for more. *'L'état, c'est moi!'*

"He beckons to the little Bavarian. 'I have all the diamonds in my pocket,' he says. 'The time is come for you to help me, Otto.'

"Now, Roy, you know what the conning tower of a submarine is like inside? It is like a round chimney, with a lid at the top to keep out the water when you are submerged. You can climb up into this conning tower and steer the ship from it if you wish. There is also another lid at the bottom of the conning tower, which you can close as well. Then if you wish you can flood your chimney with water.

"Now, if a submarine cannot rise to the surface, it is possible for a man to climb into this conning tower. Another man then closes the lid below and floods the tower very slowly. When the water reaches the head of the man in the tower there is just enough pressure for him to push open the lid at the top and shoot up to the surface. The lid at the top can then be closed from the interior of the submarine. The lower lid can be opened slowly, and the water from the tower pours out into the hull. Then, perhaps, another man can climb up into the tower, and the process can be repeated. There is room for only one man at a time.

"The captain tells the little Bavarian that he is going to do this. 'But, my captain, it is very dangerous. You may be drowned. It is not certain that you can open it. The pressure may be too great above.'

"'It is for the Fatherland, Otto,' says the captain; and the little Bavarian salutes, standing at attention, just like a pretty little wax doll.

"'When the men wake, you will be able to follow by the same road,' says the captain, and he climbs up into the conning tower.

"The lower lid is closed. The water begins to creep up round the captain's knees in the darkness. He is horribly frightened. He has a crowbar in his hand to help him to open the upper lid quickly, but he still thinks perhaps it will not open. When the water has reached his waist he begins to push at the upper lid, but it cannot move yet. The weight of the whole sea above is pressing down. He knows it cannot move but he cannot help pushing at it, till the sweat breaks out on him, though the water is like ice. It is worse than he expected, worse than any of his nightmares. The water reaches to his neck. He struggles with all his strength, and still the lid will not move. A prayer comes to his lips. The cold water creeps—creeps over his chin. There is only three inches now between his face and the lid. He holds his head back to keep his nostrils above the water, fighting, fighting always to open the lid. Then the water covers his face. The conning tower is full.

"He holds his breath, gives one last push, and feels the lid opening, opening softly, like the big steel door of a safe in a bank. His crowbar is wedged under the lid, between the hinges, just as he wished. In four seconds he is shooting up, up to the surface, with his chest bursting, like a diver that has seen a shark.

"For a minute he floats there in the darkness, under the stars. Then—perhaps the struggle has been greater even than he knew—he faints. It is fortunate that his life-belt is a good one, for when he recovers he has floated perhaps a long time. He is very cold. He takes a drink of rum from his flask and gets his bearings. He is two miles from the coast. Yes, but he is a clever man. There is one of those little islands, covered with pine trees, just a hundred and fifty yards away. There is also a wooden house on the island; and a landing stage with a dinghy hauled up on the shore.

"The owner of the boat is careful. He has taken his oars to bed with him. But the captain is a clever man. It is a beautiful night. He has plenty of time, and he can paddle with one of the loose boards in the bottom of the dinghy."

"But listen! What became of the little Bavarian?" said Mimika.

"Well, I was not there to see," said Captain Vandermeer, lighting a cigar, "but when the men woke they must all have tried to get out by the same way."

"And they couldn't?" asked Roy. He was watching Vandermeer with a very curious expression—almost as if he were examining an eyewitness.

"The captain was an expert engineer—ah, a magnificent engineer!—as I told you, Roy, and there was a little crowbar wedged under what we have been calling the lid of the conning tower."

"Good God, what an idea! You mean they couldn't close the upper lid again?"

"They might think they had closed it." Vandermeer gave a deep guttural chuckle. "Then they would open the lower lid, heh?"

"And then?"

"Why, then the sea would come running into the hull, and they would be drowned."

"Oh, but not the poor little Bavarian!" said Mimika.

"*L'état, c'est moi,*" said Vandermeer with a smile.

Roy was looking at him still with the same pensive expression as of a youthful Buddha.

"I suppose he had no difficulty in getting rid of the diamonds," he said.

"Probably not," said Vandermeer. "Perhaps he would keep a few as a little reserve—a kind of Landsturm. But he would buy Liberty Bonds, heh?"

"And you mean to say that a man like that is going about in the United States now?" said Mimika.

Vandermeer chuckled again.

"Who knows?" he said. "Perhaps he has come to Southern California. Perhaps he has bought a nice little ranch—a fruit ranch, just like this, heh?—where he shall live a happy and healthy life to the age of a hundred. And now, Mimika, it is getting time for little girls to go to bed."

About two o'clock in the morning Mimika was wakened by a guttural choking cry from her husband. She was so startled that she slipped out of bed and stood staring at him. The moon was flooding the room almost like a searchlight, and Captain Vandermeer lay in the full stream of it. While she watched him he rose slowly to a sitting posture, with his eyes still shut and his hands clenched above his face. He began muttering to himself, in a low voice at first, and then so loudly that it echoed through the house; and the words sounded more like German than Dutch. Then he began fighting for breath, like a man in a nightmare. He tore his pyjama jacket open over the great red hairy chest.

"Otto!" he shouted at the top of his voice. "Otto!" Then with a huge sigh he sank back on the pillows, whispering "I have opened it."

There was a tap on the door. Mimika snatched up a dressing gown, the first garment she could lay her hands on—it happened to be Vandermeer's—wrapped it round her, glided across the room and opened the door. Her brother stood there, also in a dressing gown and bare-footed. Their eyes met without a word. He took her hand, led her outside and closed the door quietly behind them.

"You heard him, Roy?" she whispered.

"Come downstairs," he said. "I want to ask you some questions about this."

They went down to the den at the back of the house, and stood there looking at each other's faces, looking the question that neither was able to put into words.

"He told us a tale to-night," said Roy at last.

"Yes," said Mimika faintly.

"Do you know what he was calling out in his nightmare?"

"It sounded like German," she said.

"Yes, it was German; and it gave me a good deal more local color than I expected. That was a true story all right, Mimika."

"You mean that he ——"

"Yes."

"Oh, but Roy!"

"That's his dressing gown you're wearing, isn't it?"

"Yes, I picked it up in a hurry."

"There's been too much hurry about everything, I'm afraid. Why the devil did I go to Europe! Here, Mimika, take off that thing and put mine on. I don't like to see you in it. It doesn't suit you, little sister."

She obeyed him, with a small white frightened face; but it was not the white of powder now. Roy thrust his hand into the pocket of Vandermeer's dressing gown. Something jingled. He pulled out a bunch of keys.

"Vandermeer told me I was good at following up a clew. I'm going to follow one now, Mimika," he said. "This is the key of the safe."

He opened the safe, looked hastily at the bundles of papers and then pulled out the chamois leather bag. "Look here, Mimika!" he said and poured a glittering river of diamonds, several hundred of them, onto the table. The moonlight played over them with an uncanny brilliance.

"That's his Landsturm," said Roy; "and that settles it."

He took Mimika's hand, and she made no protest as he withdrew the wedding ring from her finger and added it to the glittering heap on the table.

There was a heavy footstep in the room above. Vandermeer was awake and moving about upstairs. The boards creaked over their heads, then they heard his bedroom door open, and the heavy footsteps began to descend the stairs.

Mimika shrank behind her brother and both stood motionless, waiting. They could hear the heavy breathing of Vandermeer, the breathing of a man roused from a dyspeptic sleep. He came down with an intolerable precision, making the twelve steps of that short descent seem almost interminable. At every step Mimika felt the edges of her heart freezing. At last that ugly rhythm reached the foot of the stairs; and with three more shuffling steps, as of a gigantic ape, the big hairy bulk of Vandermeer stood in the doorway, facing them across the glittering mound of gems. The sharp searchlight of the moon made his face corpselike, showing up the puffy blue pouches under his eyes and picking out the coarse red hairs of his bushy beard like strands of copper wire. His eyes protruded, his mouth opened twice without any sound but the soft smacking sound of his tongue as he tried to moisten his lips.

"What are you doing here?" he said at last.

"Looking at your Landsturm," said Roy with all the deadly calm of his nation.

Vandermeer swayed a little on his feet, like a drunken man. Then he moved forward to the table and blinked at the diamonds and the gold ring crowning them.

"I don't understand," he said at last.

"You'd better get dressed, Mimika," said Roy. "Our train goes at a quarter after four." He led her to the door, watched her pathetic little figure mounting the stairs and turned to Vandermeer again.

Mimika never knew what passed between the two men. When she came out of her room, ten minutes later, Roy was waiting, fully dressed, at the foot of the stairs, with his suit case in his hand. She heard the heavy breathing of Vandermeer in his den; and out of the corner of her eye as they passed the door she saw that glowing mass on the table, as if a fragment of the moon had been dropped there.

They walked down the long avenue of palms in silence. In the waiting room at the station neither of them spoke till they heard the long hoot of the approaching train, and the clangor of the bell on the transcontinental locomotive.

Six months later Mimika and her mother were sitting up for Roy, in their fourth-floor flat near the offices of the Copley-Willard Publishing Company, in Philadelphia.

"I wish he didn't have to keep these late hours," said her mother. "I thought that everything was turning out for the best when you were married to Julius. I have never been able to understand why you got your divorce so quickly. It was all kept so quiet, and you and Roy are so mysterious about it. You've never even told me the real grounds, I'm sure."

"Yes, I did. It was desertion," said Mimika grimly.

"Does nobody know what became of him? It seems so strange that he should have gone away and left all the furniture in that house. He had some lovely things too. I think you might at least have claimed the furniture."

"Please, mother, don't talk about that or we shall be making the same mistake again. I expect he's shaved his beard by now."

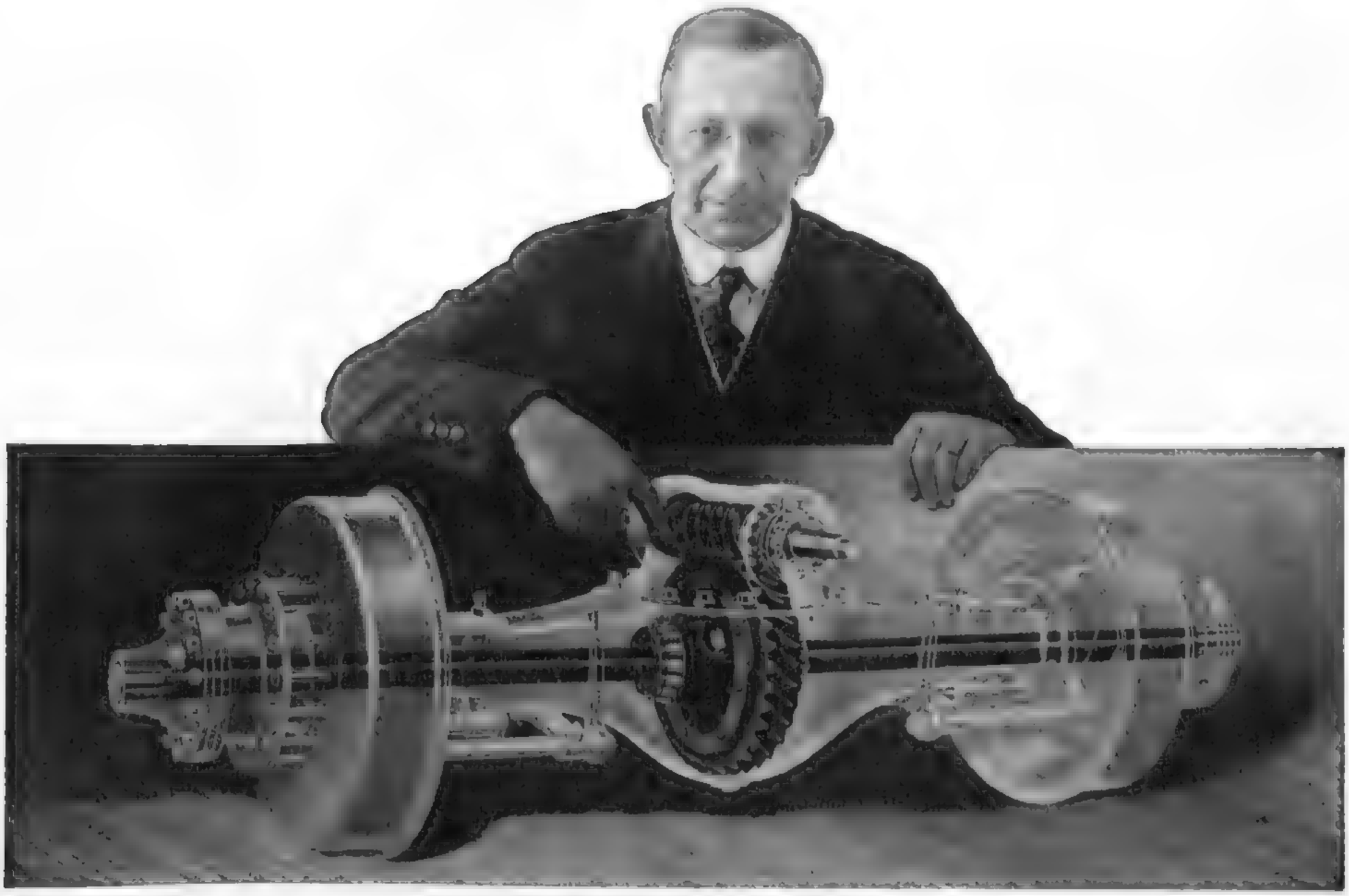
"Mimika, child, what do you mean? Are you crazy?"

"I think we were both crazy, mother, a year ago."

"Well, I thought it was all for your happiness, my pet," said her mother, dabbing her eyes with her handkerchief. "I'm afraid it will be a long time before you can marry this other young man, that Roy likes so much. He isn't earning half so good a salary as Roy."

"I don't know that I'm going to marry anyone, mother. But listen! I feel like marrying the first good American that comes to me with a piece of the original Mayflower in his buttonhole."

And, this time, her mother really listened.



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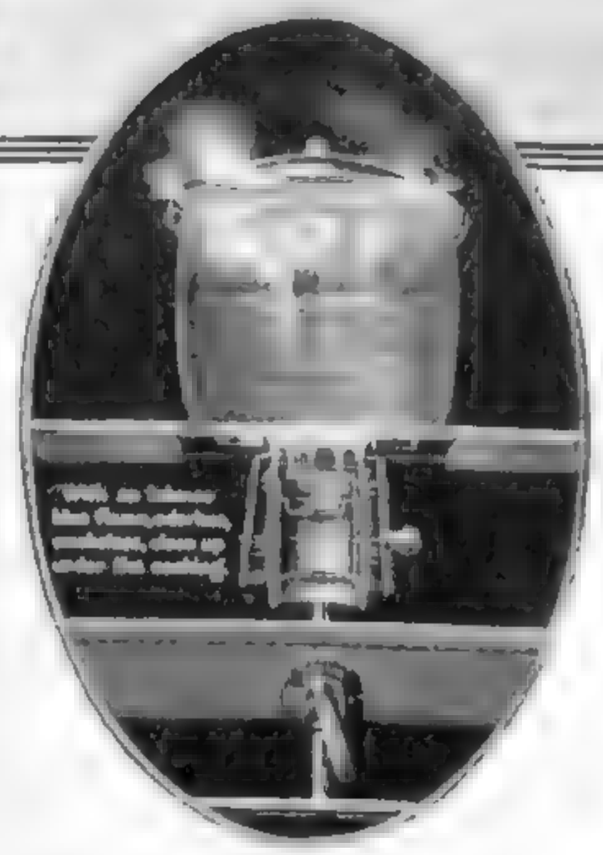

Save Coal

SHOT WITH CRIMSON

(Continued from Page 21)

figure was tense; her face took on the pallor of death, and its rigidity. For as long as fifteen or twenty seconds she remained motionless. Then her lips moved stiffly; they twitched as in a spasm of pain. The two words they formed but did not utter were "Poor girl!"

Once, as she covered the short distance to her own sitting room, her figure swayed slightly. She even put out a hand to steady herself against the wall—a needless precaution, for she instantly regained command of herself.

She closed the door and, before taking up the receiver, threw in the device which cut out the instrument from other extensions in the apartment—those in the butler's pantry, her husband's study and the one that stood on the night table at the head of his bed. Her knees suddenly became weak; they trembled as with the palsy. She sat down at the writing table and dropped her elbow heavily on the top. Again she feared that she was going to faint.

"Yes?" she murmured thickly into the transmitter, and instantly realizing that her voice betrayed nervousness and even alarm repeated the word firmly, crisply. "Yes—this is Mrs. Carstairs."

"I am speaking for the Evening ——"—the name of the newspaper was indistinctly pronounced—"and I called up, Mrs. Carstairs, to ask if it is true that Capt. Derrol Steele was engaged to be married to your niece, Miss Louise Hansbury?"

She did not reply. Her lips parted but no sound issued forth.

Again the voice spoke in her ear. "Are you there?"

The yes she uttered in reply was little more than a hoarse gasp. And then: "I hear you quite distinctly." Not another word passed. There was a click at the other end. Slowly, as in a daze, she hung up the receiver.

She did not leave the apartment that day but spent most of the time with her niece, whose indisposition was promptly diagnosed as an acute attack of indigestion by the learned and complacent physician, who dosed her and went his way. He ordered her to remain in bed; he would run in and see her in the morning. If anything, ah—a—alarming turned up, he murmured to Mrs. Carstairs, she was to call him at once. "Not likely, of course," said he; "nothing to be apprehensive about, but—well, you never can tell. Resistance not yet fully restored; and after all, as I've said all along, Mrs. Carstairs, one's own resistance is the best medicine going, and one has to fill his own prescription when it comes to that sort of thing, don't you know."

Being a very fashionable doctor he gave her a powder to bring down the temperature in a hurry, and codeine to quiet the pain.

Davenport Carstairs seldom reached his home before six or half past. It was his custom if business happened to be indulgent to drop in at his favorite club about four in the afternoon. On this afternoon, however, he drove straight home from the office. The clock in the hall was striking four as he entered the apartment. The afternoon newspapers were under his arm, four or five of them.

"Has Mrs. Carstairs come in, Hollowell?" he asked.

"Mrs. Carstairs did not go out to-day, sir. Miss Hansbury is ill."

Ordinarily Carstairs would have been disturbed by this information. He had been gravely worried over his niece's condition. Hollowell's supplementary statement, however, appeared to have fallen on deaf ears.

"Say that I'm home, Hollowell, and in my room."

"Very good, sir. Is there anything I can do, sir?"

"Do? What do you mean?"

"I thought perhaps you might be ill, sir. I ——"

"Not at all, not at all!" somewhat irascibly. "Ask Mrs. Carstairs to come to my room —— Wait! Have you had any news here to-day?"

"No, sir; nothing as I am aware of, sir."

"No er—commotion?"

"I think not, sir. It isn't serious. Sort of—ah—what you might call stomach—ah; though cook says it can't have been anything she ate last ——"

"By the way, what made you think I was ill?"

"Well—since you ask, sir—you do look a bit seedy, sir—that is to say pale, and ——"

"I wish to see Mrs. Carstairs alone. Please avoid mentioning my return in Miss Hansbury's presence."

He went at once to his study, where, moved by the remark of the butler, he stared long and hard at his features in a mirror. His face was ashen gray and, suddenly, strangely old.

He had tossed the newspapers on the rare old Italian table in the center of the room. After a few moments of complete abstraction his dull, frowning gaze was raised from the floor to sweep the room, which, from some strange, almost uncanny cause, seemed unfamiliar to him. And yet it was the same; nothing had been changed. Only he had altered; his own perspective had undergone a vast, incomprehensible change. His eyes falling upon the papers he took them up, one by one, and stared again at a certain headline in each—a raw caption that fascinated him and hurt him like the cut of a knife.

It did not occur to him until long afterward, and then only in retrospective contemplation of events that filled the most important day in his life, that his wife was a long time in appearing. She came into the study at last, and as was her unvarying custom pressed her lips to his cheek. He noticed that her lips, always moist and soft and alive, were hot and dry and as dead as parchment. Before he spoke a word to her he crossed the room and closed the door into the hall.

She was staring at him in amazement as he turned toward her again.

"What has happened, Davenport? You—you look so strange—so —— Oh, something dreadful has happened! Is it—is it Alfred? Tell me! For God's sake, don't ——"

"It isn't Alfred, my dear," said he. There was a dull, hollow note in his voice, a note that held to one key. "Where is Louise?"

"In bed. She hasn't been well ——"

"We must manage somehow to break this thing gently to her. It might—there is no telling what it may do to her, Frieda."

She steadied herself against the table. Her face now was as white as his. It had been pale before; now it was livid.

"What is it, Davenport?"

He looked searchingly, anxiously into her eyes for a moment and then said: "It will be a shock to you, too, Frieda; but I know you. You can take it like a soldier. Derrol Steele shot himself last night. He is dead. He —— There, there, dearest! I shouldn't have blurted it out like —— Sit down here, Frieda! That's right! Poor old girl! Curse me for a blundering fool! I might have known it would be a dreadful shock to you. You were devoted to him. He ——"

"Tell me—tell me everything, Davenport," she broke in, her eyes fixed on his lips. She did not look into his eyes. He was leaning over her, clasping one of her hands—a hand that suddenly became limp after the utmost rigidity.

"Just a moment. Compose yourself. Pull yourself together, dear. It's—it's a cruel story—an incredible story. I would have staked my soul on Derrol Steele. I've known him since he was a little boy. If I had been asked to name the most honorable, the most loyal man in the —— But, Frieda, I was wrong. I was deceived in him; just as you were—and Louise. Louise! How this will crush that poor, innocent, loving ——"

"Tell me!" she insisted, her fingers tightening on his, her voice scarcely more than a whisper.

For answer he placed the newspaper in her hands and pointed to the headline at the top of the page.

"Read it, Frieda. Read this first."

He sat on the edge of the table, his arms folded across his breast, and waited for her to finish. At last the paper fell from her fingers and she looked up into his face. Her eyes were bleak.

"I can't believe it, Davenport; I will not believe it of Derrol Steele."

"As soon as I saw the paper—about two o'clock, I should say—I hurried over to the United States attorney's office. The story is true, Frieda. It appears that a secret-service agent—gad, how marvelous they are!—an agent overheard scraps of a conversation between two men late last night; in front of a little French restaurant, I

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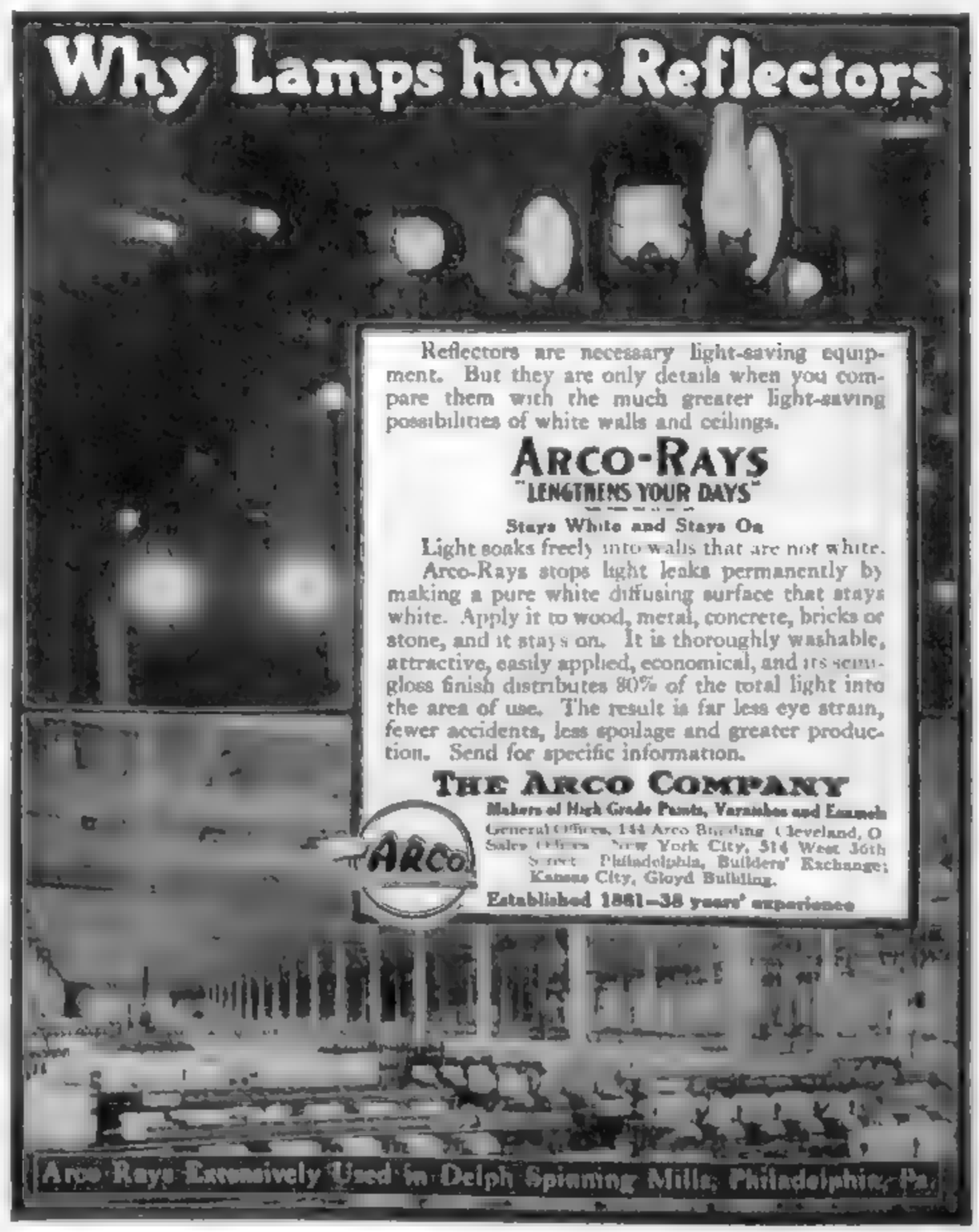

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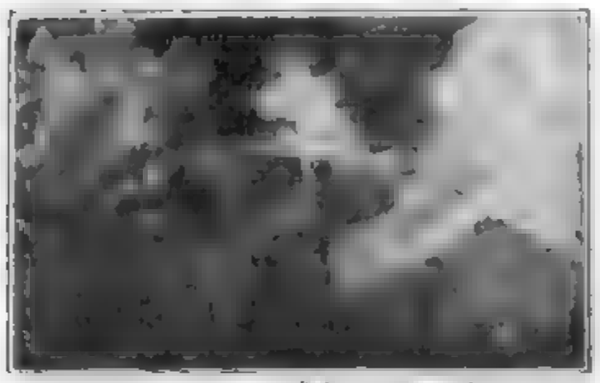

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think it was. Steele's name was mentioned two or three times. He was not interested, however, until he heard them speak of a man long suspected by the department. Then he pricked up his ears. The marshal did not repeat the name, for obvious reasons. The man heard enough to convince him that this suspect and one or two other men were to be at Steele's apartment before three o'clock this morning. The address was carefully, precisely given by one of the men, who was very greatly agitated. Captain Steele had vital information in his possession; that much, at least, the listener was able to grasp. One sentence he heard distinctly. I recall it clearly: 'To-morrow will be too late.' This was enough for the agent.

"He was too clever to arrest these men on the spot. The way was clear for the seizure of at least four or five men, including an officer in the United States Army. So he—— Are you listening, dear?"

"Yes, yes!" she replied, as if waking from a dream.

"This agent had been set there to watch for a man and a woman, posing as French people, who are under surveillance. As soon as the speakers parted he rushed up the street to a hotel and called up headquarters. This was too big a thing to be sidetracked for the French couple. Several operatives were dispatched immediately to assist him. They went to the building where Derrol lives—or lived. They seized the driver of the taxicab, but the others evidently got wind of the raid, for when they went up to Steele's apartment, hoping to catch them in the place with him, they found him alone.

"He had slipped a bath gown over his pyjamas and was undoubtedly waiting for his fellow conspirators. He realized in an instant that he was trapped. They smashed in the door. While the violent noise was going on he shot himself. They did not hear the report, however, due to the clatter and to the fact that there was a silencer on the revolver. There was the faintest sign of a pulse, indicating that the shot had been fired only a minute or two before they burst in and discovered him sitting in a chair not twenty feet from the door."

The tears rolled down the cheeks of Davenport Carstairs. His voice broke.

"I can't believe it of him, Frieda. I can't believe it."

Her face was ghastly. "We have the proof, Davenport; the indisputable proof," she murmured.

"The proof? What proof have we?"

"The best proof in the world. He shot himself. Only a guilty man would have taken his own life in the circumstances. We—we must believe it of him, Davenport. That poor, sick girl! How are we to tell her?"

Of the two she was now by far the more composed. Except for the colorless lips and an almost lavenderlike hue that stole slowly into her cheeks just below the temples, indicative of the vast effort she had been called upon to exert in order to regain command of her nerves, she was visibly calm and self-contained. Her husband had sunk dejectedly into a chair. For many minutes no word passed between them. It was she who spoke first.

"You say they caught one of the men—one of the others, I mean?" she inquired.

"The taxi driver."

Her lips parted to form another question. She withheld it. With her handkerchief she wiped away the moisture that suddenly appeared at the corners of her mouth, oozing from between close-pressed lips.

She read the accounts in the other papers, her face absolutely emotionless. After a while he looked up and, unobserved, watched her face.

"You are a very wonderful woman, Frieda," he said as she laid the last of the papers on the table.

Her answer was a faint smile and a shake of the head.

She rose and started resolutely toward the door. As she neared it she faltered and then turned back to him.

"Davenport, I have just had a most disturbing thought. It also may have occurred to you. Derrol Steele was a trusted and familiar guest in this house. He heard many important—let me go on, please, I can see revulsion in your eyes. Whether we like it or not we must look at it squarely from every point of view.

"Last night, for example, he heard the admiral; he heard what the countess had to say about the Italian situation. Going farther back, you yourself spoke in his presence of the sailing of the Elston with all those men on board."

"I see what is in your mind, Frieda," he said slowly. "You mean we may be dragged into it?"

"Not at all," she said rather sharply. "We need not be drawn into it in the slightest degree unless we volunteer information that concerns no one but ourselves. Why should anyone know that he came into possession of facts here in our home?"

"Such things are bound to leak out, my dear. The investigation will be thorough. They will go to the bottom of this. Of course I can manage it so that we shan't come in for any publicity, but we can't escape questioning."

"And are we to admit that we discussed these very grave and important matters in his presence?"

"We are to tell the truth, Frieda. You should not forget that we spoke of them in the presence of an officer in the United States Army."

After a moment she said: "I dare say you are right, Davenport. You are always right. I was only thinking that in view of the fact that there is no proof against him except the few words overheard by that man in front of the café—well, it is possible, don't you see, that there may have been some horrid, appalling mistake. They have no other proof—unless the United States district attorney withheld something from you."

"They have the best proof in the world. He shot himself, as you have said."

She half closed her eyes. A queer little spasm twisted her lips apart.

"Yes," she said unsteadily. "Yes, he shot himself."

Her hand was on the doorknob.

"Are you going in to tell her now, Frieda?"

"I must have a little time; just a little, dear. I am more shaken than you think. I must have time to collect myself. It will be very difficult, Davenport. Stay here. Do not come unless I call to you."

"I leave it all to you, Frieda. God bless you and God give you strength."

The door closed behind her. He sat motionless for a long time, wondering whether he could hear her call to him with that door and doubtless another intervening. Strange that she should have closed it. He would wait a little while, a few minutes only; and then he would open it and—listen.

She went straight to her own room. Presently she lifted the telephone receiver from the hook. The next moment she replaced it but did not release it from her tense fingers.

She sat rigid, staring at the instrument, resolve and indecision struggling for mastery. At last she pushed the instrument away and sank back in the chair as if exhausted.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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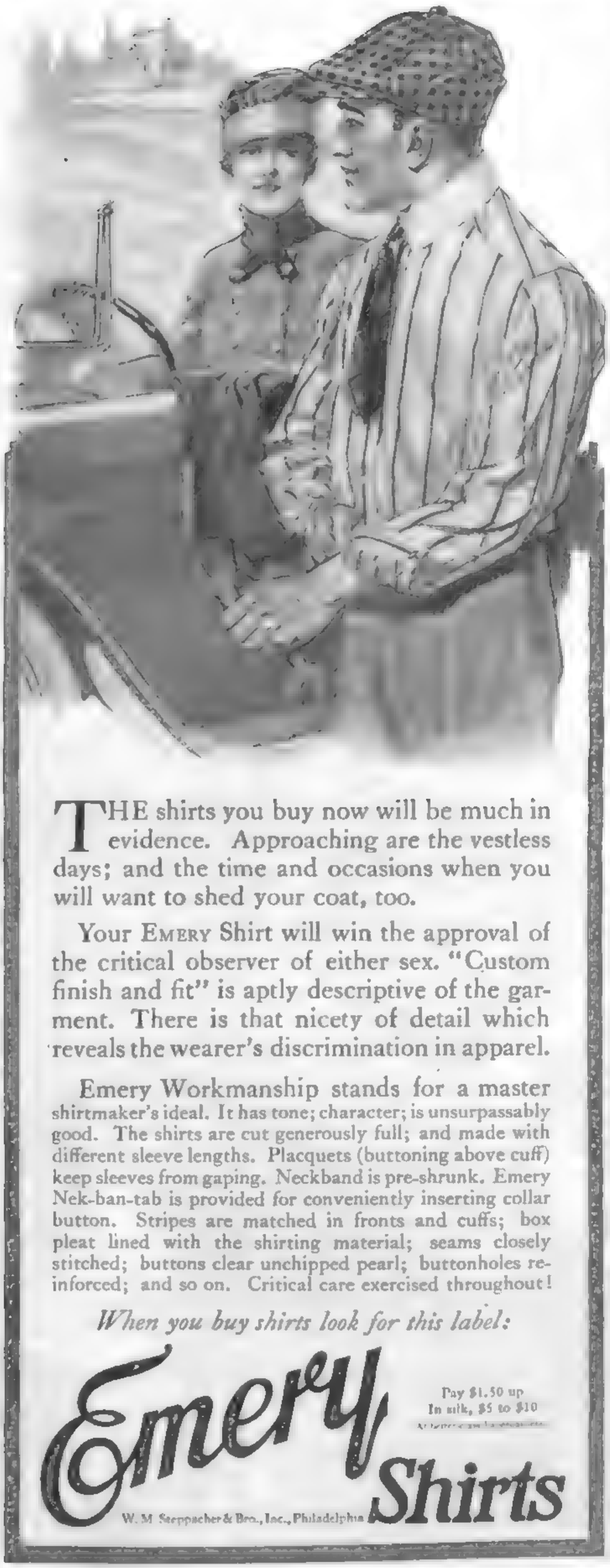

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OLD MAIDS HAVE WARM HEARTS

(Concluded from Page 7)

"You heard him say that you must have a change of scene and a complete rest?" persisted Mary.

"It's easy enough for him to say it," sighed the professor.

"Yes, and it's easy enough for you to do it too," said Mary, trying to speak as impersonally as she could. "As it happens, I live in the country—in a big farmhouse with more rooms than we ever use. Occasionally my sister keeps a few summer boarders. What more need I say?"

Whereupon the professor mumbled a little. "It would be all right if I could afford it ——" he began.

"That's the very thing I want to speak to you about," said Mary—"to make you a business offer. I want you to come and board with me and my sister until the new book is completed, and for payment we shall be more than willing to take a small interest in the book. You understand what I mean? A share in the profits ——"

After all it was absurdly simple, especially to Mary, reminding her more than anything else of one of those classical problems in algebra: "A, B and C agree to share in the profits of a certain work. A's share is nine times B's share, and C's share is seventeen per cent less than A's. If the total profits amount to $786.14, how will this sum be divided?"

Yes, it was all as simple as that to Mary, but Professor Wigginson blinked his eyes at it like a backward scholar who had always had easier sums and had done them in apples and pears.

"Oh, I couldn't do that," he began.

"Why not, please?" demanded Mary. That was the school-teacher in her. "You heard what the doctor said, didn't you?"

"Yes, but ——"

"You don't want to have a complete nervous breakdown—do you?—and spend the rest of your life—where did he say?—in Bloomingdale?"

At that the professor looked at Mary, first reflectively and then more attentively; and for the first time since she ran out for the doctor a little color came in both their cheeks. For all I know it struck the professor perhaps for the first time in his classical career that there were certain sums and figures in life—a sort of higher mathematics—which were well worth time and study; sums and figures, indeed, for which all the rest of life was nothing but a blackboard and a textbook.

"Well," he said, trying to think of something nice to say, but not being practiced enough to do it quickly—"well, if you're sure it wouldn't put you to too much inconvenience I feel quite positive on my part that the bisecting line *a b* ——"

And just as he had reached that very point and just as Mary became so breathless with interest that her heart nearly stopped beating, a knock sounded on the door—and in came Mr. Bachrach, a stout little man who evidently didn't know what the future had in store for him—a stout little man with a smile like birdlime, honey and glue.

VIII

"OH-HO!" said Mr. Bachrach with his genial smile. "I beg your pardon, professor. I didn't know you had company."

"Come in," said the professor dryly. "Miss Melton, this is Mr. Bachrach, of the Educational Loan Company." And with an even drier expression he added, "Perhaps you've heard of him."

Mary's face curled and froze. Indeed, if Rodin had been alive and had seen her at that moment he would have run straight home and have started a masterpiece to be entitled Indignation.

"Shall I wait?" asked Mr. Bachrach, his genial smile fading a little. "Or shall I call again?"

"No; you needn't wait," said the professor, freezing up a little himself; "and you needn't call again. To be brief, I have just made other arrangements."

"Oh-ho!" said Mr. Bachrach with a very wise smile. "So that is it? You didn't think my terms would be so attractive; yes?"

"'Terms!'" cried Mary, the old fighting spirit of the Meltons flaming high in her breast. "Do you call it 'terms' to give a man two hundred and fifty dollars for five years' work? Do you call it 'terms' to rob the needy and ——"

"Oh, good night! Good night!" cried Mr. Bachrach in a sudden burst of choler. "For you and your opinions I care this much: Bah!"

As a matter of fact he merely tried to snap his finger in the general direction of Mary's face, but she was nearer to him than he thought, and his thumb and finger played a brief, dull flip on the end of her nose.

That was enough for Mary! The next second she had him by the shoulders, and oh, how she shook him!

At the very first shake his gloves shook out of his hand, and then his hat shook off, and his eyeglasses shook off, and his necktie shook out, and his fountain pen shook up, and his cheeks shook in, and his hair shook all roads, and his top set of teeth came down on his lower set and made a noise like a hungry woodpecker on a hollow hickory tree. At first the onslaught took him by surprise, but presently he instituted reprisals by kicking out wildly with his feet. And then it was that Professor Wigginson, with five years of silent yearning in his foot, ran round to the back of Mr. Bachrach and showed him really how to kick. And then it was that Mary gave him one extra good shake and sent him reeling sideways. He staggered, clutched at nothing, grasped it, made a desperate motion with his arms as though he were swimming in aërial seas, missed his stroke, kicked up his heels, fell halfway through the door, and the last view that Mary and the professor caught of him he was halfway down the stairs and still going strong, as though he wanted to get away from there as soon as he could and find a place where he could dig himself in and stay right there till the cruel war was over and there was peace on Greenwich Street once more!

IX

FORTUNATELY it didn't take Professor Wigginson long to pack. One trunk held his clothes, another his books and papers; and these were soon addressed and sent away by an expressman. Yes, and half an hour later the professor and Mary were both on the New London boat. For a time they walked round the upper deck, and if you could have seen the way in which he held her arm you might have guessed that Professor Wigginson regarded Mary as something very precious and wasn't going to have her slip away.

"It's a strange thing," he said once as they stopped to watch the city recede into the distance, "but I feel like an emigrant going to a happier country than I have ever known."

"With an old maid by your side?" said she.

Now that of course was said to draw him out, and if the professor had hemmed and hawed this story would probably never have been written. But the professor didn't hem and he didn't haw. He stepped right up like the scholar and gentleman that he was, and in her heart of hearts Miss Melton already knew that her romance was going to have a happy ending.

"You an old maid!" scoffed Professor Wigginson, looking at her in growing admiration. "You're no old maid!"

It sounded so nice that Mary wanted to hear it again. "Oh, yes I am!" said she.

"Oh, no you're not!" said he. "And even if you were," he added, taking a long breath, "I'm sure you needn't be—any longer than you want to be ——"

As though to elucidate his meaning his fingers timidly closed over her hand, which was resting on the rail, and simultaneously he saw on Mary's face two of his three great beauties of Nature: The glory of the sunset in her eyes and the blush of the maiden on her cheeks.

"I'm afraid old bachelors have cold hands," he tremulously remarked, giving her fingers a gentle pressure.

"Never mind," breathed Mary, the sunset deepening in her eyes. "Old maids—have warm hearts."

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EUROPE TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

(Continued from Page 11)

a fallacy, reduce it to an absurdity and follow that absurdity without seeing that it is absurd, have recently worked out the whole philosophy.

Man, they say, reaches out always to some spiritual ideal higher than his own worldly or material interests. The highest expression of that spirit in humanity is a group of persons roughly bound together by ties of blood, language or feeling, known as the nation. Therefore, the highest civic duty of the individual is to serve the glory and advancement of the state without thought of his own interest or that of any other individual in the state. If the king adds to his domains a province, thereby advancing the state, that is good, whether or not every citizen in the state, then or thereafter, becomes poorer and more miserable. "The greatest good to the greatest number," our conception of the state as expressed by the most glorious figure of our democracy, that conception is the antithesis of the aristocratic idea.

The highest expression of duty to the mythical state is war. And an idea of the sanctity of war, its use as a means of grace, has always been a leading feature of the aristocratic ideal. One generalization I have drawn from the European War is this: the few men I find who really like this mess are of the aristocratic temperament.

That rough-and-ready philosopher, David Lubin, was the first to call to my unphilosophical mind the essential immorality in this conception of the state. He says, and with reason, that the police power came before morals; not morals before the police force. In the savage beginning of things men stole each other's cattle and killed their personal enemies without let, hindrance or prick of conscience. But men saw, even savage men, that this could not go on, else all property, and even all life, would boil themselves down to the one strongest—like that sad seafaring man of the ballad who was "a cook and a captain bold and the mate of the Nancy brig, and a bo'sun tight and a midshipmite and the crew of the captain's gig." They got together and agreed that if any man violated certain rules necessary for the preservation of society the rest would get together, oppose his individual superiority of strength by overwhelming collective strength, and punish him. So law was born; and out of law came morals.

The German Reversion to Barbarism

But nations, Lubin said, have never taken that first step. So mankind has tacitly recognized, and such frank philosophers as Spinoza have formulated, the principle that what is immoral for the individual is moral for the state. To kill a man of your own nation in time of peace is a supremely immoral act; to kill a man of another nation in time of war is considered an act of great merit. Lying, evasion and cheating are immoral and illegal when practiced against an individual on behalf of oneself; but when a spy or secret agent lies, evades or cheats on behalf of his nation he acts in a manner quite commendable. It is true that men made some attempts in these latter ages to stretch the law of morals to cover the relations of nations—a kind of compromise between private morals and national immorals. Barbarian conquerors killed indifferently the men, women and children of their enemies.

As time went on killing noncombatants became taboo in war. The custom arose of treaties, solemn covenants between nations, which many nations kept for a time—until the advancement and glory of the state urged their abrogation, when they were abrogated with an easy conscience. We have to thank the Germans in this war for reducing many old forms to an absurdity; and some day we may realize that, in their revival of barbarian warfare—their utter indifference to their written obligations, their revival of war on women, children and noncombatants—they have revealed the old-time conception of the "state with a soul" at war for exactly what it is.

It is a long time before a newborn principle sloughs off the forms and limitations of the eras from which it emerged. We left the feudal era, or thought we did, some time in the fifteenth century; yet feudal forms and practices still linger in our civilization. Now the spirit of that new principle, democracy, which burst out so strongly toward the end of the nineteenth century, was essentially opposed to that conception of the state which the aristocrat holds and which I have sketched above; yet it still followed the old ways in the relations between nations. Not a democracy in existence but has somewhere a black spot in its record; but has been guilty of some transaction quite worthy of an old monarchy Yet democracy, demanding within the state equal rights for all men, regarded with an uneasiness that proceeded from a disturbed conscience the relations between states. After all, treaties were better kept than ever before in the history of nations; from within the nations there were loud and persistent protests against unjust wars of national aggrandizement; and finally rulers were obliged, as never before, to go before the people with moral justification of their wars on other nations. A new spirit of law between nations was astir.

So, with the aristocratic and democratic elements at grips, we came through forty years of armed peace to the great war. Though such phenomena as the fight for relief of the working classes and abolition of the House of Lords in England showed that the struggle was on, no one, I suppose, quite appreciated the intensity of the conflict between democracy and aristocracy in the European nations. The war was to reveal that.

Aristocratic Diplomats

At the beginning of Armageddon we sat aside, regarding with detached interest the conflict in Europe. If most Americans took the side of the allied nations it was for sentiment, not for reason.

Judging from the surface of things—the only manner in which we, quite ignorant of European affairs, could possibly judge—our early conception of the European War was nearer right than we like to think now, four years later, when we have joined with France, England, Belgium and Italy in a real democratic alliance. For in all those countries, even as in the Central Powers, the aristocratic element held a monopoly of that all-important business for Europe—foreign relations. Diplomacy, and those two strong hands of diplomacy, the armies and navies, lingered far behind the advanced thought of the age. Diplomacy is a complex and highly specialized business. Through the carelessness of democracy and through certain outworn traditions of pomp that required a diplomat to have both wealth and breeding, the personnel of bureaus of foreign relations and of embassies was drawn almost exclusively from the aristocratic class, holding the set of opinions, unconsciously or openly expressed, which I have sketched above.

I have so far left out of consideration a most powerful factor in the general European situation—economics. I touch on it lightly here, but I shall come down on it heavily later. The enormous increase of production and of corresponding wealth in the nineteenth century had given an undue power to capital. Like steel to the magnet, new wealth is inevitably drawn toward old aristocracies. This is perfectly logical. The basis of all aristocracies is wealth; without that necessity in some form, any aristocratic line reblends in a few generations with the people; while hereditary wealth in a few generations blends with the old aristocracy. Those who held the vast capital of the European nations played as partners in the foreign game with the diplomats. Even France, most democratic of the European nations, sat in with the rest.

After all, these were the accepted rules of the game; to break them required either overwhelming force or an upheaval of the world such as we have at this moment. And we ourselves came near being forced to take a hand. When the disturbances broke out in Mexico those who represented the wealth of this nation wanted us to "protect our interests" by going down and taking either a suzerainty of Mexico or a slice of her territory. We were saved from that calamity partly by pure accident and partly

(Continued on Page 109)

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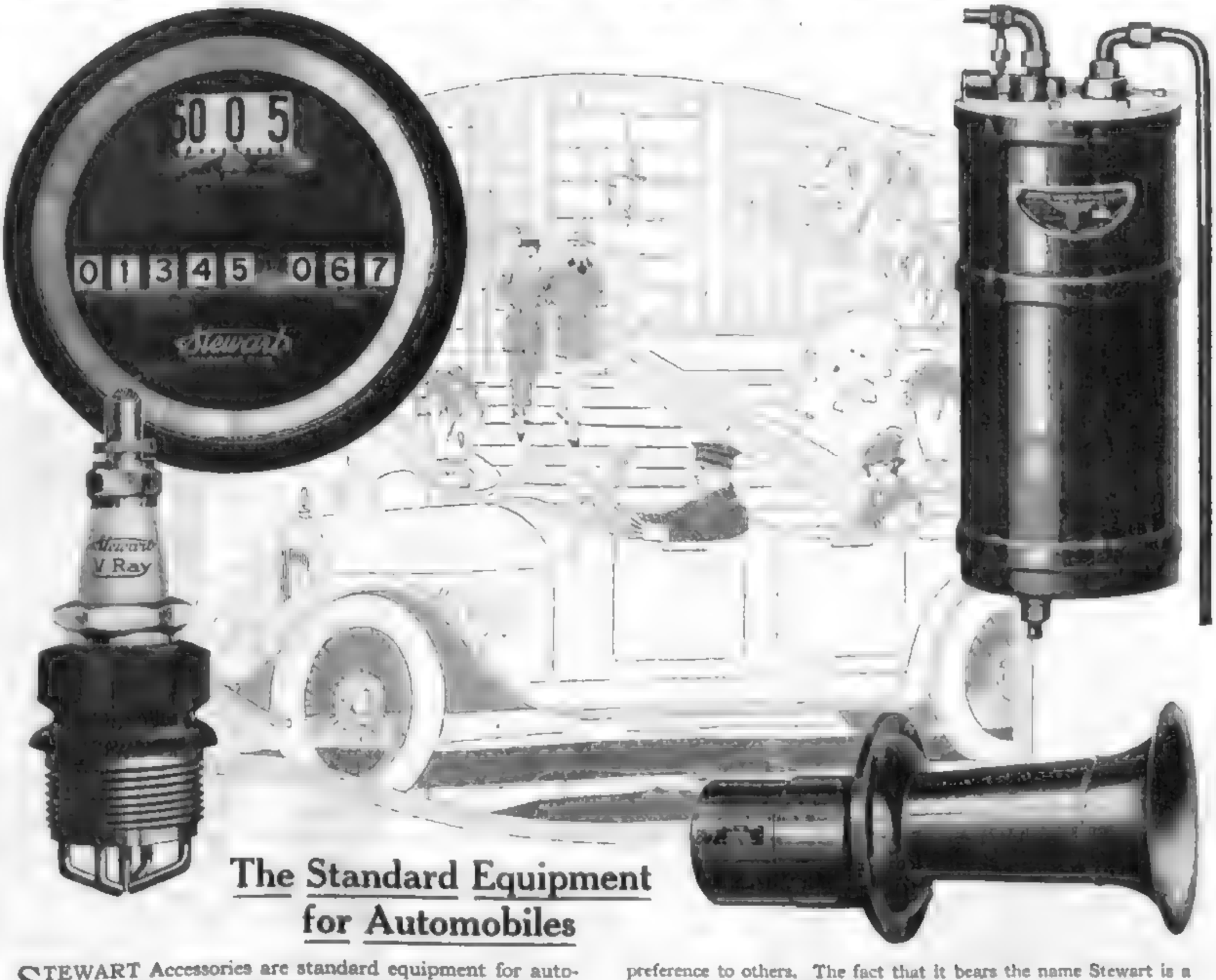

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CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE

(Continued from Page 106)

because the men in charge of our foreign relations did not belong to the aristocratic school of diplomacy. Had we done this we never should have been able to exert the almost dominant power we hold at this moment in world diplomacy. Wabbling as our Mexican policy may have seemed on the surface, it played the long game. At odds with the diplomacy of 1913, it fits exactly the highest and newest diplomacy of 1918.

So stood the world when it entered Armageddon; when the Kaiser declared war for the glorification of his own divinity and that of the mythical state with a soul, and sprung on the world this supreme orgy of misery.

Let me pass for a moment from the abstract to the concrete. At the beginning of this war I stumbled into the German lines at Louvain and found myself a prisoner not actually in jail but under detention. So, for four days, I watched the Von Kluck army file past, en route to turn the allied right. Afterward I traversed Belgium to Mons in its smoking wake and, returning, witnessed the historic destruction of Louvain.

Now, on going to war I had expected physical horrors and I was not disappointed of my expectations. But when I emerged into Holland I found in my soul a kind of intellectual horror for which I could not at first account. The grave, gray ranks of German infantry, moving like automata, the goose step, the singing—not spontaneous, but in four rehearsed parts and started only by orders—all struck me with a curious chill, a sense of distaste and dread that for weeks afterward ruined my days and haunted my nights. Before the year was out I was to see Belgian and British forces by the thousands and French by the hundreds of thousands. From them I got no such impression. Collectively they raised my spirits, as the German Army had blasted them.

Now, like almost all men, I had perceived a new principle before I had formulated it in my conscious mind. What distressed me in the Germans, I know now, was my unconscious perception that here was aristocracy in action; here was the principle opposed to all the instincts, beliefs and dreams I had held through life.

Old Idols and Ideals

Europe first and the world afterward were soon to perceive that. The Germans, in some of their recent propaganda, charge that England started the cry, The Battle for Democracy! to influence America, and started it a year after the war opened. The truth is, Western Europe, very busy in saving its life, at first did not see the real distinction between Germany and itself. It was this:

In all Europe were the two elements, aristocratic and democratic, warring quietly against each other; but in France, Great Britain, Belgium and Italy the democratic spirit had won, no matter what besieged citadels of privilege the aristocracy still held; while in Germany and Austria the aristocratic principle had won. Every day of this war made it plainer and plainer; every change in the swiftly moving course of the times served to intensify this difference between the belligerents.

Let us especially consider England, the European nation we perhaps understand best and the great laboratory at this moment for social and political study. The character of popular literature is one index of a people's thoughts, since, after all, they only buy, read and make famous writings about the things in which they are interested. Now, as recently as my own boyhood the mentor of popular literature in England was Kipling, that thoughtless wizard of words and imagination. He sang of empire, and all the little Kiplings sang the same song after him. His vogue went out long ago.

In his place the big four of British popular literature for the ten years preceding the war were probably H. G. Wells, John Galsworthy, George Bernard Shaw and Arnold Bennett. Each of these in his own way is an extreme liberal, if not a radical; each, and especially the first two, was most concerned in his political thinking with extending the democratic principle of justice to cover the new industrial era. If none of these four, or of the followers of these four, turned his special attention to foreign affairs it was because he had too much to think about at home; yet Wells has coined the phrase: "The somewhat tawdry ideal of empire."

Who in the period of Kipling's glory were the outstanding figures in the material life of Great Britain? Such men as Salisbury, the polished diplomat and statesman of the old school, and Rhodes, the empire builder the one representing the finished aristocracy of birth and hereditary power, the other the rising aristocracy of accumulated wealth. But who, in the ten years before the war, stood out from British public life? Asquith, the advanced liberal—or advanced for those remote times—and Lloyd George, the man of the people, the personal devil of the old Tory class.

Across the dividing line the great outstanding figure was a monarch—William the Damned—rattling his sword, mouthing of the divine right of kings, threatening Europe with "my armies." Under him the prominent figures of the German Empire, whether political or industrial, were prominent precisely as they expressed this imperial idea. The German Social Democracy, it is true, had been rising to such a degree as to alarm the governing aristocracy. Many observers of Germany believe that the war was sprung in order to squelch this spirit in the German people before it was everlastingly too late. But Germany had not yet cleared the ridge. And the other Western European peoples, older in civilization than the Germans, always many a stage in advance of Teutonic political thought, had passed that ridge, however much some of their rulers lingered in the rear, beholding prospects the people saw no more.

Wartime Housecleaning

We might have been longer in seeing this situation had this been like old wars, fought mainly by a professional army, composed of aristocrats or of failures, disturbing national life comparatively little, except in the invaded districts. But within the year the very intensity of the pace had drawn everyone into the struggle—every individual man, woman and child was necessary to victory, if the service consisted only in spending and eating less. Even in countries which before the war had enormous armies, the civil population was combed again and again for soldiers, and yet more soldiers. In England a great army was created from the people out of almost nothing.

Within a year the fine but archaic-minded officer of the professional army was in the minority; the characteristic officer was a man of education and ability in civil life, who had volunteered to save his country; the characteristic soldier was no longer the inept adventurer or the product of the slums, who had enlisted for need of something to eat. He was a plain, average citizen of Britain in khaki. Behind the lines there had arisen the enormous, unprecedented demand for labor to manufacture munitions of war. In its own way labor had volunteered, and in volunteering had secured for itself a larger share in British political life.

Within two years that same Lloyd George, the personal devil of the Tory class but four years before, was guiding civilian England; while Robertson, who began life as a footman, was in supreme military command. The people's will had become manifest in England, so that during the next year or two she was throwing down the gage to aristocracy. Defiantly she took the last democratic step in enfranchisement by giving the ballot to her women. Labor lifted its voice and demanded the correction of old undemocratic injustices. With scarcely a murmur Great Britain accepted, as accomplished, proposals that would have been considered by the Tories only ten years ago as mad anarchy.

I have drawn the illustration from Great Britain because she is the European nation we understand best, and because the British, with their sober political wisdom, have accomplished in the midst of war many things the others have not had time to accomplish; yet I could tell the same story in different terms of France and Italy. Everywhere the will of the people became more fully expressed in affairs; and that will was democratic. In the three great Western nations of the Entente Allies the spirit of thought seemed to have changed—only seemed, I believe. The peoples were thinking in such terms before this war; but not until the war came did they get full expression of their thought into public affairs, because the unrepresentative aristocrat of

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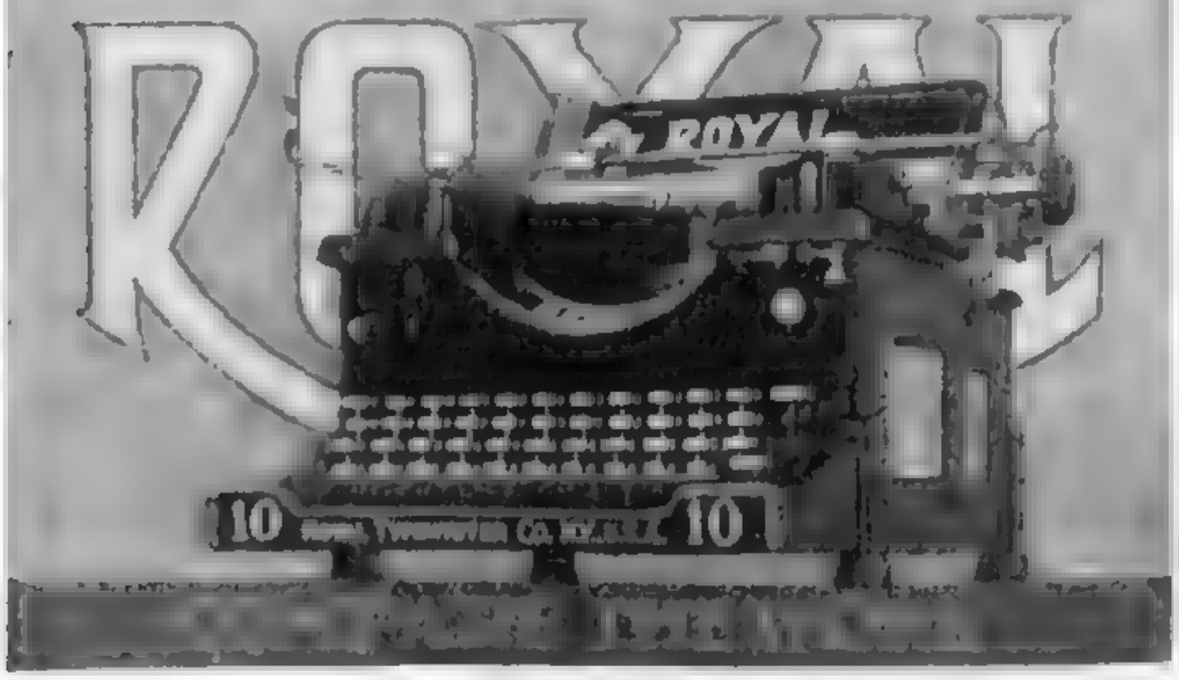

the old diplomatic class was still gumshoeing and trading and intriguing in the old-fashioned manner.

One of the great strokes of German propaganda was the publication, by the led Bolsheviki, of the secret war terms drawn between the Entente Allies and Russia at the beginning of the war. To one who understands the Europe of to-day this appeal is valueless. The acts of that period no more represent the Entente Europe of 1918 than do the old acts of Napoleon's ministers—even though some of the men who connived at those agreements be still in power. For the spirit of the democratic peoples has made itself manifest in their governments; and a democratic people wants not empire, but only peace, security, and a chance to develop its own home civilization in its own way.

No arguments or examples are needed, I suppose, to prove how the war has stripped off any camouflage by which Germany had, before 1914, concealed her real spirit and social constitution; how the swift spirit of the times has revealed her for what she is—a nation built on the old anti-democratic, aristocratic idea perfected to high efficiency, and all the more dangerous therefore. That is among the things too self-evident to need proof. Here I merely contribute the remark that pro-Germanism is a passionate creed with the hereditary aristocracy of all the neutral European countries. It is aristocracy perfected, brought up to date, militant, and therefore beautiful—beautiful!

So lay the land at the beginning of 1917, when the war had already gone two and a half years. Inside the Entente nations the old-fashioned, aristocratic, imperialist crowd was definitely beaten, however much power some of their more able representatives seemed still to hold. In Germany and Austria democracy, except for an impotent murmur here and there, was tied, blinded and gagged.

Only one thing remained to trouble the democratic citizens of the neutral world who had for the greater part aligned themselves with the Entente. That was Russia. An absolute autocracy, whereas Germany pretended at least to yield some power to the people, the synonym for all we hated in government, she stood a perpetual bar to our full sympathies. We made excuses to ourselves, saying that Germany had gone too far on the wrong road ever to turn back unless forced, while hope remained for Russia; that whereas the German people had never shown any spirit of revolt there was always a revolutionary undercurrent in Russia that might yet save her for democracy.

Excuses Become Facts

These were but excuses in 1914, 1915 and 1916; they became truths in 1917. For suddenly, and by a coincidence unparalleled in history, just when a series of deliberate insults and studied defiances forced our nation rather reluctantly to enter the war, the last barrier of thought between us and the Entente was swept away. Russia rose up, tumbled Czar, court and princely privileges into the scrap heap, and announced herself as the most advanced democracy in the world—a democracy not only political but economic.

The subsequent tragic failure has no bearing on the question we are considering at present. The situation was suddenly cleared. England, France, Italy and Belgium, definitely committed to the democratic policy; the United States, in theory at least, the most complete of the old democracies; Russia, the new democracy—all were aligned against a set of Powers committed now, as ever, to the divine right of kings, the control of the hereditary "best," the contempt for "gutter rule."

Conceptions of patriotism have changed in the forty years of thought that preceded this war and the three years of flashing, emotional thought that followed the attack on Liége. With us, on the democratic side of the dividing line, "My country, right or wrong," is no more a governing principle; few would be willing, I suppose, to make the supreme sacrifice for such a formula as that. It is only when the country is in supreme peril, or when the cause fits exactly the political faith the national genius has worked out, that a democracy will fight, heart and soul.

Looking at the matter from a strictly military point of view, it would have been better if this country had entered the war when the Lusitania was sunk. The weight of our resources, of our gradually accumulating man power, might have insured a complete victory before now. In that case our hesitation was tragic. But had we conquered then it might not have been a victory for the true democracy. Germany that period remained what she always had been—the quintessence of monarchy, with a monarchial disregard of justice and greed for power. The people of the Western European nations had not yet formulated or expressed their will; control was still held, unchallenged, by statesmen and diplomats who expressed the old idea of empire.

Victory then might have meant—probably would have meant—merely a shifting of the face of Europe, with new causes of irritation, new Alsace-Lorraines, everywhere; with the immoral gumshoe game of financial and political diplomacy, the race of armaments, the burdensome taxes going on, until Europe, freed temporarily from bloody wars, should be torn, instead, by bloody revolutions. Had we drawn the sword then we should have won much more easily. In view of what we must face in sorrow, loss and privation, this is a hard saying; but perhaps we entered the war at about the right time. Not until then could we fight with a clear conscience for our best national ideals.

Internal Victories

However we stand materially, we have suddenly come into the position of moral and spiritual leadership on the Allied side, a strange position for a nation considered sunk in materialism only a few years ago. This, if we understand the European situation, is logical, inevitable. We were the pioneers in democracy as expressed in politics. Before the French Revolution was, we were. A century long, the successful revolutionists in France and Italy, the unsuccessful in Germany, have drawn inspiration and encouragement from this successful experiment in popular rule.

No one who has not been abroad in the past year can appreciate the enthusiasm with which the liberal elements of Western Europe regard President Wilson. This is not wholly due to the originality of his statesmanship; it is, in part, a tribute to the national ideal he represents, grown suddenly into a world ideal.

That the aristocratic principle has been wholly destroyed in the Entente nations it would be folly to believe. Human affairs do not move in that complete and satisfactory way. Outworn institutions, habits of mind and customs have a way of lingering in spots.

The struggle for religious liberty was won in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; but, though freedom of worship is now everywhere extended to all creeds, there are still states where certain religionists cannot exercise full civic rights. Feudalism had gone into the discard long before that; but still we have the law of entail in England.

This new conquest of democracy is only a year or two old; necessarily there are strong, cohesive, able bodies of people in every Entente nation—even ours—who see nationality only in terms of empire. H. G. Wells, speaking for England, has warned us against a part of the Tory class, so distrustful of democracy, so fearful of its complete triumph not only as a national principle but as an international one, that they incline toward making a disadvantageous peace with Germany before it is "everlastingly too late"—while there is still a chance for saving their system.

Still the struggle is on, both inside and outside the nations; but the internal struggle is won, just as the external struggle—through what years of surprises and agonies we cannot guess now—must be won in the end.

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The Nation's needs first, but plenty of lumber for all!
That is the slogan which today is governing the great operations of the giant saw mills composing the Southern Pine Association.
In perhaps no other industry have the Government's requirements been so extensive and speed in manufacture so urgent. When the call came for lumber every Southern Pine mill was instructed to put Government business first. Trained speakers were sent to the mills and into the woods to tell the thousands of lumber workers the war needs of the Government and to urge their redoubled efforts in getting the trees from the forests and cutting them into timbers and boards.
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The Southern Pine Association represents one of the greatest industries of the nation and its members are a unit in the resolve to do everything humanly possible within its power in helping restore "Peace On Earth, Good Will To Men."
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Forty pounds of fine quality, all new, sanitary curled hair is used for filling the cover, which is the best obtainable, and is furnished in a number of stripes and in several color combinations of art fabrics, all of the highest quality.

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My dealer is

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Send 10 cents in stamps or coin to cover postage and packing and we will send prepaid a beautiful art board cut-out doll bed in full color.

WITHOUT PREJUDICE

(Continued from Page 13)

Of course I couldn't understand it. I know only a little smattering of chemistry that I've picked up here. I had to be very careful and get it exactly as you had it. I took time, copying very slowly and comparing the signs with great care. I was very nervous, Mr. Lindsay, and I had no timepiece. After I had worked awhile I suppose I was panic-stricken. I thought you might come back or that somebody would find me. When I had it about half copied I shut up the desk quickly and locked it and ran out. I suppose being excited and so nervous I made the mistake of turning the lamp off at the wall socket. I ran out. Then I saw it was only five minutes after seven. You see I had waited until after half past six before coming in—to make sure everybody round the office had really gone. I saw it was only five minutes after seven and I should probably have time to copy the rest. But my nerve was all gone then; I didn't dare come back in here. I went home, thinking I would copy the rest to-night."

She gained assurance as she spoke, and added with a pleading little drop in her voice, "You see I have done no real harm. Half the formula would be of no use to anybody."

"Have you shown it to anyone?" he asked.

"No," she replied; "I kept it until I could copy the rest. No one has seen it. I will give it back to you." She drooped toward him, extending her hand a little along the edge of the desk, as in a timid entreaty. "Give me another chance, Mr. Lindsay. Be my friend. I know I did wrong to betray you. I hated to do that. I had to keep the other thing in my mind—my country and the money—or I shouldn't have been able to do it. You've always been kind to me. I shouldn't have betrayed you. I've been alone, with my own way to make. The temptation was too much."

She pleaded more earnestly, her low voice vibrant, a pretty white hand extended entreatingly along the desk: "Don't give me up, Mr. Lindsay. Don't have me arrested. I haven't done any real harm. I'm sorry. Give me another chance. I'll give back what I copied. I'll go away if you say. I'll do anything you say—put it all in your hands. Be my friend. Let me have another chance. I'm only a woman. I'll go away—obey you, whatever you say. Don't give me up."

As she pleaded, bending toward him, he subtly felt her unfolding to him. An atmosphere very feminine, warm, colorful diffused from her. His tawny eyebrows moved together in a slight frown as he looked into her eager, pleading face. He put up his right hand and rubbed the thumb and bent forefinger down his nose.

"I wanted to give you another chance. That's why I came here to-night," he replied in a quite collected manner. "The trouble is, you're lying to me. It wasn't last night that I found you'd been at my desk. It was night before last. I know you've been here at least twice before to-night. I want you to tell me the truth. You've copied the whole formula."

He spoke without passion, with only the cutting edge of an aggressive nervous energy in his controlled voice. She drew back in her chair, flushing slightly, her dark eyes fixed by a kind of fascination on his strong face. With a deeper insight than ever before she apprehended his power—not merely the muscular vigor of the long figure, or the outstanding signs of character in his smooth-shaven face but the inner force which made him Howard Lindsay, of whom men like Hewlett already spoke with that affectionate respect which the veteran pays to one who will some day wear his epaulets. She felt her attack break upon him like water on rock and experienced a sense of helplessness.

"It's quite true," she murmured. "I did lie to you. . . . Put yourself in my place, Mr. Lindsay. . . . A mouse in a trap will try to get out. You shouldn't blame me for it."

"Why, bless you," he replied quite heartily, "I'm not blaming you for anything! Get that idea out of your head! I understand your position well enough. I'm not blaming you for anything. That has nothing whatever to do with it. I want to know where that formula is."

That fairly genial speech baffled her; but she answered, "I have it."

"You copied all of it?"

She hesitated barely an instant and replied "Yes."

"And you still have it?"

"Yes."

"Who else has seen it—who besides yourself? Mind, now, you must tell me the truth! I shall have to call a guard if you don't."

"The man I told you of has seen it," she said.

"Anyone else?"

"No. He was going to take it away to-morrow—take it to someone higher up. It's dangerous to carry about, you know. He thought it would be safer with me. And then, he wasn't sure I had the right one. He knows more about chemistry than I do, but not enough to be quite sure. He must take it to someone who can really understand it. That's why I came in here again to-night—to see if I couldn't find something more. I still have it. I will give it back to you."

"I want it immediately," he said decisively. "Where is it?"

Her eagerness returned and she answered quickly, "It's at my lodging. Come with me now. I will give it to you."

He looked her in the eye a moment, inwardly questioning and speculating.

"I will give it to you," she repeated, her dark eyes shining. "Come with me now. Come!" She stood up, eager, smiling a little with invitation.

Without moving, save to rub his nose, Lindsay replied with a certain dryness, "But I want to be sure about this, Miss Muller. Sit down a moment!"

Her lips moved nervously but she obeyed him, sitting erect and expectant.

"This is war, you know," he observed coolly. "Some American boys were buried over there in France yesterday. There'll be plenty more. It would be too bad if you imagined that I'm going to play any sort of parlor game—any five o'clock tea or lawn fete business. This isn't sentimental comedy. It's war. Now tell me where your lodging is that you're going to take me to. We'll go in my car and I'll give the chauffeur the directions."

She regarded him a moment with a sort of fascinated uncertainty and replied, "It's Six-ninety-four Brock Street."

"Six-ninety-four Brock Street," he repeated, reflecting. "That's over on the south side of town." He recalled the neighborhood indefinitely.

"Yes," she answered; "over on the south side of town. I really have two lodgings. You have my address on your books as Eighteen-twenty-two Woodlawn Avenue. That is my real address. But a month ago, this business coming up, I was afraid to have the man I speak of calling there; afraid to have anything round that a curious chambermaid might find. You can understand I had cause to be nervous. He suggested that I take a cheap lodging over there under another name. He could meet me there and we could talk. It's a neighborhood, you know, where they don't question anyone's coming and going—nobody cares. I go there every evening."

"Six-ninety-four Brock Street," he said thoughtfully. "This man lodges there too?"

"In the same building," she replied; "across the hall from me."

"What floor are you on?"

"Second floor back, the last door on the left-hand side of the hall."

"I want to be very particular, you know, because I propose to check it up in every detail. I must have the exact truth."

"That is the truth, Mr. Lindsay—the exact truth; Six-ninety-four Brock Street, second floor, last door on the left-hand side of the hall. You will see it is exactly that."

"And the formula is there?"

"It is there. I will put it into your hand."

"This man you speak of may be there too, watching for you," he reminded her.

"I had thought of that," she replied quickly, her eyes brightening; and bending toward him again she urged eloquently, "Is it really necessary to go in your car, Mr. Lindsay? Wouldn't you as lief go with me in the street car? That would make it so much easier for me, you see. Your car would attract attention. If we went in the street car I could slip in unnoticed and get the formula and bring it to you. Wouldn't you as lief do that?"

"It might be better," he said rather absently.

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BOYS AND GIRLS!
Winchester Medals for skill with the rifle

The Winchester Junior Rifle Corps is something that all Mothers and Fathers should have their sons belong to. It is a National organization for the encouragement of better marksmanship and better sportsmanship among boys and girls of America. It is intended to develop the qualities of fair play and manliness which are essential to success in after life.

Any boy or girl not over 18 may join the Winchester Junior Rifle Corps and compete for the famous Marksman and Sharpshooter Medals.

The Sharpshooter Medal goes to the boy or girl not over 18 who makes the first-grade score with a .22 caliber Winchester.

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No limit is set to the number of trials a contestant may make for these medals; he may shoot as many practice targets as he wants to.

Get your boy a Winchester, and start him in on this contest. Your dealer can tell you all about the details.

It will mean good sport and wholesome competition for him among his boy friends. It will mean a lot to him and to you, too, if you get out and enjoy the sport with him—*and teach him the correct use of a gun.*

What a Winchester means to a boy

You remember what a Winchester meant to you as a boy. It's the boy's turn now. He's been wearing knickerbockers long enough now to make it natural for him to want a rifle. Don't deny him one of the greatest joys and benefits you had at his age.

A gun teaches a boy responsibility, self-control and self-reliance.

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The name "Winchester" stands for the best traditions in gun making. For over half a century Winchester has been the standard of pioneers and sportsmen. Winchester rifles built the West. As the need grew, Winchester originated a model and a caliber for every purpose.

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Every gun or rifle that bears the name "Winchester" is fired many times for smooth action and accuracy and is fired with excess loads for strength.

No Winchester barrel varies one one-thousandth of an inch in thickness or diameter. The Bennett Process, used exclusively by Winchester, gives the Winchester barrel a distinctive blue finish that, with proper care, will last a lifetime.

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Don't delay any longer getting your boy started on the Winchester contest. Get him a Winchester and let him start *now*.

You will be surprised to find what a fine gun you can get for a low price. Your dealer will be glad to show you his stock of Winchesters, and give you our catalog and booklet on the proper use of a gun. If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct. Winchester Junior Rifle Corps, National Headquarters, 275 Winchester Avenue, New Haven, Conn., Division 141.

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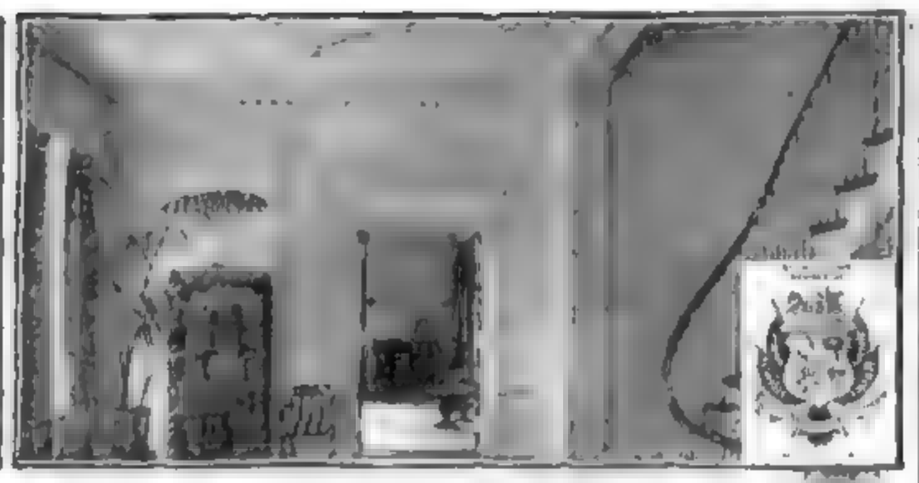
"I advised her to UPSONIZE," said the carpenter



"SO she did. She *liked* the idea of getting walls and ceilings of *artificial wood*—walls of *lasting beauty*—that would paint handsomely, and never crack, chip, fall and become unsightly and unsanitary like plaster.

"'Why do you prefer Upson Board to the other wall boards?' she asked, pleased because I made so little muss and dirt.

"Upson Board *is nearly twice as strong as* ordinary pulp wall board,—also stiffer and harder," I explained. "It works like wood. I can apply at least a quarter more Upson Board a day than of soft, crumbly or gummy wall boards. It holds to the nails, too. When my job's done, there's no comeback. I've never known Upson Board to warp. It is not like *some* boards.

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The DEPENDABLE Board with the Famous BLUE Center.

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Carpenters have installed Upson Board in a million homes. There has not been one complaint to every 2,000,000 feet used—the *efficiency record* among Lining Materials.

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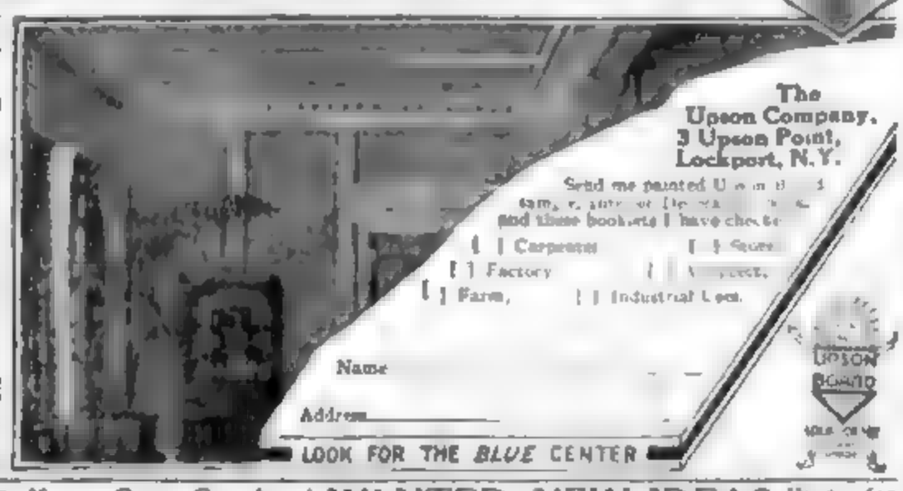
FOR DEALERS: A new, live, co-operative-sales campaign that will give you quick turnover and substantial profits. To your interest to write us for particulars, without delay. The UPSON line is complete; the Upson selling policy always on the level.

"No more cracked, chipped, ugly ceilings!"



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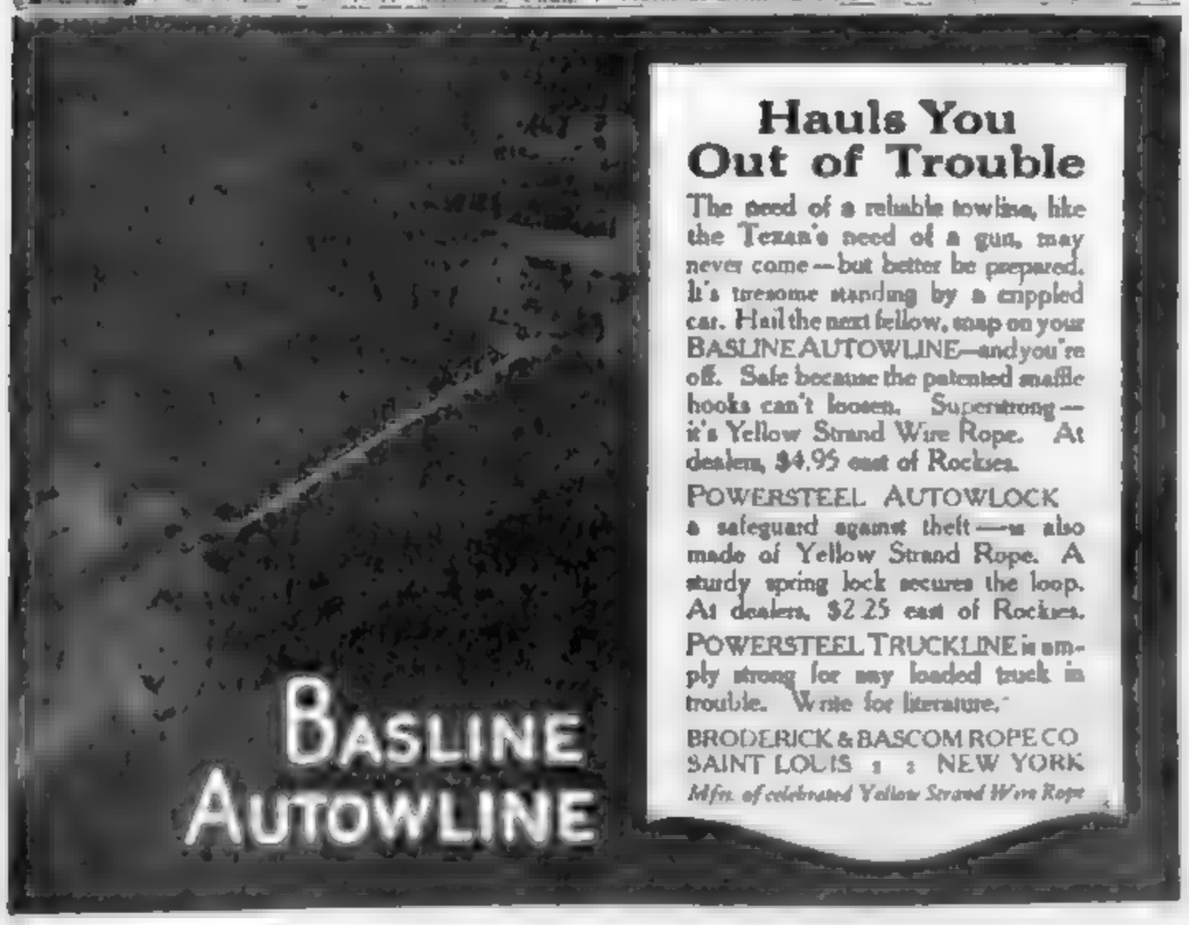

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As he did not speak again for a moment she asked with a kind of obedient urgency, as though anxious yet completely submitting to him, "Shall we go?"

"No hurry," he replied thoughtfully. "You see, we haven't decided yet what I should do with you."

"I hoped you had decided to let me go," she said, low, with a subtle accusation in her fine eyes. "I've done no real harm. I will put the formula in your hands, just as I copied it. No one has made any use of it. . . . Would it please you to see me in prison?"

"By no means!" he replied heartily. "I should hate it. But you see, that is just my little personal feeling about it—in my inside pocket. This is war. Little personal feelings don't count. You're a spy. I don't think I could let you go."

He spoke very calmly and looked at her with a kind of friendliness that almost smiled. She felt that he liked her yet stood like a wall against which her attack would break as water on a rock.

"I thought—you would be my friend," she murmured, baffled.

"Why, I am your friend," he assured her cordially. "I like you very much. I'm quite fond of you. It's been nice to have you about here. I'd prefer that nothing unpleasant ever happened to you. But don't you see, this is war; liking, preference has nothing at all to do with it. Of course our boys over in France would like to be home with their sweethearts. That's what they prefer. But they've got to stand up and be shot at. Personal feeling has nothing to do with it. You took the risk."

"You said you didn't blame me. I was tempted," she said accusingly.

"No, I don't blame you at all," he repeated. "You are fighting for your country; but I'm fighting for my country. If it's up to me to be shot I'll be shot and not bat an eye. But when it's up to me to shoot I'll shoot too. There isn't any halfway in this business, you know. A man's either loyal for all he's worth and for everything that comes up or he's a traitorous dog. He's either standing by the boys at the Front or he's hitting them in the back. There's no halfway."

Almost smiling and speaking in a friendly way he seemed to her hugely immovable and implacable. One might as well entreat the tide not to rise. Her face drew in sudden lines of pain and she twisted her hands together.

"Give me a little poison and let me kill myself!" she cried. "I'd rather die than go to prison! Let me kill myself!"

"Nonsense!" he replied not unkindly. "That isn't the game. Think again. Your preferences and my preferences have nothing to do with it."

She controlled herself, gently biting a corner of her lip and looking into her lap, and presently murmured "Very true," like one kindly rebuked. When she at length looked up at him there was a glitter in her dark eyes. "Very true," she repeated; "but we may as well go." She seemed as collected as he, and she stood up, a shining glint in her eyes. "I will take you to my lodging. You can get the formula yourself. I will show you where it is. Let's go."

He also stood up. Looking down into her face he smiled and put his hand on her shoulder:

"And your friend there, maybe, will crack my head or stick a knife in my ribs," he said with perfect good nature, as though he really liked her very well.

She stared, quite speechless.

"Not that I blame you for that either," he assured her. "You're playing your game. I know you'd be as nice to me as you could. You'd have me go down there on the street car and stand at the street door while you slipped in and got the formula and brought it to me. Then I could go away with a whole skin. But if it came to the pinch you'd take me inside, where your friend would attend to me—naturally. You're playing your game. But it's a game that knocks a thousand men into so many heaps of bloody rags every hour or two. You must go through with it like a good soldier. We'll not need to go to Six-ninety-four Brock Street." His hand fell from her shoulder.

"But the formula?" she reminded him, wondering.

"They're well on the way there now," he replied. "If you'll look at the telephone"—he nodded toward the desk—"you'll see the receiver is held up by a little plug of wood. A secret-service man at the other end of the wire got the address when you gave it to me. They're well on the way there now."

She gave a startled look toward the door on either side and asked breathlessly, "One in waiting for me?"

"Perhaps," he replied. "I'm sorry personally."

She leaned back against the desk and said bitterly, "You are a ruthless man."

"Why, no," he said kindly; "I wished to make it as easy for you as possible. We're dying for our flag over in France, you know. This is war. The man who palters with this business is an unspeakable dog!"

Abruptly she straightened up with flashing eyes and cried out: "Yes, it is war! My flag and my country too! I'm fighting for them as much as you are for yours! I didn't tell you the truth. Why should I, when you're my country's enemy? I was sent here. I came since the war began. I came to get your secrets. And I've beaten you! I've beaten you! Your formula has been seen and copied. It's on the way to Germany now; and you can't stop it! Of course I'd trick you if I could. Why not? Our boys are dying too. I'd lie to you, tell you a fairy tale and get your sympathy if I could. Usually if a woman is good-looking a man's sympathy isn't hard to get!" She uttered "sympathy" with heavy scorn.

"I've beaten you! Your great explosive is going to Berlin! You can't stop it! It's going to blow up your transports and troops. Do what you please with me. I took the risk deliberately. I wouldn't let the man take it, for I know well enough you soft Americans can't shoot a woman. It's my work!" She dilated with victorious pride as she affirmed it. "When it blows up your ships it will be I that sent it there! I've won! Do what you please with me!"

The passionate outburst moved him in a way that astonished her.

"Fine!" he exclaimed approvingly, and nodded at her to emphasize it. "Bully! A good, game little soldier! I take off my hat to you. Of course I supposed the formula had been copied."

As she sank back against the desk, staring, he added admiringly, "You're a bright woman, but you haven't got this yet. You'd see through it easily enough if you took a minute to think it over."

She strove to think, but was evidently quite at a loss.

"Didn't you get what I told you?" he asked cordially. "I told you it was night before last, not last night, that I discovered somebody had been at my desk; night before last. It made me red hot too. The idea that somebody in the office was a traitor made me see red. I never thought of you then. But I kept thinking it over, and this afternoon it flashed into my mind that you had borrowed my keys. I didn't see how anybody could have opened my desk without a duplicate key. When I remembered that you had borrowed my keys I knew you could have taken a wax impression. So for the first time I suspected you; and that made it all different, because I liked you. I decided to set a trap for you to-night and see if I couldn't make you tell me where the formula was—which would probably be where your fellow spies were. I thought I could get you to tell me; and then, you see, we could get the formula away from you."

"But it's been copied," she said, puzzled.

"I don't care about that," he replied. "I just wanted to get you out of the way. It was night before last I found somebody had been at my desk. You don't suppose I'd be idiot enough to leave the true formula on my desk for you to copy last night? As a matter of fact the true formula has never been on my desk. When I found my desk had been opened it made me see red. I put that formula on my desk last night, expecting it to be copied."

Her lips parted, but she said nothing.

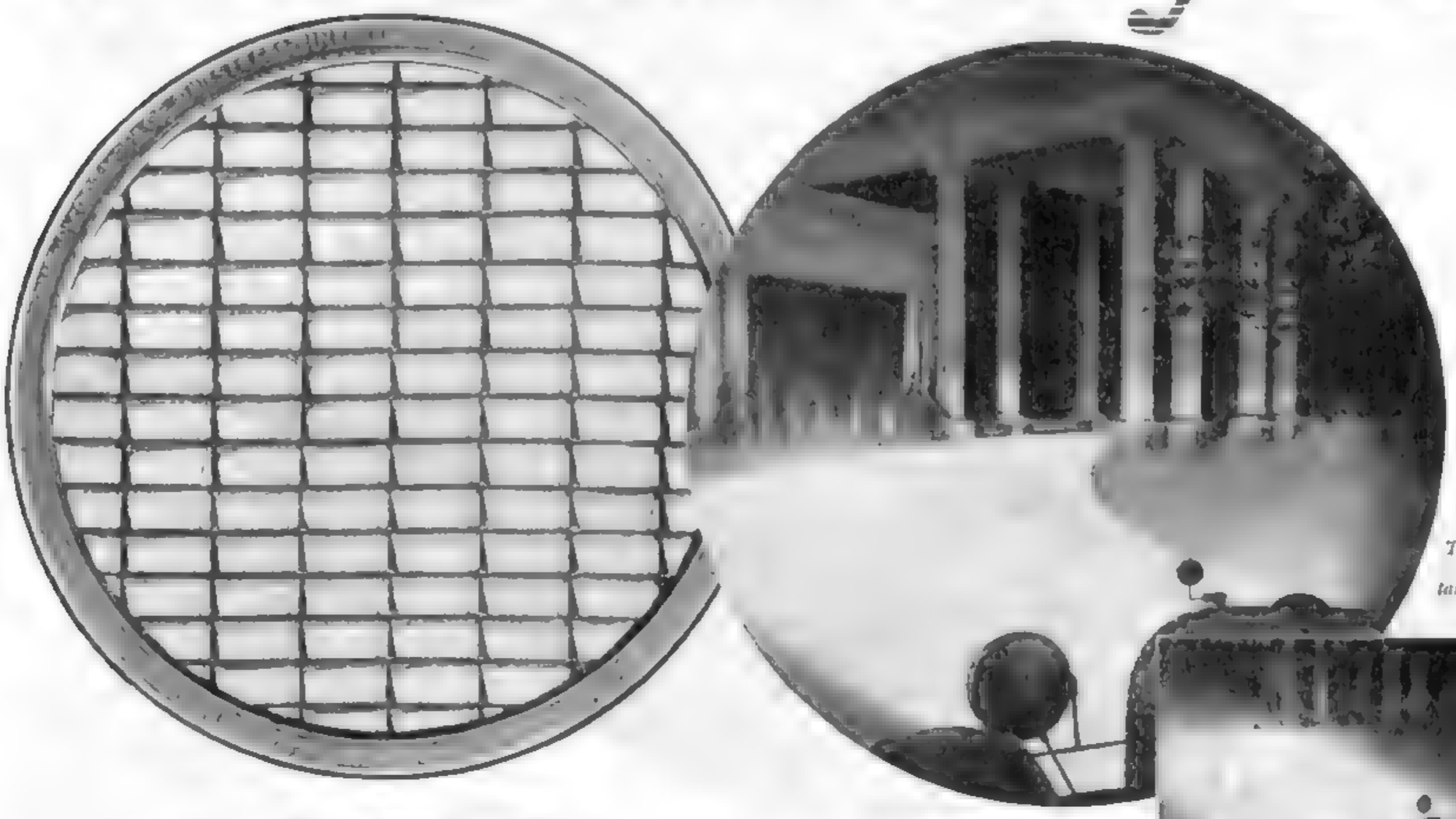
"But when I suspected it was you," he added, "it gave me a jolt, because I like you. It's been nice to have you here. I'm quite fond of you. And you are an attractive young woman. For all I knew you would be hanging round when somebody tried out that formula. It seemed quite likely you would be round. That really troubled me. Of course whoever is hanging round when anybody tries that formula will be taken up with blotting paper—if there's anything at all to take up. I didn't want that for you. You're too nice."

A moment later she murmured, "I see. Well, I am ready."

"Good!" he exclaimed approvingly; "a game soldier! Blast the dog that falters in this business; but I'll make it as easy for you as I can."

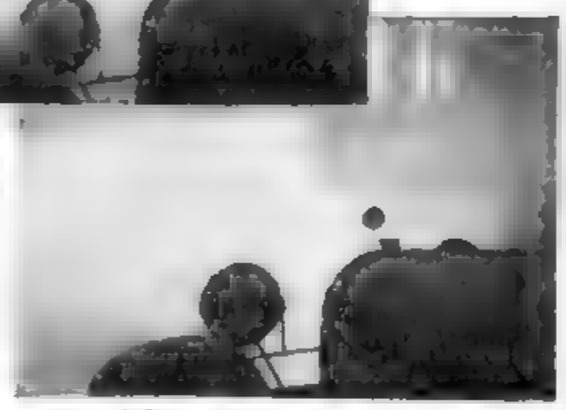
Lifting his voice he called, "Come in, officer!"

The Sun-Ray Lens



The Sun-Ray light combining distance and diffusion.

The reflector light — throws concentrated in narrow beam.



The diffusive light — shows everything near by—but lacks a long distance beam.

$1.75 per set in all sizes

Slightly higher in extreme Western and Southern States. $2.00 in Canada with 25c extra in extreme East and West.

The Pioneer in the Low-Priced Field

Most *new* things bring high prices.

Then as their novelty wears off, as demand increases and manufacturing facilities are enlarged, prices drop. This was the case in the automobile industry. And now history is repeating itself in the lens field.

Lens prices heretofore have ranged from three-fifty up to six dollars. And the motoring public, because of non-glare laws of various kinds, have had their choice of paying these prices or running chances with the authorities.

But *now* comes the Sun-Ray lens—comparatively new—a lens that meets *all* the complicated legal requirements of *every state in the Union*—a lens that successfully *combines* the virtues of *both* the diffusive *and* refractive lenses—a lens that gives a side diffusion of 168 degrees *plus* a far-reaching driving light—a lens that at the same time keeps the rays within 42 inches of the ground—a lens that is easy to keep clean because of its *smooth outside surface*—a lens that adds a certain distinction to your car—

And its price—*in all sizes*—is just $1.75 a pair.

The Sun-Ray is the pioneer, effective low-priced lens. It is the leader. The pace maker.

Sun-Ray lenses are scientifically designed and built by lens experts. They are backed by practically unlimited manufacturing facilities.

From the moment of their announcement they have taken the country by storm. They have won a leading place everywhere—and Sun-Ray sales are still growing by leaps and bounds.

Further the courtesy of the road. Make night driving safe both for yourself and others—*and save money* by putting Sun-Rays in *your* headlights *today*. For sale by most good dealers. If your dealer doesn't supply you, send direct to us, giving us the make and model of your car and the diameter of your present lens.

DEALERS

There is still open territory in certain parts of the country. There is still a chance to do a rattling good lens business on a remarkably small investment. Get in touch with us. We are closing new contracts daily. Better not wait to write. Wire for our complete sales plans and dealer proposition.

THE PRISMOLITE COMPANY, 4th and Gay Streets, Columbus, Ohio

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Boston, Mass.
New England Distributors

SANFORD BROTHERS
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Southern Distributors

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Pacific Coast Distributor

What has *This* to do with your Bank Account

ONE of the great responsibilities entailed by the war has fallen on the shoulders of the industrial plant. With restricted fuel supply, they are now accepting the rôle of "commissaries to the world." But were it not for one thing—industrial efficiency—this enormous overload might have left you neglected—deprived of necessities—and perhaps with an even lower valued dollar.

Plant efficiency has absorbed a great part of the overload—and thus protected your share of the supply. Ten thousand materials as strange looking and strange working as this Sea Ring Packing* (maintenance materials as they are called) have added mightily in raising the production of the manufacturers—and protected your purchasing power—your Bank Account.

In our measure of values, there is no more important group of products among the many we make than those whose function it is to save power, heat, friction, wear and leakage, used in the maintenance of hundreds of plants. For to the extent that they have served and are serving industry, they are serving the public, which is the ultimate realization of this company's aims.

*Sea Ring Rod Packing marks a new era in packing rods and plungers of engines, pumps and other machines. Other packings are put into the stuffing box and constantly forced against the rod, by the pressure of the stuffing box gland. Constant friction between rod and packing consumes and wastes power. Sea Rings are *not* forced against the rod by gland pressure. Their packing lip is forced against the rod by the pressure of the fluid that tries to escape and so the pressure of Sea Ring Packing automatically varies as the tendency of leakage. This automatic action saves power due to elimination of unnecessary friction between rod and packing. A reduction of friction also means less wear on packing and rod and longer life for both. The Sea Ring typifies the aims of the Johns Manville Company in their conscientious effort to better conditions in every field to which we render service.

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COVERS THE CONTINENT

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
NEW YORK CITY
10 Factories—Branches in 61 Large Cities

JOHNS-MANVILLE

Service to you through Power Plants

A STRING OF BEADS

(Continued from Page 10)

"Bessie," said the burglar.

"Does Bessie care for jewelry?"

"She's nuts about it."

"How extraordinary! It must be a wonderful sensation to wear things because you love them and not because they're fashionable. Those pearls of mine, for instance ——"

"They're beautiful!" said Jimmie simply.

"Are they? I don't know. I wear them only as a sort of advertisement. Until recently they were the most expensive pearls in town; but the other day Mrs. Jason Hendricks bought a string worth an even million. To-morrow night she is to give a ball for the express purpose of displaying her pearls and putting me to shame. It's supposed to be a secret, of course; but she's in love with a young fool who happens to be in love with me. So I know all about it. I shall go, of course. But I shan't wear my pearls. They're worthless to me now."

"Worthless!" cried Jimmie, and ran the jewels reverently through his fingers.

"Yes," said Mrs. Gwynne-Jones. "In a civilization like ours things are valuable only as they rouse the envy of others."

"There's something in that," admitted Jimmie, with the air of a man who has dealt largely in human values. "The happiest day in Bessie's life," he continued, "was the day she bought her yellow glass beads."

"Yellow glass beads!" echoed Mrs. Gwynne-Jones incredulously.

"Yes," said Jimmie; "they were the fashion then, and Bessie bought the swellest ones she could find. She wore them to the Poultry Dealers' Fifteenth Annual Ball and knocked all the other girls cold! They were the biggest beads in Second Avenue."

Mrs. Gwynne-Jones gazed at the burglar with eyes grown suddenly very bright. She even moved toward him a little, so that the air became heavy with her fragrance.

"Jimmie!" she said.

"Yes, ma'am."

"I want those beads."

"What beads?"

"Bessie's."

"For God's sake!" gasped the astonished burglar. "Why?"

"That is my affair," said Mrs. Gwynne-Jones.

"But they're only glass!" cried Jimmie. "You could buy a carload of them for what it would cost you to look at this necklace!"

"If I could buy them," said Mrs. Gwynne-Jones, "they'd be as worthless as my pearls. No, Jimmie; there's only one way I can get those beads, and that's for you to bring them to me."

"I?"

Mrs. Gwynne-Jones smiled and leaned toward him.

"Please, Jimmie!"

"But how could I explain to Bessie?"

"Why explain anything? Why not just—get them?"

"You mean steal them?" cried the young man in horror.

"Why not? Aren't you a burglar?"

"My God!" said Jimmie.

"If you started now," suggested Mrs. Gwynne-Jones, "you could be back by three o'clock, couldn't you?"

"I—I suppose so. But ——"

"I'll give you a latchkey," said Mrs. Gwynne-Jones, "so that you'll have no difficulty getting in. Will you do it?"

Jimmie the burglar looked at her for a long time; then nodded.

"Yes," he said; "I'll do it."

Mrs. Gwynne-Jones clapped her white hands softly together; bestowed upon him a dazzling smile.

"That's splendid!" she exclaimed. Then springing up from the couch, she deftly removed the pearls from his grasp. "I'll keep these till you return."

"Don't you trust me?" demanded Jimmie.

"Of course not!" said Mrs. Gwynne-Jones. "Nor do you trust me. For all you know, there may be a whole regiment of policemen waiting for you when you return."

Jimmie took a step toward her; the fingers of his right hand curved convulsively.

"For all you know," he said, "I may twist that white neck of yours."

"Quite so," said Mrs. Gwynne-Jones, gazing up at him from beneath her long dark lashes. "That's what makes it so interesting."

Jimmie remained for a moment in tense contemplation of that loveliness which, because it is created out of the toiling and the misery of thousands of ugly little lives, must be either worshiped or destroyed. Then he sighed and ran his fingers through his hair.

"Bulls or no bulls," he said, "I'm coming back. So long, lady!"

"*Au revoir*, Jimmie!"

Five minutes later a somewhat romantic-looking young man, wearing a fur-lined coat and carrying a respectable-looking suitcase full of burglar's tools, strolled down the steps of the Gwynne-Jones mansion in upper Fifth Avenue.

The great thoroughfare lay quiet beneath the stars, like a river resting from its floods. Occasionally, however, a belated motor car would pass on smooth, smug wheels, or a nighthawk taxicab go hurtling by, its windows rattling like the bones of some galloping skeleton. One of these latter the young man hailed. He gave the driver the name of a café on Eighth Street.

Fifteen minutes later he arrived at the designated address. Leaving the cab he strolled casually into the saloon, where a yawning barkeeper greeted him.

"Hello, Jimmie! How's things?"

"Fair," said Jimmie shortly.

Walking through into a back room he laid his suitcase upon a table, opened it, and selected from among its contents a steel instrument about twelve inches long and slightly curved at one end. This he placed in his overcoat pocket. Then he closed the suitcase and, going to the wall, touched the corner of a certain panel with his forefinger. The panel swung back, disclosing a cavity of considerable size. Into this cavity he tossed his bag, snapped the panel to, and walked whistling into the front room.

"What'll it be, Jimmie?" asked the bartender.

Jimmie paused, irresolute; then turned toward the bar.

"A little whisky, Mike. Just a thimbleful. I need it for my nerve."

The bartender sucked in his breath.

"Must be some job that takes your nerve, Jimmie!"

"Some job is right!" said Jimmie.

He drank the whisky with ill grace—he seldom touched alcohol of any kind—then slipped out a side door.

Crossing the street he entered a dark alleyway, which he traversed with familiar assurance. It ended in a tangle of back yards, beyond which loomed the dark hulks of old houses.

Jimmie dropped down a rear areaway. A door confronted him. He opened it in less time than a respectable citizen takes to twist a key in a lock. Subsequently he encountered other similar obstacles, which he negotiated with the ease and grace of a king cracking eggshells. Lighted on by occasional flashes from his pocket torch he climbed three flights of stairs, walked to the end of a narrow hall, and stood gazing rigidly at Bessie's door.

Perhaps Fate would be kind to him! He put out his hand, gently turned the knob. The door was locked.

A cold perspiration came out upon his forehead. Breathing some manner of pagan prayer he took the steel instrument from his pocket, wrapped the end of it in his silk handkerchief, and thrust it into the crack of the door.

"I wish I'd gone into the ministry," muttered Jimmie grimly.

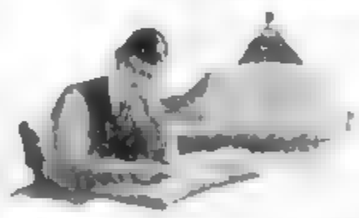
Never in his burglarious and not uneventful career had he been involved in such a delicate and critical situation. It took every atom of skill, nerve and will power he possessed to carry it through; and when finally the door creaked softly open the sweat was pouring down his face.

The pallid light of a street lamp revealed to his eyes a room adorned with pitiable finery. Cheap curtains flapped dejectedly at the single window. Across one yellowing wall was stretched a large banner with "Atlantic City" stamped upon it. A paper rose, considerably the worse for wear, drooped from a white china pitcher; while over the washstand, with its cracked mirror, hung the gilt-framed painting of a rural cottage, the windows of which were done realistically in mica.

A strong scent of violet perfume floated upon the air, which was burdened further

Some Folks Live Two Days in One

By Starting the Days on Bran



A bran-mixed dainty in the morning means more than most people know. But millions are learning. Now thousands of doctors, in print and in person, are urging the use of bran.

Bran is Nature's laxative—the ideal inner cleanser. It fixes no habit. It is not artificial. It is simply a wheat coat which in flake form acts as roughage.

Fine foods clog the system. Bran relieves that clogging. Nearly everybody needs it—indoor workers most.

To countless people it means sunnier days, higher spirits, better health. It wards off many headaches, clears many bad complexions.

You must in some way do what bran does. You must include some roughage in your food. Or you must take drugs. That is, most people must.

The right way is some daily bran food. It is the pleasant way, the most efficient, the way authorities advise.

When you find out what it does for you, you'll never go without it.

Bran Is Delightful

When You Serve It This Way

Pettijohn's is a bran-flaked luxury—a breakfast dainty which everybody likes.

It is one of the few cereal dainties of which folks never tire.

Hidden in these flavory flakes is 25 per cent of bran. The bran is in flake form to be doubly efficient.

Clear bran foods are not inviting. People quit them, despite their good effects. Pettijohn's brings the same results with an ever-welcome dish.

Make a 7-Day Test

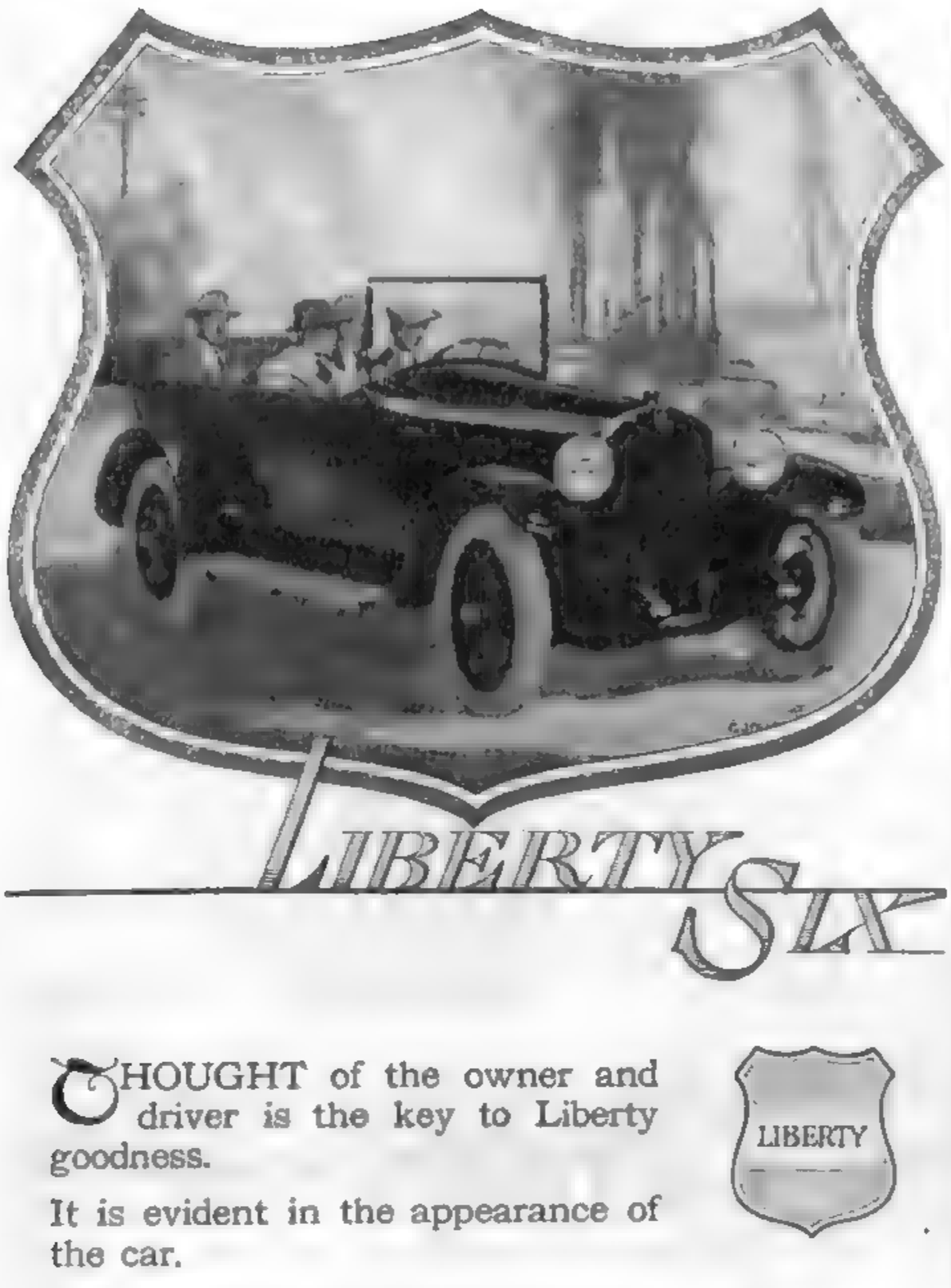
Try Pettijohn's for one week. See how all folks like it. Then watch the good results. It will change your whole idea of bran food. You will not return to branless diet after that test, we think. Order a package now.

Pettijohn's

A Flaked Cereal Dainty

55% Wheat Product—20% Oats—25% Bran

A breakfast dainty whose flavory flakes hide 25 per cent unground bran.
Pettijohn's Flour—75 per cent Government Standard flour with 25 per cent bran flakes. Use like Graham flour in any recipe. Both sold in packages only.



THOUGHT of the owner and driver is the key to Liberty goodness.

It is evident in the appearance of the car.

It is realized in the performance of the car.

It is concretely expressed by the difference in the way the Liberty rides and drives.

LIBERTY

LIBERTY MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT.

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THIS large, old established bank which is a member of the Federal Reserve System invites deposits by mail from all parts of the country and abroad. Banking by Mail is safe, private and convenient. Send TODAY for free copy of booklet "M."

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CLEVELAND, OHIO. CAPITAL & SURPLUS $8,000,000.00
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WRITE AT ONCE!

with an inalienable odor of boiled vegetables, or the ghost of boiled vegetables.

Upon an iron cot of some dread convertible species lay the sleeping Bessie. Only her head showed above the tumbled bedquilt; and that head, which by day boasted such proud golden waves, was now confined in curl papers. Over a chair beside the cot were strewn the girl's clothes, and upon a small table beneath the window lay heaped in careless miscellany the various trinkets of her estate.

At the top of the pile glittered the string of yellow beads.

Jimmie stepped noiselessly into the room; glided like a shadow through the pale mist of light; picked up the beads with fingers as sensitive as a virtuoso's. Then, silently, painstakingly, he scattered the other baubles over the window sill or arranged them in careful disarray upon the floor; and as a last bit of chicanery he caught one rhinestone breastpin in the fold of a curtain and draped the latter over the table, so as to impose indubitable guilt upon the night wind.

After which he stood for a moment gazing curiously at the form of his intended bride; then turned and tiptoed softly from the room, not forgetting to close the door behind him.

It was just three o'clock when he arrived once more at the palatial house in Fifth Avenue. As he mounted the massive stone steps a thrill of excitement swept over him. Would she double-cross him, after all? Was she merely a clever strategist—or the most unusual woman in New York?

What would he find waiting for him in that silent house—ambush or adventure?

The vision of her, clothed in clouds and cobwebs, rose before his eyes. He drew from his pocket the latchkey that she had given him—he who had small need for latchkeys!—and thrust it into the lock. The huge portal swung back upon its hinges. He entered the cavernous hall; stood tense, then leveled his flash-light at a gleaming point in the darkness. It was only a knight in armor.

He strode on up the broad, thick-carpeted stairs, traversed a long corridor, and pushed open a door.

The room, like some rich, remembered dream, lay warm and glowing before him. The fire had died down a little, perhaps; but a small electric bulb, burning in a wonderfully twisted old torch socket, diffused an intimate light over the whole scene.

Young Mrs. Gwynne-Jones sat in the golden chair, the carved back of which rose like a strange smoke above her dark head. She was reading a little book of red leather, bound in gold.

Over her slender wrist hung, almost insolently, the string of pearls.

As Jimmie entered the room she put down her book and regarded him with a faintly quizzical smile.

"Ah!" she said. "You trusted me."

"Yes," said Jimmie.

"Perhaps you doubted me a little too?"

"Yes," repeated Jimmie, with his eyes upon her face.

"It doesn't matter. I'm glad you returned. My book was very dull. Have you got the beads?"

He nodded and came forward.

"I've got them, lady."

She looked at the yellow monstrosities winking in his hand, gave a light laugh, and slipped the half-million-dollar string of pearls from her arm.

"Fair exchange is no robbery!" she said. "Here's your necklace, Jimmie."

"And here's yours," said Jimmie.

She took the beads from him, held them up to the light, studied them with a sort of horrified joy.

"I never dreamed," said Mrs. Gwynne-Jones, "that anything in this world could look so damningly cheap! They're just what I wanted, Jimmie!"

Then, before the astonished Jimmie could move a muscle, she sprang up, took his face between her delicate white palms, and kissed his burglarious cheek.

"Thank you, Jimmie!" she cried.

A kind of intoxication surged over the man's body. Imperious impulse laid command upon his not too civilized spirit. He caught the beautiful young Mrs. Gwynne-Jones in his arms, swung her off her feet, and kissed her heartily upon the mouth.

"You're welcome!" gasped Jimmie; and, turning, fled from Mrs. Gwynne-Jones' room, from Mrs. Gwynne-Jones' house, from Mrs. Gwynne-Jones' life.

As for the lady herself, she stood flushed and breathless in her costly fragrant boudoir, her hand pressed to her burning cheek. For one rather wonderful moment she thought that she was going to be angry. But slowly the color ebbed from her face, leaving it cold, bored, beautiful.

She walked to her mirror, looked at her own reflected loveliness, and faintly smiled.

"After all," said young Mrs. Gwynne-Jones, "I dare say I'm the only woman in our set who has ever been kissed by a burglar."

Mr. James McGeegan, of New York City, sat smoking a bridal cigar in the parlor of his suite at a hotel in Atlantic City. In the next room his bride of a day was curling her blond hair and perusing the society columns of the Herald. It was six o'clock in the evening. They were to dine that night at a smart and costly grill, where Bessie could eat a lobster and wear her wedding pearls.

Mr. McGeegan was at peace with creation. The events of the past thirty-six hours had become blurred in the golden haze of his marital bliss. Moreover, he possessed the rare satisfaction of knowing that he had pleased a woman, and that woman his wife. Where the pearls had come from Bessie neither knew nor cared to know. She had no more curiosity concerning them than she had concerning the fate of her glass beads, snatched by the wind from her bedroom table three nights before. Facts were facts with Bessie.

Suddenly McGeegan, puffing on his excellent Havana, heard a little cough from the doorway; and, looking up, saw his wife standing upon the threshold of the room. In one hand she held her copy of the Herald; in the other, the pearls.

"Jimmie!"

"Er—yes?"

"Read this!"

Mr. McGeegan accepted the paper that she held out to him with vague foreboding. His startled glance fell immediately upon the following item:

CHEAPNESS NEW SOCIETY FAD
MRS. GWYNNE-JONES SETS FASHION

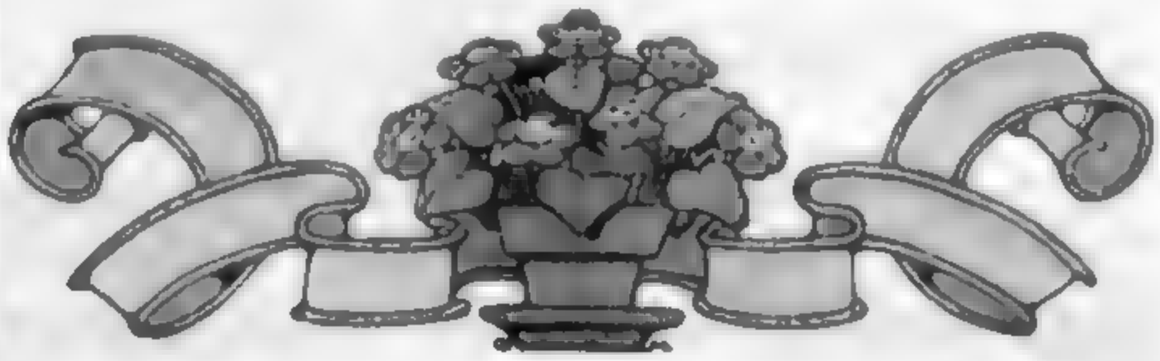
A new fad has appeared in New York society. Last night, at the Jason Hendricks ball, young Mrs. Gwynne-Jones appeared in a yellow dimity dress of the most unheard-of simplicity and wearing about her throat a string of yellow glass beads. Mrs. Hendricks, the hostess, wore a new pearl necklace that, the reporter was informed, cost a million dollars. Yet, despite the wondrous beauty of those matchless gems, the entire social world admits that young Mrs. Gwynne-Jones carried off the honors of the evening, and incidentally set a new fashion.

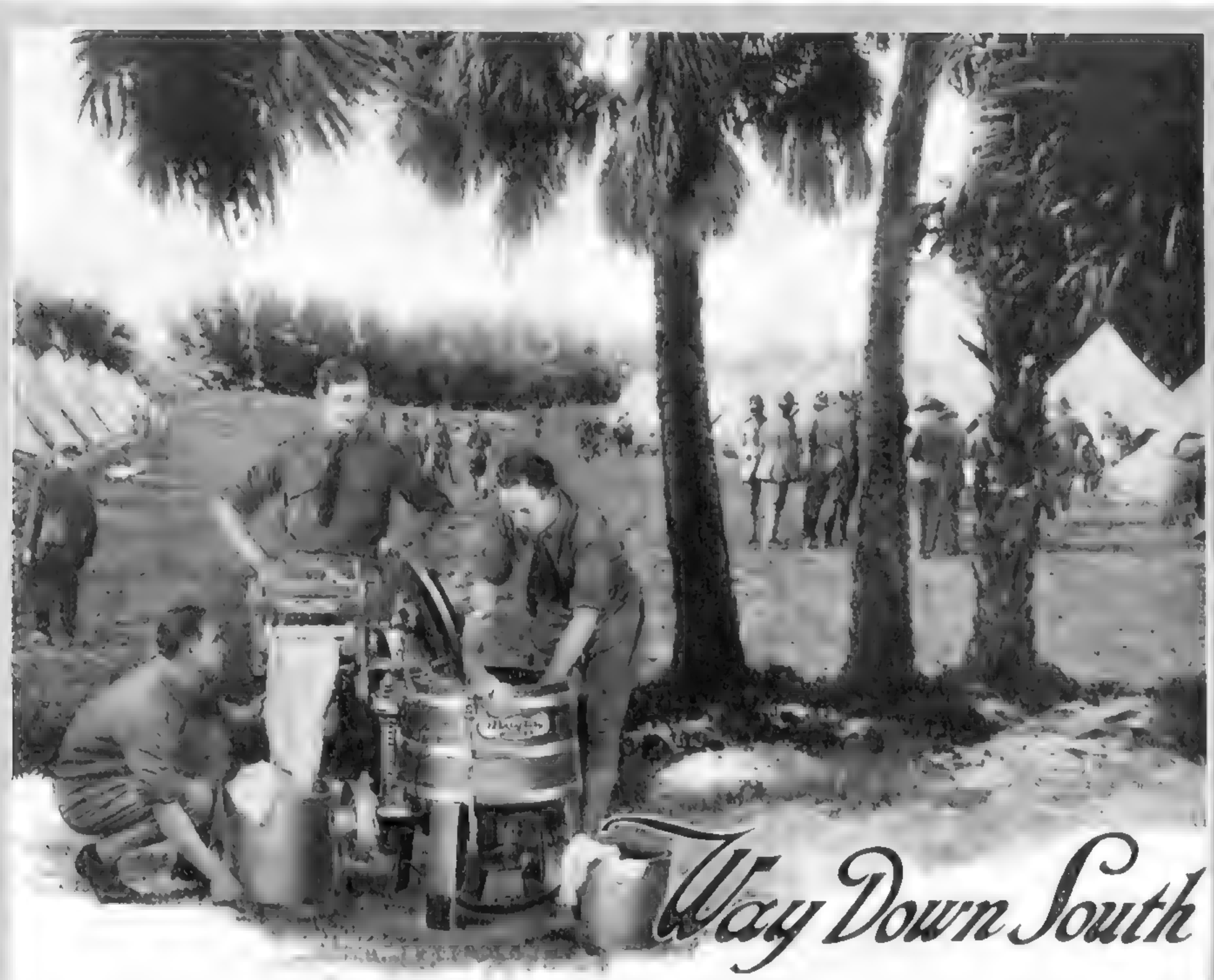
At this point Mr. McGeegan lowered the newspaper and looked at his bride. His face, which had grown red, now turned slightly pale.

"Well, Bess," he said hoarsely, "what has this got to do with us?"

Mrs. McGeegan came toward him, settled herself upon the arm of his chair, and put her left arm about his neck. In her right hand she swung idly to and fro a half-million-dollar pearl necklace.

"You've been so good to me, dearie," she said, smiling fondly down at him, "I know you won't mind runnin' out and buyin' me—a nice new string of beads!"





Way Down South

It's the little *built-right-in* gasoline engine, designed to be used by the women in homes ordinarily dependent either upon the "always-busy-elsewhere" farm engine, or the wearisome, back-aching "by hand" method, on washday, that has brought the

In the Maytag—Multi-Motor, Electric, or hand-driven—the American home has found complete, economical solution of wash day stress.

Maytag
Multi-Motor Washer
with
Swinging Reversible Wringer

Thousands have found helpful the many suggestions in the new Maytag Laundry Manual. You, too, may have one. Mail a post card—now.

into such marked prominence during the emergencies of the Great War. It is as ideally constructed as the Maytag Electric: *simple* yet *sturdy*, *convenient*, easy to operate, washes with the *thoroughness* and *deftness* of human hands—qualities which have made the name Maytag denote the world's most-used washer. They are served best who buy a Maytag.

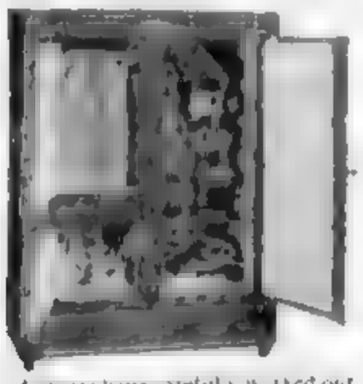
THE MAYTAG COMPANY, Dept. 246, NEWTON, IOWA

53

Take this Opportunity to Learn all about Refrigerators

This is Leonard Refrigerator Week—April 22 to 27. Go to your Leonard dealer. Let him tell you all the advantages of the famous Leonard Cleanable.

ALL over the United States dealers are taking this week to show their customers the Leonard Cleanable Refrigerator. Go to a Leonard dealer today—ask him to explain all the advantages of this wonderful refrigerator. Let him show you the snowy porcelain lining; the scientific construction for air circulation; the air tight locks, making the doors practically self-closing; the carefully constructed leak proof drainage system. Your dealer will tell you in greater detail what we are emphasizing here. He will be glad to explain every point to you.



Experts have carefully worked out the construction of the Leonard Cleanable. It cannot be improved on.

The 4 points on which every refrigerator should be judged

1. The refrigerator must be designed so there will be proper circulation of air.

2. It must have a lining that is clean and sanitary—one that is easy to keep clean.

3. The insulation must be as nearly perfect as possible. This means the inside must be protected from the outside temperature like a thermos bottle.

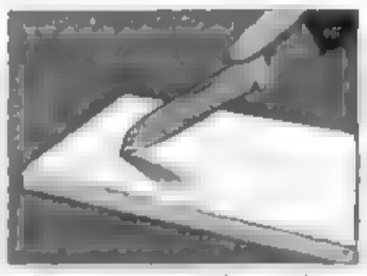
4. The workmanship and material must be the very best possible.

Free circulation of air

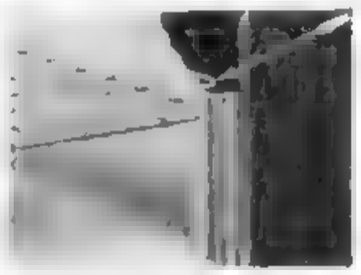
A refrigerator should be designed so it will have a free circulation of air through every part of it. The diagram (above) shows the scientific construction of the Leonard Cleanable Refrigerator carefully worked out by experts. The current of air acts just as definitely as the draft of a stove, passing over the food and keeping it at the desired temperature.

A real porcelain lining

Porcelain is the ideal lining for a refrigerator. Every woman exclaims at the first glimpse of the porcelain lining of the Leonard Cleanable. It is so white and immaculate looking. It has a hard, smooth surface. It is clean and sanitary and so easy to keep clean. In the Leonard Cleanable the lining is made all in one piece and extends around the edges of the door frame and the floor. There is no spot or corner where dust or germs can collect, because in the Leonard Cleanable Refrigerator ***all inside corners are rounded.*** No other refrigerator has this valuable patented feature. This is why thousands of women know the Leonard Cleanable as the refrigerator that is "like a clean china dish."



You cannot scratch porcelain with the [illegible] such a hard, smooth surface.



In the Leonard Cleanable, even [illegible] —an exclusive patented feature.

Ten walls help you save ice!

The chart [illegible] for you to watch, to read [illegible] on the method used to keep the outside heat from penetrating. There are ten walls in the Leonard Cleanable to keep out heat. Between the outside cabinet and inside walls is a heavy layer of Pearl felt. This insures a low uniform temperature in the interior. The air circulation through the food chambers is kept cold and dry.

Your refrigerator should be well made

A properly built refrigerator should last a lifetime. For this reason it is economy to select a refrigerator that has been made with all the skill and care of a fine piece of furniture.

The largest refrigerator factory in the world—the Grand Rapids Refrigerator Company—is located in the center of the furniture industry, where the finest furniture in the world is made. The same high-class of workmen who produce this world renowned furniture also build the Grand Rapids Refrigerators.

There are many models among these refrigerators from the less expensive kinds to the Leonard Cleanable. All of these are kept rigidly to the high standard of workmanship which has made this city famous. The various models can be furnished with water coolers and rear icing doors.

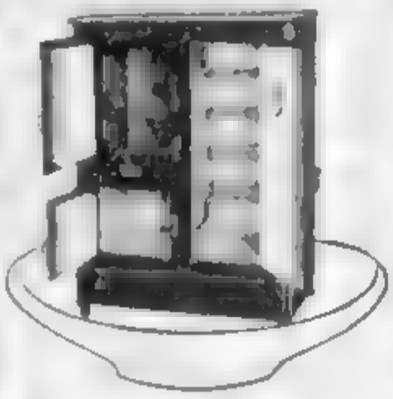
Sectional view showing the walls of refrigerator and [illegible] walls of the Leonard Cleanable practically [illegible].

Go to your dealer this week

Take this opportunity to go to your Leonard dealer—see the Leonard Cleanable and the other Leonard models. Even though you are not planning to buy a refrigerator right now, this is the best time to look at the models and get what kind you need. We shall be glad to send you free our catalog with many examples of genuine Leonard Cleanable and an interesting book on Correct Refrigeration.

You can buy Leonard Refrigerators of your dealer, or direct from the factory if none is to be found in your city.

Grand Rapids Refrigerator Co.
124 Clyde Park Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.



"Like a Clean China Dish"

Leonard Cleanable Refrigerator

Made in Grand Rapids, Mich.

WAS MEINT DAS?

(Continued from Page 18)

fools. Wait until my friend Kleinmesser comes round. He knows the English language well. We will ask him."

The Rev. Johann Rapp put his hands on his boy's shoulders. Wilhelm knew what was coming; it always did come when he returned for his few days' furlough at home.

"Fair fighting, Wilhelm? No wounded killed unfairly?"

"No, father."

"No women harmed? You have not done as some of the officers commanded?"

"God has helped me, father; I have so far been able to keep away from acts like that."

"No children hurt, no churches or hospitals fired at?"

"One does not always know just what the artillery did, but none of these things have I done knowingly."

The father embraced him. "Now tell me about yourself." And so they talked until late in the evening. Finally Wilhelm showed his father an American helmet secured from an American soldier. The Rev. Johann Rapp read English well.

"A world safe for democracy."

After long thought he spoke: "My boy, the war grows strange. The other day I was reading again in a letter from Saint Paul the words, 'Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.' Those words have been with me a great deal lately. They worry me. Did we act with the spirit of God in Belgium, in France, in the Zeppelin attacks? Does God celebrate the death of little children who go down on ships?

"The spirit of God is not yet with the people of Russia, for their 'liberty' is liberty only for the masses and would crush out the rich entirely. But the spirit of God, . . . How is it with us? What is my liberty compared with the liberty of our generals and the royalty? With America it is different. With rich and poor, soldier and workman, professional man and capitalist, the vote has equal value. And now those people are sending soldiers against us—for what? Surely they do not want land, for they already have more right at home than they can use for generations to come. They are not overgreedy for business, or they would have prepared long ago to fight us for the way we have won trade in South America right under their noses. They have more money than they can ever use.

"They have never been ready to fight a first-class nation since the close of their Civil War. Why now do they fight us? It is hard for me to say so, Wilhelm, but the words on the helmet sound true. If Saint Paul were here now I am afraid that he would approve them. We have talked a great deal about God-with-us, but what of Christ Jesus, who knew God better than any man on earth to-day?"

"But, father, our poor and our old are taken better care of than those in any other nation in the world. Our learning, our science, our efficiency?"

"Yes, indeed, that is true. But maybe Saint Paul had such science and efficiency in mind when he wrote in another of his letters, 'O Timothy, keep that which is committed to thy trust, avoiding profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of science falsely so called: Which some professing have erred concerning the faith.'

"Perhaps—perhaps we have overlooked some bigger, better science—a science of God's true relationship to man. 'A world safe for democracy'—'Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty': I am almost persuaded that these sentences are the same in thought."

The Herr Professor Zick opened the door to admit his boy Franz.

"My boy, my brave, big fellow! You have killed plenty of the pigs, Franz, since you were last home?"

Franz unwrapped a bundle. "My first American, father," he said proudly as he handed the helmet to his father.

"So? There are really a lot of them there?"

"Yes, and they fight well, for most of them are young like our shock troops."

The Herr Professor Zick turned the helmet round in his fat hand.

"And that," he said, pointing to five words on the crown, "*was meint das?*"

Franz laughed. "The Yankees have an eye to the future. The captain told me all about it. The words mean 'Made in America.' They mean that the Yankees are out for the iron-and-steel trade after the war. All of their iron-and-steel products have now 'Made in America' stamped on them. They have so much money tied up in the iron-and-steel plants that the whole finances of the nation would collapse if anything happened to iron and steel."

The Herr Professor snarled. "There, Franz, is a nation with a money purse for a heart." He hung the helmet up.

Franz went back to the Front. Visitors came to the house of the Herr Professor Zick. Always proudly he showed the helmet from America. And always came the query "*Was meint das?*" which the good professor answered and explained.

But one day came two old friends, one of whom had lived for many years in America. As he looked at the helmet he muttered in perfectly good English and with perfectly good understanding "A world safe for democracy."

The Herr Professor interrupted eagerly: "They are after the steel-and-iron business of the world, Franz's captain explained."

But the friend didn't see the point. He explained the meaning of the phrase. The Herr Professor Zick was astonished. Certainly it was damnable propaganda, but why had the captain changed the phrase?

The Lieutenant Kalbfleisch flung an American helmet upon the dining-room table. It was several hours before his mother dared to ask the question that never left her heart:

"When do you think, Rudolph, that the war will be over?"

The Lieutenant Kalbfleisch picked up the helmet. "When the national debt of Germany is wiped out by the tradesmen who wear those tin hats," was his sour reply.

The mother sighed and took the helmet in her thin hands. The words "A world safe for democracy" caught her interest. "*Was meint das?*" she asked as she pointed to them.

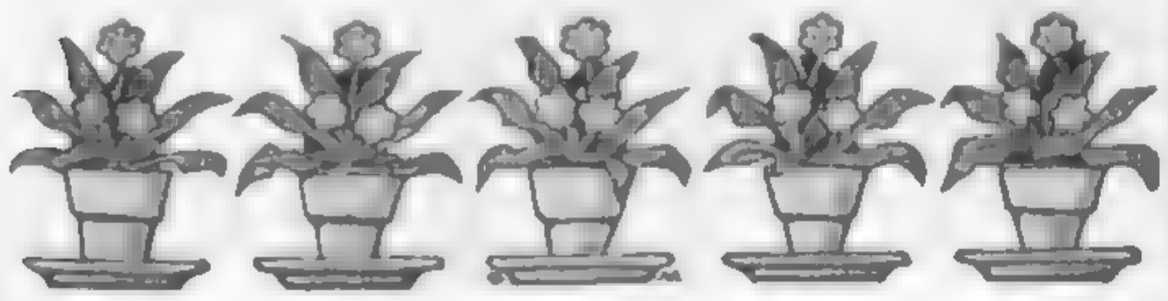
"It is their threat that they will split us up again into states and free cities instead of giving us our right to live as one nation," replied the lieutenant. His mother looked at the words fearfully.

"Every country has tried to ruin us, from the days of Frederick William I," continued the well-instructed Rudolph, "but of all the threats of our enemies this is the worst. The war must go on."

"But Austria weakens."

"Germany does not. Mother, do you not see as a good Prussian that this war is also to be the end of Austria? Have not the Hohenzollerns inched in more and more on the Hapsburgs during every century since the medieval days when Count Frederick of Hohenzollern secured the crown of Germany for Count Rudolf of Hapsburg? Have we not steadily put them under our heels ever since? The one hundred and fifty cities and five thousand villages which our Frederick the Great took from Maria Theresa are nothing compared to what we shall take from them at the end of this war: all German-speaking people will have to come under the Hohenzollerns before the war is rightfully over. And, mark my word, the Austrians already know how weak they are alone. The Hapsburgs must bow to the higher mind that should have been their overlord from the beginning."

With Corporal Breithaupt it was different. The Front is no place for a man without eyes. The corporal came home to his young wife for good.



How Dentists Clean Their Teeth

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Not In Old Ways

A great number of dentists nowadays employ a new method of teeth cleaning. And they have proved its efficiency.

It is a pepsin dentifrice called Pepsodent—a scientific product for combating film on teeth.

That slimy film which you feel on teeth is their chief enemy. Nearly all tooth troubles are due to it.

That is what discolors—not your teeth. It hardens into tartar. It holds portions of the food which ferment and form acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth—the cause of decay.

Millions of germs breed in it, and these may cause many serious troubles. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

It gets into crevices, hardens and stays and resists the tooth brush. The ordinary dentifrice cannot dissolve it. So most careful people, every few months, go for a dental cleaning.

Must End the Film

Millions of people find that brushing fails to save their teeth. It may remove the food débris, but it doesn't end the film. And that is the tooth destroyer.

Now science has evolved a way to constantly combat this film. It is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. For the film is albuminous matter.

This new way is called Pepsodent. Its object is to dissolve the film, then to daily prevent its accumulation. That means to constantly defeat the teeth's chief enemy.

Pepsin long seemed impossible. It must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid, harmful to the teeth. But now a harmless activating method has been found. Five governments have already granted patents. And that is employed in Pepsodent.

Able authorities have proved this product by three years of clinical tests. They all agree that it seems to solve the problem of the film. So, to quickly bring it into general use, we now urge everyone to test it in their homes.

Send the coupon for a One-Week tube. Use it like any tooth paste, then watch the results. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Note how they whiten as the fixed film disappears.

You will quickly see that Pepsodent does what nothing else has done. And you will want those good results continued. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent
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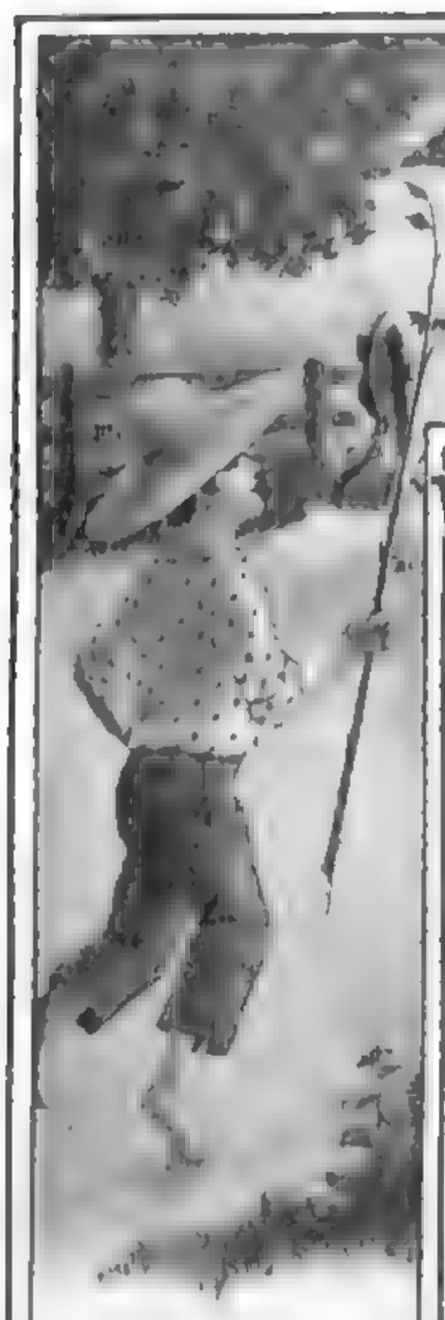
THE PEPSODENT CO.
Dept. 120, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail One-Week Tube of Pepsodent to

Name _____

Address _____



Getting up early in the morning, milking the cows and driving them to pasture were tasks which W. L. Douglas was called upon to perform while "bound out," learning the trade of shoemaking.

Copyright W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.

W. L. DOUGLAS

"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"

$3 $3.50 $4 $4.50 $5 $6 $7 & $8

W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom of every pair of shoes before they leave the factory. The value is guaranteed and the wearer protected against high prices for inferior shoes. You can save money by wearing W. L. Douglas shoes. The best known shoes in the world.

BOYS' SHOES
Best in the World
$3 $2.50 $2

The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the fashion centres of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. They are always worth the price paid for them.

CAUTION—Before you buy be sure W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom and the inside top facing. This is your only protection against high prices for inferior shoes. BEWARE OF FRAUD.

Sold by over 9000 shoe dealers and 105 W. L. Douglas stores. If not convenient to call at W. L. Douglas store, ask your local dealer for them. Take no other make. Write for booklet, showing how to order shoes by mail, postage free.

President
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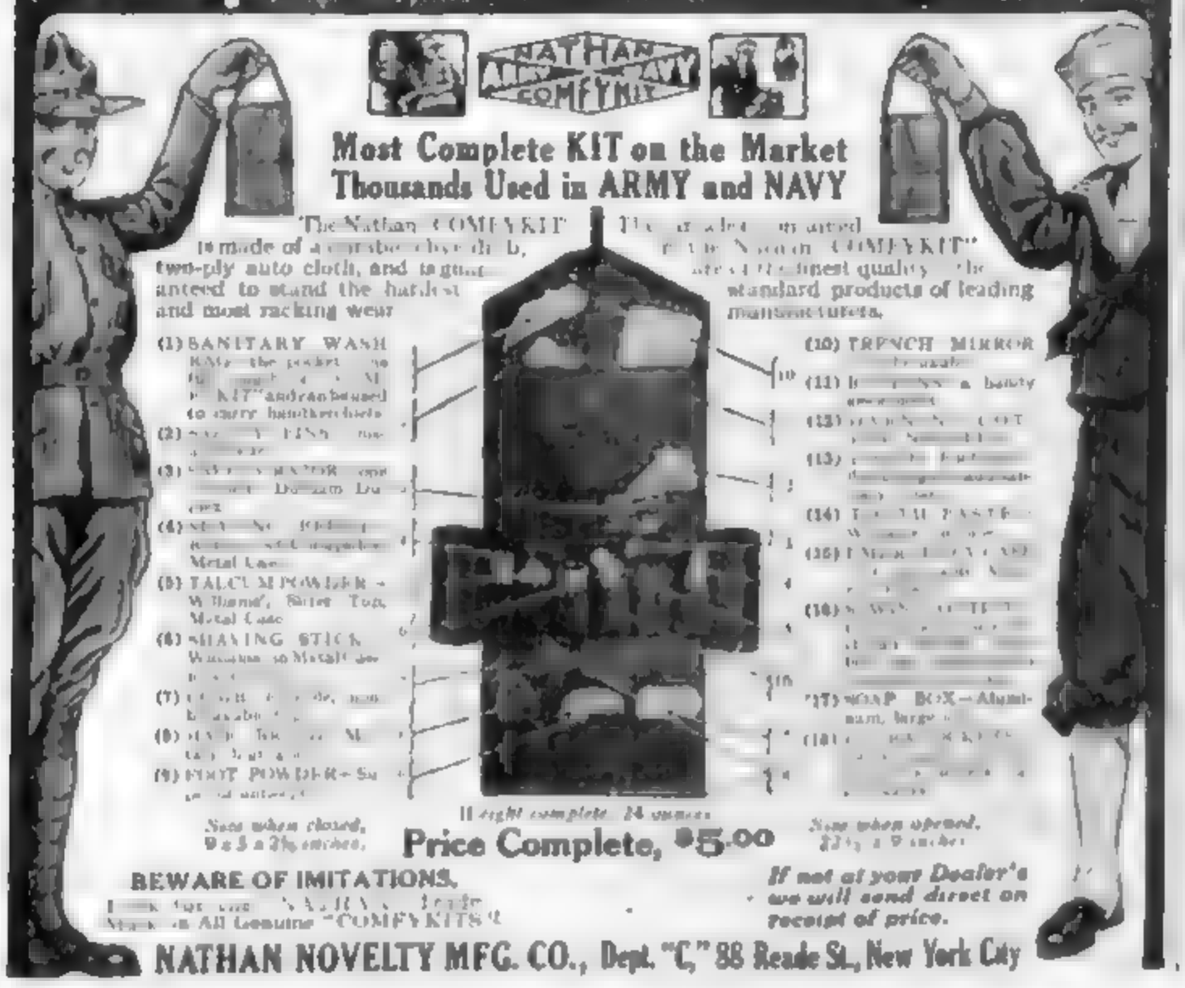
Keep HIM Fit With a COMFYKIT



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"The Nathan COMFYKIT is made of a waterproof olive drab, two-ply auto cloth, and is guaranteed to stand the hardest and most racking wear

The standard "Nathan COMFYKIT" offers the finest quality of the standard products of leading manufacturers.

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(7) COMB—Rubber, medium
(8) COMB—Rubber, fine
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(10) TRENCH MIRROR—Unbreakable
(11) [illegible] a handy
(13) [illegible]
(14) TOOTH PASTE—Williams'
(15) [illegible]
(16) [illegible]
(17) SOAP BOX—Aluminum, large
(18) [illegible]

Size when closed, 9 x 5 x 2½ inches.

11 articles complete 24 ounces

Price Complete, $5.00

Size when opened, 22½ x 9 inches

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
Look for the name "NATHAN" on the label.
Make sure it is All Genuine "COMFYKITS"

If not at your Dealer's we will send direct on receipt of price.

NATHAN NOVELTY MFG. CO., Dept. "C," 88 Reade St., New York City

What kind of pay was an American helmet for sight? The helmet was thrown into a corner. But Corporal Breithaupt was followed home by an Iron Cross, and when life became better adjusted to the new conditions one by one his trophies of war were turned into a little exhibit. Not least of these was the American helmet.

From hand to hand it passed, with every now and then a "*Was meint das?*" But neither the corporal nor his dear wife knew. Probably the name of a regiment, they hazarded. It happened, however, that Hanna Breithaupt once started to learn English. One Sunday afternoon as she looked for a fresh book to read to her man she came across a forgotten English-German dictionary. It would be good fun, she thought, to be able to say the name of the regiment against which the brave corporal had fought.

But instead of that she found "A world safe for democracy." And for days they talked it over, first openly, then secretly; for they wondered if the corporal's sight was worth spending on an enemy that wanted only safety for its form of government.

Now this was exactly what happened over and over in Germany. Little bursts of excitement occurred which as individual experiences seemed to amount to nothing as the days went by. The war lords mistook an apparent calm for the secret upsetting of thought which shook the whole previous mental attitude of the German people.

In the month of July German commercial men and soldier convalescents traveling in Switzerland, Holland, Denmark and some parts of Russia observed in the newspapers of those countries advertisements headed "A world safe for democracy." Underneath this heading, set in columns side by side, was printed a brief résumé of America's reasons for being at war—one column being in German while the other consisted of the same thought translated into the language in which the paper itself was printed.

It appeared that the United States had undertaken an advertising campaign of enlightenment in the leading newspapers of neutral countries bordering on Germany. There were some threats by the German diplomats in those countries, but there was ground for nothing more, and the advertising went on.

It was exactly two months before the white flags were raised from most of the German trenches on the West Front that the Vorwärts of Berlin said editorially, "It is to be asked how much longer our blood shall be spilt against a nation whose whole purpose is so plainly tied up to 'A world safe for democracy.' It is hard to deny that we can no longer call America simply an animated moneybag with an ever-hungry mouth. The moneybag instead of swallowing is vomiting up not only money but blood as well, and thus smacks more of a determined moral courage and human will than a voracious appetite for gold.

"'A world safe for democracy' bids fair to go down in history with the battle cry of the Crusaders. It is putting the same kind of spirit into the immense American Army that now faces us. It is creating the same indifference to death. We are almost forced to ask whether 'A world safe for democracy' is something that can be fought to its knees, and, even if so, whether the German people would benefit by such a defeat."

That night the editor and owners of the Vorwärts disappeared. To this day no one in Germany knows what became of them.

On the seventeenth of August Berliners left their homes in the morning to find their streets spotted with squares of white paper. These papers read as follows:

"A world safe for democracy.

"In the middle ages the German people selected their kings on merit alone. If we cannot do better than that to-day we can at least do as well. How many centuries behind its day do we propose to lag in our form of government?"

There has never been any substantial clew to indicate who was responsible for this act. A great deal of comment resulted. The supposedly inspired newspapers attacked the slips violently, following their attacks by glowing tributes to the Hohenzollern kings and their democracy, pointing out the vigorous simplicity of Frederick William I and his Tobacco College, and quoting episodes from the life of his son, together with other incidents.

This was all right as far as it went, but there were those whose thoughts were more fixed on the Kaiser and the Crown Prince and were still German enough to admit it to each other.

Frank York, a Sammee in the prison camp at K——, was surprised one morning to see a stout old Landsturmer who patrolled outside the double wire fence catch his eye, pause and jerk his head slightly backward, indicating a desire to have the Yankee draw as near as possible. First, looking about rather carefully, the German pricked a slip of paper onto his bayonet and barely managed to make it reach York. Then he resumed his patrol.

This was the message:

"A world safe for democracy.

"Since many months the Germans ask themselves what does the sentence mean. Now they find out that it means exactly what they had in their heads in 1830, and again in 1848, and now! France even before then set us the wise example. We have now thanks for the people of America that she forces us to see her superior wisdom in this affair.

"To-morrow the end for all offices of captain or higher is come. The prison gates will be opened at round about five o'clock in the morning. Join us in orderly fashion; do whatever we command. Together the people, the Landsturm and nearly all soldiers of the line will make it impossible for the Hohenzollerns to continue the war.

"Destroy this paper."

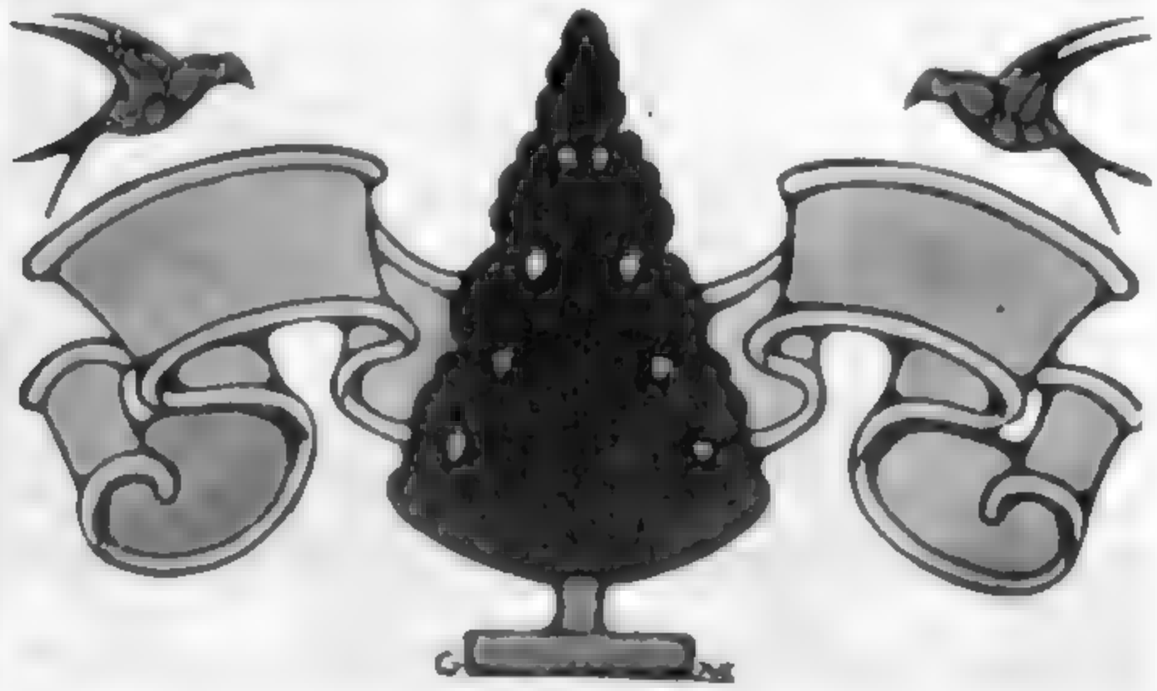
William Hohenzollern swept into the presence of Field Marshal von Hindenburg and General von Ludendorf. He had just returned in secret from the Front.

Hindenburg and Ludendorf were clearly upset. Over westward a red glow was plain in the sky. It seemed to make them unmindful of the Imperial Majesty. William had been advised of impending trouble. Waving his right hand toward the red in the sky he asked, "*Was meint das?*"

Ludendorf waved a hand, wrinkled his forehead, and after a stammering pause answered, "The people have paraded all day with white banners marked in English, 'A world safe for democracy.' Now they all know what it means. The Landsturm have liberated all prisoners. To-night the mob gathered together with torches."

Again the Hohenzollern hand indicated the red flare. "*Und—was meint das?*"

Citizens Hindenburg and Hohenzollern caught each other's eyes. The former spoke with an air not devoid of relief: "They have set fire to my wooden statue," he said.



Columbia Dry Batteries

What's the mystery about a dry cell? If there's any, it's on the *inside*. For anybody can use it—and it's easily and quickly wired up.

Because it's so simple, thousands prefer it for running autos, engines, motorboats, tractors, trucks and toys; for lighting lanterns, ringing bells and carrying talk through telephone wires.

For *any power purpose* use the old reliable COLUMBIA Battery. Its hot, quick flow of current *makes things go.* It's sold most everywhere and, while it costs no more, it lasts longer.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, Inc.
Cleveland Ohio

REPUBLIC TRUCKS

THE broadening service of American Commerce is fittingly represented by Republic Trucks.

More than 30,000 of these trucks are now in daily use in the United States and more than 1300 of the foremost truck dealers, with stations mechanically equipped and expertly manned, are maintaining "The Strong Right Arm of Republic Service."

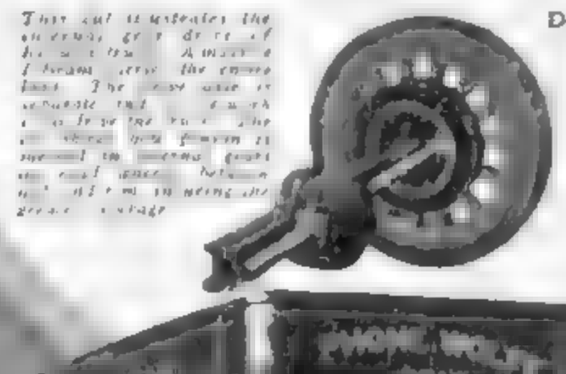
The simple rugged construction of the Republic, and the Republic-Torbensen internal gear drive account for the widespread adoption of these trucks in every business.

Seven Models—¾-ton to 5-ton

Republic Special ¾-ton chassis, $995; Republic Dispatch for delivery purposes, $895; 1-ton with bow top and stake or express body, $1295; 1½-ton chassis, $1650; 2-ton chassis, $1975; 3½-ton Dreadnaught chassis, $2950; 5-ton Thoroughbred chassis, $4500.

All prices f. o. b. factory. We furnish any kind of body. Write for book on any model. Address Department "Y."

Republic Motor Truck Co., Inc., Alma, Mich.



Dealers and Service Stations in over 1300 Distributing Centers.

See Your Nearest Republic Dealer

RECAPTURED KUT

(Continued from Page 9)

of inspection drill. The wide dusty field was packed close with orderly rows of guns, munitions and kit wagons, ambulances and all the paraphernalia of an artillery regiment on the march. And with what an inspiriting rattle and clank the swift, methodical business was accomplished! Four mules to a caisson, they were brought up in their jingling harnesses, snapped into their places, their riders were in the saddles, and they were trotting off to join the long column trailing out through the dust-laden electric glare and on into the dim moonlit desert gloom beyond before one had time to more than glance at them.

We hurried back aboard then, to get ready for a dinner party. And this reminds me that there is just one thing I have wanted in Mesopotamia that I have not had sufficient assurance to ask for: I have wanted a temporary suspension of the regulation that forbids nursing sisters to dine out. At the various base headquarters, at naval headquarters, on gunboats, at interesting officers' messes—everywhere that hospitality could possibly be dispensed—I have dined as the guest of the most altogether delightful hosts I have ever encountered anywhere. And though I have made considerable progress in the gentle art of acting as though being the only woman in a world inhabited solely by men was what I had been brought up from my youth to regard as the only desirable fate for me, I have wished sometimes for at least one other representative of my kind—even if she had to be a rule-making supervisor. But, no!

There are five hundred and thirty-odd nursing sisters in Mesopotamia, and a nobler company of humble slaves never wore the red-and-white uniform of noble servitude. The extraordinary stamina of these women of the Mesopotamian service is a subject of frequent comment among the officers and men of the army; and the comment usually consists of a series of dots, dashes and exclamation points. In other words, it is more or less incoherent, due to the emotion that inspires it. In the beginning it was thought there never could be any nursing sisters in Mesopotamia, the conditions being such as no woman should ever be asked or permitted to encounter. But they began to come, small units now and then, and at once they began to demonstrate their astonishing power of physical and spiritual resistance.

Plucky Nursing Sisters

Men by the hundreds get bowled over by the sun or die of heatstroke; the nursing sister miraculously escapes this greatest of all the dangers. Men by the hundreds are incapacitated by sand-fly fever and other maladies peculiar to the climate and environment; the nursing sister seldom gives up to anything. Men, suffering in a temperature of one hundred and ten, twenty, thirty degrees, tortured by insect pests, overworked, unable to sleep, get low in their minds—hopelessly dejected, the nursing sister is always cheerful and manages in some mysterious way to keep fit and to look fit under any and all circumstances. Yet she works just as hard as any man and has had no special provision made for her comfort and well-being. Work? Well, there are forty-odd thousand hospital beds in Mesopotamia, and only five hundred and thirty-odd nursing sisters. Figure it out.

To the pure grit and flexible steel stamina of these women the whole Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force has its hat off, and the whole force cheerfully acknowledges itself outclassed by them in all the attributes that go to make a soldier. I can meet them at tea, of course, and visit them in their own quarters, which I greatly enjoy doing; their officer friends can meet them at tea, too, but they are not allowed to dine out. Once in a while, in order to defeat supervisory unreasonableness, an officer makes it early dinner and calls it High Tea—with capital letters; and sisters have been known to linger at High Tea as late as eight or even nine o'clock in the evening, but it is a dangerous thing for them to do, and no officer with less rank than a major general would dare lead them into it. Even omnipotent number-one supervisors are respectful to major generals.

We were dining with the base commandant at Kut that night, and a base commandant is never anything loftier in rank than a colonel. So it was not High Tea and there were no nursing sisters. Aside from the nursing sisters, you understand, I was the only woman in existence. But never mind; as I say, I was getting used to it. Perhaps I was even learning to like it.

My dinner parties up the River Tigris were all memorable events, but the one at Kut was, I think, especially memorable. The commandant's mess is in a building which is like a hospital hut about two-thirds buried—that is, it is built on the general plan of a hospital hut but is sunk about eight feet in the ground. This style of temporary structure is cooler in summer than any other, but the early dinner conversation was largely about how scorpions, centipedes and certain poisonous reptiles found it such an easy house to get into that they made it a kind of rendezvous. My chair had no rungs for me to hook my heels on, so I just had to sit and suffer. I didn't mind the poisonous reptiles so much, because they run and only speak when they are spoken to; but scorpions and centipedes creep round regardless, having no respect at all for human beings. They have no intelligence. It was rather awful.

The World's Old Granary

The dust, too, rolled in without encountering any obstacles. It came down the sloping cuts in the earth to the open windows in rills and runnels and swirling clouds, as though it had just discovered a hole in the ground which it must make haste to fill up; and with it would have come clouds of little stinging sand flies if it had been the sand-fly season.

"Can't you find a better place than this to build a town?" I asked.

A better place? No! It was an ideal spot! A wonderful country lay all round about!

Wonderful? Why, it was the bleakest, loneliest, most dismal stretch of desert that ever seared human eyesight. It had been making my soul ache the whole afternoon—ever since I had looked out across it in the brazen glare of midday from the naked trenches of the battlefield of Sunnaiyat. It is a land accursed—the land of Babylonia. "Because of the wrath of the Lord it shall not be inhabited, but it shall be wholly desolate." Thus saith the Lord of hosts.

But where the blood of the Briton is poured out there the earth brings forth rich harvests. Behold you any spot under the sun where the blood of the Briton has been shed and deny that!

Besides there is such a thing as modern irrigation. Whether or not it has anything on ancient irrigation is very doubtful, but it is the thing we know. The ancients knew the art of conveying water to the land, and the land of Mesopotamia is seamed to-day with ditches that were made when the world was young. Mesopotamia was once the granary of the world. It can be made again the granary of the world; and Kut, the sacred city of the longest and the bitterest siege of the greatest and the cruelest war, lies on the direct highway of the world's future development. From Kut the ways run out—caravan routes now, but to be tremendous railroads in your time and mine—to tap Persia and the splendid treasure world of Central Asia beyond. Mind you, this is not my talk; it is the talk of the dinner table.

Then there are the Arabs, children of Ishmael; it is time the curse of the Lord were lifted from them; time that Abraham from wherever he keeps his bosom should cease to be able to recognize them at a glance. What are we fighting for to-day but to lift the ancient curses from the children of men—the curses not only of arrogance and unhuman greed but the curses as well of ignorance and poverty, and the sins begot of those always coupled sins?

"Oh, but really ——"

"Well, never mind! We haven't licked the Huns yet, but with the United States with us —— God! I wish I had a hundred years to live!"

The padre sat next to me, a handsome and charmingly vehement young divine, who could utter maledictions and prophesy world strides in the way of right with a purity of diction and a soft-voiced nonchalance of drawling fervor that almost made me forget the scorpions and centipedes.

The United States with us! Away out here in Mesopotamia; in Jerusalem, no

Extract from a letter written by a prominent editor to Jim Henry

An advertisement by Jim Henry

Now, honestly —could I jolly a million men?

Granted I'm a salesman. I'd try to sell Mennen's Shaving Cream if it was nothing but yellow laundry soap in jelly form. That's my job. But study the facts.

I've been telling men that a half inch of Mennen's Shaving Cream will blossom into billows of creamy lather as firm as whipped cream and full of moisture as a fog bank:
—that you don't have to rub it in with your fingers
—that three minutes' work with the brush will make your beard like the gentle down of a freshman
—that you can use any water, hot or cold, hard or soft
—that afterwards your face will feel great.

Then I have said—"Try it. Send 12 cents for a generous demonstrator tube." What has been the result?

Over a million men have dared me to make good. They have tried Mennen's Shaving Cream. Over a million men used Mennen's Cream this morning and every morning last year.

Out of the million, not one single man has complained that I over-stated the merits of the Cream. Thousands have written cordial letters of appreciation. The one above is a sample.

Just read those claims of mine again. Will the soap or powder you are using measure up to them? Surely not. Then toss 12 cents into the Unknown and take a chance of winning a better shave. I'll send you enough cream to last you a month.

P.S.—This may be the last time I make this offer. The 12 cents hardly pays for the empty tube any more. Ain't war fierce?—J. H.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN'S
SHAVING
CREAM

Gerhard Mennen Chemical Co.
42 Orange Street . Newark, N. J.

Jim Henry, [illegible]
42 Orange St., Newark, N. J.

Dear Jim:
[illegible] Here's 12 cents. Send demonstrator tube.

Name
Address

This Money Maker

Sold on Easy Payments

EARNS BIG PROFITS

This attractive, sanitary machine draws the trade and makes money fast—in stores, on street corners, in theater or hotel lobbies, near picture shows, baseball parks, amusement resorts, etc.

Bartholomew

Pop-Corn and Peanut Machine

is coining money for thousands of men and women. You can make money too—right in your own town, with this wonderful machine.

Write Quick for Free Book

Low Prices—Easy Payment Plan

It fully describes our complete line of *Bartholomew* Pop-Corn Machines and Peanut Roasters for store and street use.

BARTHOLOMEW CO., 900 Heights St., Peoria, Ill.

5¢ A DAY BUYS A GIBSON

Many Make $1800 to $5000 a Year

DO BUSINESS ON OUR CAPITAL

We pay the advertising. You make the profit.

Gibson Mandolin-Guitar Co., 994 Parsons St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

doubt: in East and South Africa, in India, in Egypt, in Australia, in the islands of the seven seas—that thought thrills the Englishman. It is as though he had come into his own, and his own has always been the blood brotherhood of the young and bull-strong American people. The American and English peoples have many things in common—laws, language, literature, ideals of governmental morality—generally lived up to, and always stoutly proclaimed—and bulldog jaws. They are the only two peoples on earth that can make a matched team.

All the British officers I have met in India and Mesopotamia are making plans now to go home via the United States when they get leave or when the war is over. Heretofore they have taken the shortest route, via the Mediterranean to Marseilles, and then the fastest express to Calais or Boulogne; but they want to see the United States now. They are interested. I have mapped out routes for a dozen of them, enjoying to the utmost their abysmal ignorance of American geography.

Well, what of it? Which is the smallest county in England? And, for that matter, what county is London in? How many Americans can answer those simple, not to say simple-minded, questions?

A Class in Geography

One young officer, who holds an Oxford degree and is exceedingly learned in his line, 'lowed as how Washington City was in the state of Virginia; which was a close-enough guess and proved that at some time in his life he had had occasion to glance at a map of my country. I asked him what he thought the D. C. stood for, but he had never thought of that. When I explained it to him he said he thought it was deuced clever of our old boys to fix it that way.

"Just stands off by itself and belongs as much to one state as to another, eh? Long heads those British fathers of your country had."

"Yes, hadn't they! What state is Kansas City in?"

"Kansas, of course. Say, I know something about the United States!"

"Yes, I see you do. What state is St. Louis in?"

"Well, I don't know everything."

I have sent them all a zigzag course. I have regretted the necessity for cutting out the great Northwest, but there is a supreme thrill in the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, so I have sent them that way, via southern California; then up to Denver and on to Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Buffalo and Niagara Falls—they all long to see Niagara Falls—Albany and down the Hudson to New York. Then I have recommended side trips to Boston, Philadelphia, Washington and the Virginia of their romances and most accurate knowledge. Going still farther I have advised a return via the United States—instead of wasting time through the Mediterranean and the familiar Suez—and a cut out through the Northwest to Seattle or a trip down through the sweet South to New Orleans and on across the great state of Texas. It bewilders them utterly. And they usually ask if our railroads give tickets away to nice, penniless English army officers who are anxious to learn. One thinks they might.

A cavalry major passing through Basra writes me: "Went up to Makina last night to dine with your friend Wickham, of New York. One of the nicest chaps I ever met. Making good too. Doesn't the United States produce any blighters?"

This is most unsubtle flattery, of course, and is aimed straight at my American heart. But I find myself able to endure a good deal of that sort of thing without writhing in agony of spirit. It just happens that my friend Wickham, of New York—which is not his name—is a naturalized American who was born in a little town in the south of England; but he has all the characteristics of a native citizen, and the only way to pry out of him the information that he is naturalized is by direct question. There are so few native sons of New York in New York City that sooner or later one is almost sure to ask a New Yorker what state he is from. That was the way I learned that Wickham, of New York, started life as an Englishman. But he never mentions it, and all his English comrades in Mesopotamia regard him as an American. He is about thirty-five years old. When the war began he got to England as fast as he could and volunteered; he was sent to Mesopotamia early in 1915, is here yet and has been through the whole big show.

There are not many Americans in Mesopotamia. Mr. Kermit Roosevelt, an engineer—invariably introduced into local conversations as his father's son—is up on the Samarra Front building things for Lieut. Gen. Cobbe, the corps commander; and practically all the Y. M. C. A. boys are Americans. But I have heard of no others.

The Y. M. C. A. boys, I might say, are a credit to their country and to the organization they represent. Mesopotamia is not a field anyone would select who was out for a gay good time, and the way these boys have met the hardships and delivered the goods has won for them the high regard of every officer and man in the Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force. There is not an army camp in the whole length and breadth of the land in which they have not pitched their tents. They provide all the amusement there is. Right up under the thunder of the guns they have established reading and writing rooms, libraries and places where men can get tea and as many other varieties of harmless beverage as the transportation services are able to deliver. All this under canvas, but as comfortable and attractive as possible. In all the towns, of course, they have permanent quarters in as good buildings as can be given to them. They carry moving-picture outfits, phonographs, baby organs and ditto pianos, and are the instigators of every imaginable kind of plot for the entertainment of the men when the men have an opportunity to be entertained.

It has happened that some of these young Americans have on occasion been caught in the midst of red-hot action and have had to furl their tents and order themselves to retreat; and they have retreated with retreating armies; but under all circumstances where sticking it is possible they stick it, as the English say, with a cheerful tenacity that largely accounts for the esteem with which they are generally regarded.

And now they all want to go home and fight. It was all very well, they say, while their country was out of it for them to be doing what they could behind some other country's lines; but it is different now. They are going home to see if they cannot get themselves accepted as regular soldiers. And most of them will, I have no doubt. Everyone I have met has seemed to me to be as hard as nails and as fit as a fiddle. One came on board at Kut to see me. He had an upstanding shock of tawny hair and freckles across his nose. His figure was as lithe as a young panther's and the lines of his khaki uniform were not calculated to spoil it any. I was pleased with him. He said he had heard there was an American woman on the way up the river and that he simply had to come and get a look at her. He had not seen an American woman, or any other variety of white woman out of nursing uniform, for two years. I bade him behold, and wished mightily that the fates had made me a representatively beautiful specimen. Bless his heart! I asked him where he was from, and he named a little town in Pennsylvania. And so they scatter—all over the earth. We had a long talk and he told me about his work.

Forbidden Trophies

I did get away from the dinner party at the commandant's mess, of course; in fact, I got away quite early, and the padre walked with me down to the boat and gave me some bullets that the Turks shot into Kut during the siege. They are a rare kind of souvenir, there can be no doubt about that; but I will say for them that they look just like any other bullets, and, considering what the siege was like, there must be millions of them somewhere. He told me it was against regulations to give such things away to be carried out of the country—I wonder why?—but a sufficiently popular padre can break almost any kind of regulation without having to answer for it. One base commandant gave me a beautiful brass shell case which was used at the Shat-el-Hai when General Maude was hammering his way to Bagdad. I suppose he will get hanged for that, poor man! And just about the genialest and nicest old colonel I ever met too.

There is one delightful padre who rejoices in the nickname of "Fie! Fie!" He came by it honestly and he answers to it. When he arrived in Mespot, fresh from some dingly dell in old England, he was not used to anything stronger than water in the language line, and he was shocked by the things he heard men say. However, he had the courage of his inexperience, so whenever he happened to hear a man embellishing his speech with forceful interjections he always made it a point to exclaim "Fie! Fie!" just like that.

And first thing he knew everybody was calling him Fie! Fie! To his face, of course. Then he reformed. He used a little rough language in self-defense and has since become a man to whom such a nickname is a kind of foolish masquerade and not a garment which fitteth like a glove.

It was late in the afternoon of another day that the A. D. C. and I took the commandant's launch and went up river to old Kut. The obelisk of Turkish victory shone palely yellow in the sunlight, and the date palms, sheltering the town and fringing the river bank, gleamed silvery green under their coating of fine desert dust. It was not until we rounded a wide bend that the town came into view, and I approached it with a strangely tight feeling round my heart—in reverent mood.

The Mesopotamian war zone is far away from the great centers of war and intense world interest, and subsequent tremendous events otherwheres have made the days of Townshend and his unyielding small army seem remote. But on the River Tigris—its bed metaled with shot and shell and strewn with the débris of war—one remembers those days with compelling vividness and attaches to them their just measure of importance. One remembers that first valiant advance toward Bagdad, when the British bugles of war were still blaring a Mesopotamian victory, and one remembers the slow-passing days of retreat from Ctesiphon, when a remnant of the British force fought its way back mile on mile—a hundred miles or more—without rest or respite, to a town the name of which was to become for unending weeks a blight in the minds of men—Kut-el-Amara!

How Townshend's Men Took Kut

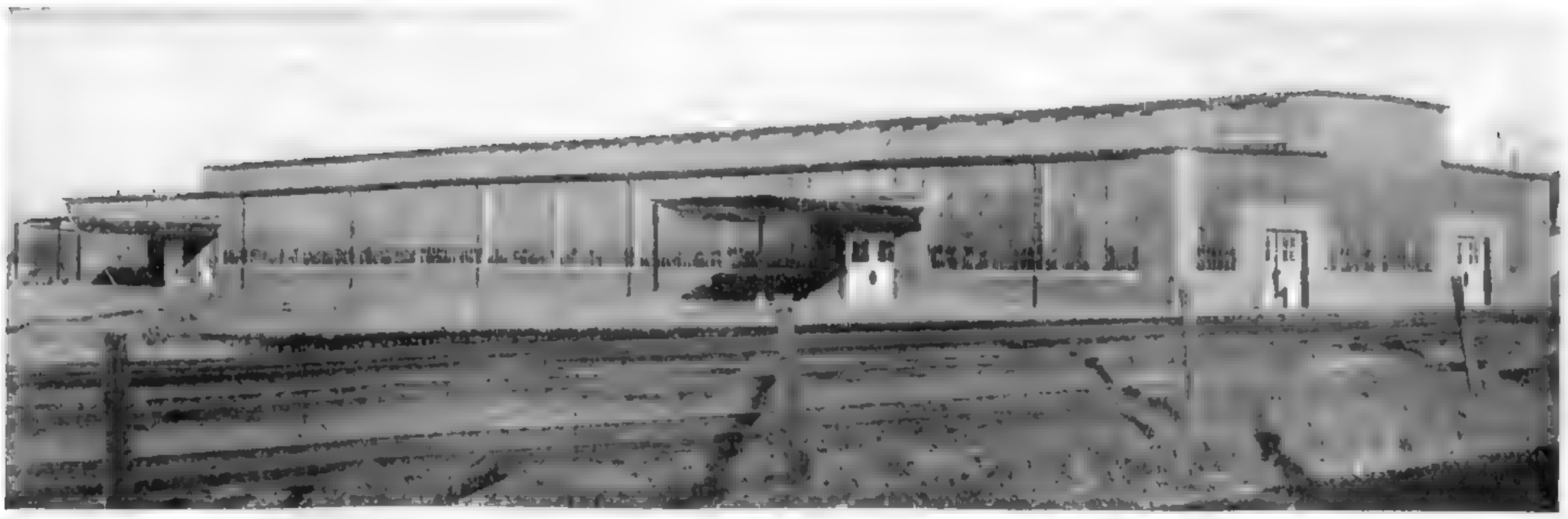
It was in a curiously British way that Kut was captured in the first place. It was the evening of September 28, 1915. The British force, under General Townshend, had advanced up the river from Amara and had met the Turks in a concentrated engagement below Kut, the Turkish force consisting of three divisions and a mounted brigade under Nur-ud-Din. As night began to close down the action thinned to sporadic shelling from both sides, and a single British column that had been fighting all day in the desert without water started to make its way toward the river, only to find itself in a short time marching parallel with a large force of Turkish infantry. The situation threatened to develop into a tight corner for the British, so, having fixed bayonets, they wheeled to an order of Right! Turn! and marched straight toward the enemy. The two columns were less than a mile apart and the British were without so much as a sand hill or tuft of desert grass for shelter.

The Turks took cover in a dry deep water cut that lay on their line of march and opened a devastating fire which swept the British ranks in their deliberate advance with fearful effect. Then came the swift, terrific attack, and the British line plunged forward. It was too much for the Turks. They broke cover and fled in the utmost confusion, leaving behind them numbers of guns and much else in the way of valuable impedimenta. And this precipitated a movement of retreat throughout the Turkish ranks which very quickly developed into a veritable stampede.

And so it was that Kut was occupied. A detachment marched into the town next morning—September twenty-ninth—while the main British force pursued the fleeing Turks to the northward.

General Townshend was a fightin' man. In cold official statements it is recorded that "he pursued the routed Turks with the utmost vigor," but one is justified in surmising that he was carried forward by the impetus of victory farther than he intended to go. I know nothing whatever about military operations, but I do know that an army "travels on its belly," and that this force got far beyond easy contact with its base of supplies even then. No stop was made until the army reached Azizieh, sixty-one miles by the land route from Kut and more than half way to Bagdad, the Turks continuing their retreat to a previously intrenched position at Ctesiphon, forty-two miles farther on.

(Continued on Page 129)



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Structural steel, steel sash, brick and concrete of the best quality are the essential materials that go to make Austin permanency. Austin speed in the construction of these substantial buildings is made possible by the fact that the steel is already fabricated, the *materials are in stock, ready for immediate shipment*, and workmen are trained in every step of the work.

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Concrete Foundations	Concrete, Wood or Asphalt Block Floor as desired
Brick Side Walls	
Structural-Steel Frame	2" x 6" Wood Roof on 6" x 12" yellow pine purlins, or Gypsum or Cement Tile on steel purlins
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—SAVE YOURSELF AND CAR—

At Last a Genuine Gabriel Snubber for Fords

Make your Ford ride easy and quiet, eliminate side-sway and spring breakage. Designed on the same general principles as our regular type, now standard equipment on many of the leading cars.

Furnished in sets of four Snubbers ready to attach $15.00

Send for literature and name of nearest dealer.

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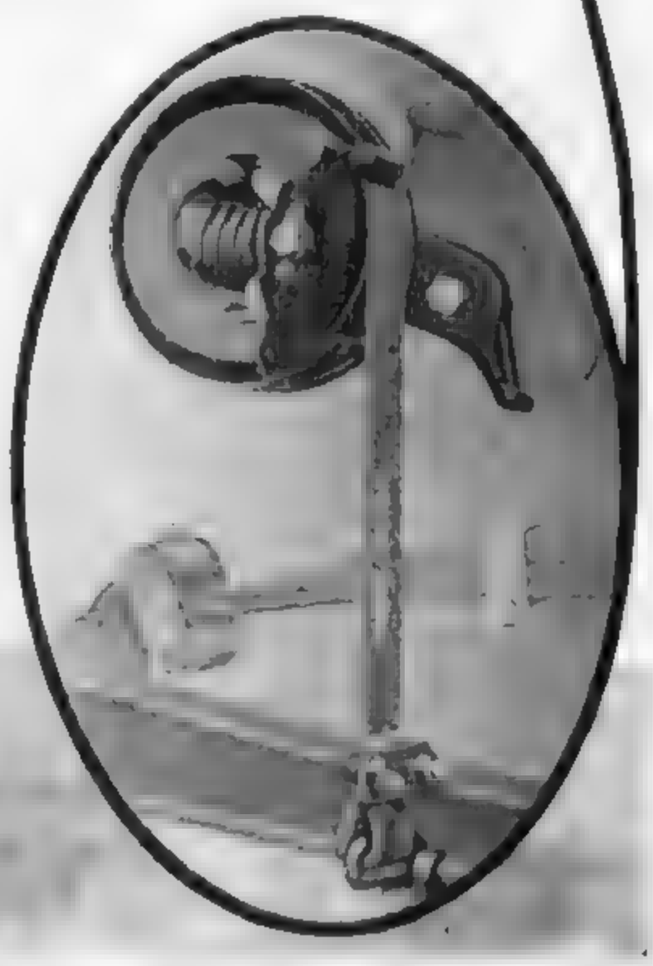
Also makers of Gabriel Windshield Cleaners.

The coils of belting tighten and prevent abrupt or excessive rebound of the car, just as the coils of rope around the tree tighten and hold the Bull.

Any owner can apply Snubbers to his Ford in a few minutes, without special tools.



SNUBBING

(Continued from Page 126)

And it was at Azizieh that the fatal decision was made to try at once to reach Bagdad. General Townshend halted there for six weeks; reënforcements and supplies—such as were available—were brought up the river, and at Kut, which was made the advanced base for the operations, hospitals were established and stores accumulated with which to provision the advancing troops. It was these stores that enabled General Townshend to hold out as long as he did. As for the hospitals, they were designed for the accommodation of less than a thousand casualties, so more than any other one thing they served to emphasize the tragedy of what occurred. During the fighting at Ctesiphon General Townshend lost four thousand five hundred in killed and wounded—or more than a third of his entire force. Then came the long and bitterly harassed retreat, with its additional toll of casualties.

Yet, after all, the battle of Ctesiphon was from the outset a British victory and came within a hair's breadth of justifying the confidence of the army commander who ordered the advance. On November 22, 1915, the position was all but captured, the Turks having been driven back from their first and second lines with even heavier losses than they inflicted; and on taking the second line the British captured thirteen hundred prisoners and eight guns. But on the morning of the twenty-third strong Turkish reënforcements arrived from the north and the tide was turned.

The British, however, fought on stubbornly, and it was not until the Turks in overwhelmingly superior numbers began to execute a flank movement that threatened to cut them off that they begun to retreat. This was on the twenty-fifth of November, and nine days later the last of the rear guard of the shattered army staggered into Kut, worn out, heartbroken—finished! On the seventh of December the position was invested by the Turks and the siege began.

It is a thing no Englishman can talk about calmly even yet, lingering exasperation and chagrin being sharpened and enhanced by the knowledge, too late come by, that the relief of Kut would probably have been an easy possibility if they had not been in such a feverish hurry about it. And for this they gently censure General Townshend. It is the only thing for which he gets even a shadow of blame. It was against his advice—officially recorded, fortunately—that the advance to Ctesiphon was made with what he regarded as an insufficient force with insufficient base support, and his retirement was a masterly performance.

How Haste Lost the Day

But if the British had realized that he could hold out at Kut for one hundred and forty-three days, or even for one hundred days, they could have concentrated a force that would have been strong enough to meet the Turks on something like equal terms. They were always in wireless communication with him, and they think he should have made a careful estimate of his resources and have given them some idea as to how long he could hope to last. Instead of which he began at once to urge haste and more haste; and in response to his appeals one division after another, as each arrived in Mesopotamia, was sent in, singly and practically unsupported, to hurl itself to destruction in vain attempts to relieve him. The first attempt was made within a month after the siege began; and after that three divisions, one at a time, were cut to pieces by the greatly superior, strongly backed and deeply intrenched Turkish force. The British now think that if they had known how much time they had they would have left it to Townshend to hold the Turks where they were while they concentrated their strength for one big drive, and they believe one big drive, so organized, would have been successful.

However, the past appears to us all in clearer perspective than the future, and, when all is said, it is only the most amiable kind of half-speculative criticism that is breathed against General Townshend now. It was all a mere incident in this mighty struggle, but it was spectacularly tragic and heroic and will always stand out in high relief among the tales of tragedy and heroism in the British annals of the war.

Mesopotamia is a sacred land. It is sacred to some of the strongest nations and the greatest religious sects on earth. It is a land wherein the voices of the deities of many peoples have been heard. It is filled with shrines and sacred cities. It is a land of devout pilgrimage. And Kut-el-Amara, I think, will always be sacred to the British. At Kut their pride was crucified, and at Kut their pride was eventually redeemed and rose triumphant, a shining thing which shines to-day in Mesopotamia in the finest demonstration of high morality and right purpose that I have ever seen.

The A. D. C. and I climbed the high bank and came up into the open space that lies along the river front of the curious old town; and I felt as I think a man must feel when he involuntarily removes his hat. This plazalike area is being made to grow grass now, and some day, if British influence continues to predominate, it will be a beautiful park filled with palms and shrubs and flowering things, where the people can walk and rest in the quiet and the cool of evening while they watch the blazing desert sunsets across the wide, still river.

General Townshend's Headquarters

But the men of Townshend's army will always remember that during the siege no one dared to venture on this river front, even to go down to the bank for water. It lay under the guns of the enemy on the other side and was within easy sniping reach. They will also remember, perhaps, that the first thing they saw on it, and the last, was a gallows. Before the British captured the town in 1915 the Turks kept a gibbet there for the benefit of doubtful Arabs, and after General Townshend's capitulation their initial act in the establishment of their control was the erection of a new one, on which they summarily hanged a number of Arabs who had made the terrible mistake of believing that the British force would be relieved.

Our launch pilot led the way for us into the town and through an intricate maze of narrow streets to the house of Captain Wilson, who is the resident commandant, an officer whose administrative function is purely civil, nothing of a military character being permitted now to touch old Kut at any point.

Captain Wilson belonged to General Townshend's army. His regiment went through the siege and into captivity, but he was among the casualties of the battle of Ctesiphon and happened to be in one of the few boatloads of wounded that got away down river while the retreat was in progress. After General Maude took Bagdad, he was sent back to Kut to direct the work of restoration and to receive and resettle in their homes the returning inhabitants. He speaks Arabic and seems to be eminently fitted for his job. It is not an easy one, but thanks to his industry and capacity for organization it is getting easier all the time.

The town of course was literally shot to pieces, there being large areas that were nothing but piles of broken brick and dusty rubbish. A house here and there may have come through in fairly good condition, but I saw none that bore no marks of shot and shell. As for the inhabitants, I find an official statement to the effect that they number about four thousand. This is a mistake. The normal population is between six and seven thousand, as many as four thousand having returned since the British reoccupied the town. This, Captain Wilson told me; and a nerve-straining struggle he has had to get them all sheltered and fed, settled and satisfied.

We found him at headquarters—the same house General Townshend used as headquarters during the siege. I ought to write that in such a way that I could emphasize it with an exclamation point. There is an exclamation point in my mind. There was when I walked up to that historic door; and I stopped a moment outside it, while in a flash of vision I saw—many things. I am not given so particularly to thrills, but the living white man or woman who could enter that doorway without a lift of the heart is carrying round for a heart a lump of something wholly without vibrant quality.

It is the usual four-square Arab house with the second-floor rooms opening onto a narrow balcony that hangs over a brick-paved inner court. The first thing the commandant did was to apologize smilingly for the general dilapidation. The whole court was a wreck. The walls were nicked and chipped, the balcony rails were broken, and there was not a piece of glass left intact that was as large as the palm of one's hand.

"We have not begun to bring in window glass yet," he said. "It is not a necessity,

UNTIL ICP appeared apparently no one had conceived the idea of joining and functioning two similar rings in one dual unit, to create a spiral pressure acting uniformly at all points of contact with the cylinder walls.

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you see, and we are not yet dealing in anything but necessities."

Not a necessity? I was not so sure about that. There is a short but rather bitter winter in Mesopotamia, and it was coming on apace. It was cold enough even then. The captain, at work in the underground room that had been General Townshend's office, sat at his desk with an overcoat on, while out in the court a crowd of Arabs shivered and hugged themselves for warmth, with their hands thrust up the wide sleeves of their thin burnooses. They were waiting to interview their British *wali*, or governor—their father, friend, boss—everything. That is what the commandant has to be. And each of them would prayerfully present a claim or petition of some kind, which it might or might not be possible for him to meet or grant. He would do his best. A friendly and satisfied Arab is a better citizen than an Arab with a grievance.

As we came out into the court he quickly explained to them that he had an unusual visitor—the only foreign woman who had been in Kut since before the great unlucky days—and that he intended to escort her round the town and out to the battle lines. They must either wait for him a while longer or go away and come back again next morning. They looked at me with grave curiosity and seemed quite cheerful about being put off—all but one. He followed us out and down the long, narrow street, coming up beside the captain and talking to him rapidly in a low, insistent tone. I was surprised at the patience with which the captain listened, and when he answered, the man threw his shoulders back with a smile of satisfaction, then with a low salaam he turned and rejoined his companions.

Too Fine to Burn

"What is his particular variety of trouble?" I asked the A. D. C.

"Oh, a dispute about one of the old gates. I fancy it belongs to him all right. He's only been back a few days."

"What old gates?" I asked.

"Some our chaps saved. There were a number of fine ancient doors and gates—carved and nail-studded and copper-bound and that sort of thing—and they didn't like to see them destroyed. So they took them down and put them in a safe place. Some of the men who were exchanged knew where they were—in a hole in the ground—and we are putting them back now."

Quite matter-of-factly he offered this small contribution to history. I laughed with a kind of heart-aching joy.

"But I thought there was a fuel famine among other things and that they burned everything fire would consume!" I answered.

"Oh, yes. So there was and so they did. But they couldn't burn that kind of thing, could they?"

A great many Englishmen would have added: "We're not Huns or vandals, you know!" But he didn't. It was just that such treasures should be taken care of under any and all circumstances. I saw one of the old doors a few moments later. It was dignifying the patched-up ruins of a mud-and-reed-mat house; a fine thing in a curious setting. Likely as not it dated from the days of the Caliphs of Bagdad. It looked as though it might.

But imagine, if you can, such sentiment in the minds of men besieged. They burned their own hospital huts and all their vehicles. A packing box or ammunition crate was the most precious thing in the world, and when a house was brought down by a bomb or shell its few timbers and laths were regarded as a godsend. Fuel was exhausted long before food began to run short; they were besieged through the winter months—from the seventh of December until the end of April—but nobody thought of requiring physical comfort. They needed fuel for their mess fires. They began eventually to eat their mules and horses, and the raw flesh—well, no need to particularize. They had practically no fuel at all, and C. B., a medical officer who went through the siege and who has written such an illuminating account of it from a medical officer's standpoint, tells about how they found one day some old Turkish bread which, being unfit for human consumption, was yet inestimably valuable because it would burn. They burned it, and were very sorry afterward when they began to realize that the phrase "unfit for human consumption" is unlimitedly comparative.

The bazaar and the serais of old Kut skirt the plaza which lies along the river front, and they were riddled by shot and shell. Because the life of an Arab town is centered in its bazaars, the first important thing to be undertaken was the rebuilding of the long arcade and the restoration of the vaulted streets, which are lined with small booths for the accommodation of the merchants. This is finished now, or nearly so, and life has begun to resume its normal course—with the big city of war an easy walk down the river bank to contribute to its intensity and interest.

The reconstruction is all done with materials sifted out of the crumbling ruins, and advantage is taken of the opportunity to widen the streets and to build with improved sanitary conditions always in view. It is all very fine, and one warmly approves the right-minded ambition that inspires the builders; but, save for its too evident newness, it will be difficult soon to realize that Kut was ever the scene of an unparalleled torture of men and a town laid waste.

On the way out to the lines of defense we passed through a still untouched section of ruin and rubbish, and stopped in open spaces here and there to examine the pitiful holes in the ground where the men lived most of the time to escape the peril of constant bombardment and the too frequent bombing from the air. Along toward the end of the siege they began not to bother much about moving round or even about relieving each other in the trenches. One place was as good as another as far as comfort and safety were concerned, and the men in the front lines simply stayed where they were. They could hold guns to the end and defend the position, but they were too weak to walk back the length of the peninsula to the rear lines.

For weeks they had just sufficient food to sustain life, and it is told of them that they chewed the ends of their fingers until they bled and became very sore. Horrible? Yes. But it is also told of them by comrades, who were sent back after the surrender in exchange for Turkish prisoners, that not one of them ever whimpered or complained. Not once did any man, Indian or Englishman, voice a desire to do anything but hold on and hold on. They had sublime faith that the relief force—the music of whose guns thrilled in their ears day after day—would succeed; and General Townshend was the courageous hero of their utmost idolatry.

The Healer of the Blind

The hospital at Kut is a civil institution established for the benefit of the native population. It is in the partially patched-up ruin of one of the larger buildings which stands near the one mosque of the town, the single slender minaret of which so miraculously escaped destruction. The doctor, a Scotchman with a delightful burr in his tongue, was in his dispensary putting up medicines for a line of waiting Arabs. He apologized at once for the unhospital-like dilapidation and disorder of the place and was not sure that he would consent to show it to me. It was a trial to his medical officer's conscience, and as soon as he had, by degrees, taught the natives not to be afraid of him and his works he was going to make the commandant provide him a suitable building. But for the time being his rows of bottles, cases of instruments and the medical smells which envelop him are, to the native mind, evidence enough of his wizardry; and anything in the nature of spotless and light airy wards filled with rows of stiff little white beds would simply frighten them away.

Most of his patients he treats and sends back to their homes at once, but a few cases which require special attention he keeps in some dark, dismal rooms upstairs, which are all he has at his disposal. A majority of these are eye cases. Among the Arabs there is an appalling amount of blindness. Much of it is caused, perhaps, by the glare and the dust of the desert, but a larger part of it is attributable to the fact that mothers know nothing about the care of the eyes of infants. It seems to me I have seen literally hundreds of blind children from five to ten or twelve years of age, and most of them utterly hopeless. There are a great many cases of simple cataract, and these the big Scotch medical officer can handle with what the Arabs regard as miraculous success. He has performed dozens of operations and has sent a number of men and women who had been blind for years back to their homes or to their tents in the desert with eyes as clear as anybody's.

But the result is that he is beset by the blind. People come leading blind relatives and friends from miles and miles away, and more often than not there is no sight left to them to restore. Their eyes are completely gone. And this is a fearful trial for the doctor, because they think he could cure them all if he wanted to. They even go so far as to make prayers to him and try to propitiate him with gifts, as though he were some kind of wrathful and unreasonable god.

The I. G. C. says that as soon as it is possible he is going to organize small units of doctors and oculists and send them out all over the country on medical missionary tours. They will perform operations, attack disease of all kinds and undertake to hammer into the heads of the people a little information about preventive measures, especially as regards the care of the eyes of small children.

Cesticiciphison

When we left the sad little hospital we went back to headquarters and climbed to the roof from which—with what emotions who can say?—General Townshend watched for weary weeks the enemy surrounding him and the repeated efforts of his own people to rescue him. And there we stood and reviewed the tragic, tremendous story, with the whole scene of it lying before us like a map. The commandant, with his stories and his own close connection with it all, made it seem vividly real, and it was not until the sun had sunk in the far-away desert glories of evening and the moon had begun to shine palely on the river that the A. D. C. and I, with subdued minds and saddened hearts, went back to our launch, slipped round the great bend and down to where our boat lay moored before the bustling new Kut, ablaze with its myriad cheerful lights.

After which Ctesiphon—two days' steaming above Kut and the last point of great interest before Bagdad.

Just below the place where Yukon intended to anchor for the night we came upon a big side-wheeler fast on a sand drift, and to get round her we had to creep along in dangerous waters for a while, then avail ourselves of the services of the British patrol pilot who happened to be on hand, though of course he did not just happen to be there. It was an almost impassable stretch of river and it was his regular post. He lived in a little sandbag fortification on the bank, alone with a small Indian guard.

Ctesiphon is pronounced as it is spelled, except that the C is silent. The C probably has no defensible reason for being there—except that in Greek the name began with a K—but as long as it is there some persons will be sure to try to make use of it. Yukon, for instance, was never able to escape it, so he invented a pronunciation all his own. I do not know exactly what it was, but it had the C in it; in fact, it had it in in several places, and the general effect was splendid. It was something like Cesticiciaphison, and he stuck to it resolutely in spite of any amount of pointed reference on the part of others to Tesifon in its simplest form.

There is nothing at Ctesiphon now—nothing but a wide waste of knobby desert, the mounded graveyard of a buried city, and the lone, marvelous arch which has stood through fourteen centuries offering mute, compelling testimony to the Eastern grandeur of an age that in the Western world was dark. The graves of British and Turkish dead alike are leveled, and only a faint trace of trench line here and there remains to suggest the great modern drama so recently played out in the midst of the desolation.

The arch, one of the most massive ruins in the world, is all that is left of the hall of audience of Khusrau, monarch of the Sassanian empire, while on the opposite bank of the river rises a mound which covers Seleucia, the ancient capital of the Greeks.

Interest in all that? Interest in the legions and the heroes that have passed and repassed across this ancient soil and this ancient winding river—the Persians and Babylonians, Greeks and Romans; conquerors of the East and West? No, not now. Sometime again in the future, perhaps, but not now.

This war closes one's mind to old historic vision. It dwarfs the very ghosts of world conquerors and fixes a gulf between itself and other wars the world has seen, across which no one can get a just perspective.

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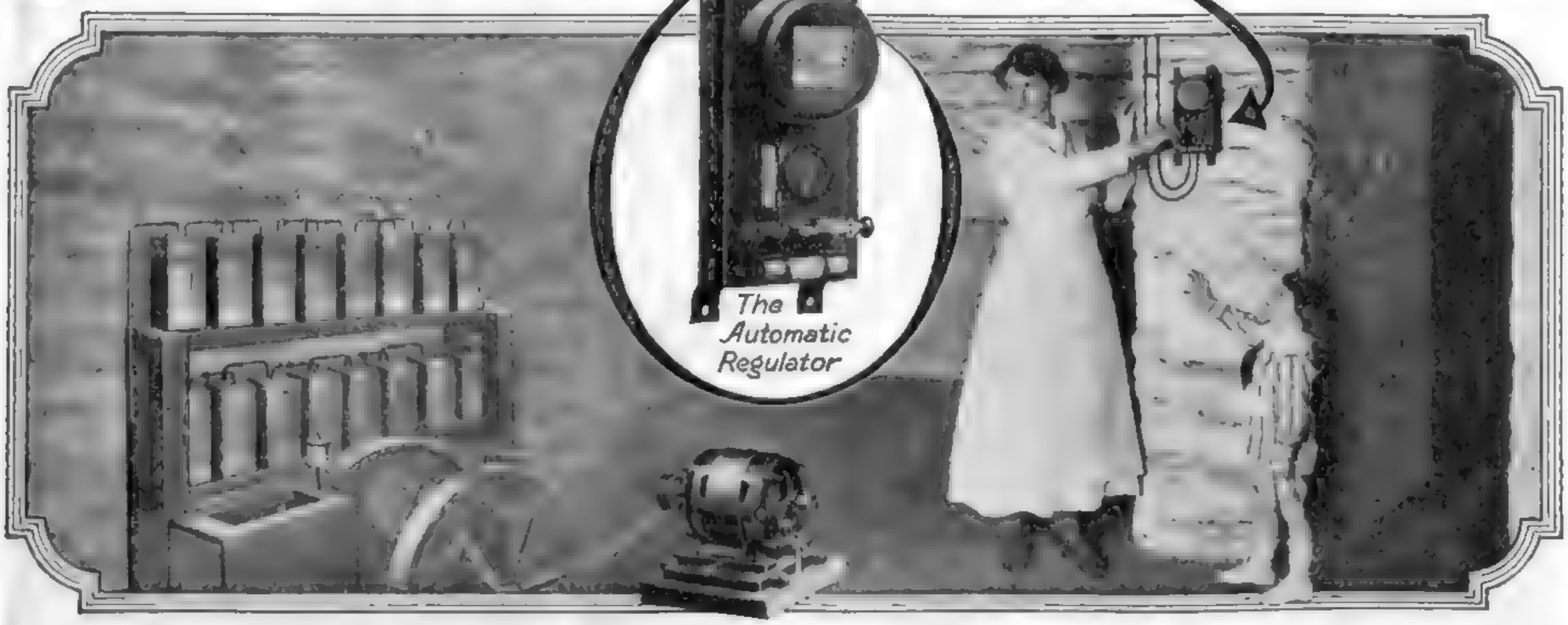

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EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY ELECTRICAL NEED

DIRTY WORK AT THE CROSSROADS

(Continued from Page 4)

"Best take a swig of them soapsuds! You mind they give us a bottle to use in case!"

"Sure! Where the Sam Hill is it? Hey? Where'd you put the bloody bottle anyhow? That's you every time! Here I'm liable to get bumbed off and you cain't find"—he was rummaging frantically in the bottom of the wagon—"you cain't even tell me where —— Here it is. Thank Gawd! Another minute and ——"

He tore out the cork and swallowed about half a pint.

"Holy mackerel!" he croaked, shuddering. "That's as bad as some of the whisky you git over here. Want a drink, Wally?"

"What'd I want a drink for?"

"Better try some. It might do you good."

"No thanks," replied Wally firmly. "How're you feelin' now?"

The mule skinner did not reply for a space. He appeared to be debating the matter in his own mind.

"I sure hope it does the work," he said feebly. "Anyhow I kin feel it takin' hold."

"Sort of sick?"

"Kind of three-days-at-sea feelin'. But I reckin I'll be all right."

A loud halloo now reached them from behind. Pulling up to ascertain the cause they were overtaken by the assistant teamster of the rear wagon, on foot.

"False alarm! There wasn't no gas," he reported. "Take your masks off. We got ours off. They were like to kill the mules."

Far from welcoming the announcement, Hardtack seemed to resent it. He sat glaring at the teamster; then turned to glare at Wally.

"What'd you work me into drinkin' them soapsuds for?" he snarled.

"I didn't make you drink 'em. It was for your own good. It was to save your fool life."

Hardtack opened his mouth to say something, but thought better of it and, slowly descending, staggered off to the edge of the road. There he grew very ill.

"If I ever git over this!" he groaned. "You just wait, that's all! Boy howdy, but I'm awful sick!"

The incident disrupted their peaceful relations for the remainder of the night. They wrangled all the way home; they were still in hot debate when they pulled into the supply base, with Wally haranguing thusly: "Tryin' to save your life, and that's all the thanks I get! The next time I won't ask you to drink a drop of them soapsuds!"

Silver Threads Among the Gold

The rift in their friendship was widened next morning when Hardtack paid a visit to the doctor. From that officer he learned that the soapsuds were for use against mustard gas, to be rubbed on the burned areas and not to be drunk.

"And that guy worked me into drinkin' it!" he exclaimed. "What do you know about that, doc? Would you call a man a friend who done a trick like that?"

"See here," said the medico, "you've been calling me 'doc' enough. Is that the way to address an officer? Don't you know I'm an officer?"

"No! Are you, doc?" The mule skinner was surprised and honestly apologetic. "I never knowed it. Sure! I'll say 'sir' after this, doc."

Perhaps you are curious to know by this time who Hardtack was and to what portion of war's vast machine he contributed his labor. Well, he was a mule skinner. He drove a wagon which carried rations and supplies to his company, and Wally was his assistant.

And right here I want to say, Hats off to the mule skinners and the boys who drive the ammunition-and-supply wagons! Day and night they are at it. Night after night they move up along roads that are sometimes a yawning tomb, to carry food and stuff to the men in the trenches. No matter how savage the bombardment, soldiers must eat; the fiercer the fighting the greater the need of ammunition. So it's "Rations up!" and "More shells here!" without a pause, and the drivers must transport them.

Talk about the aviation service! It's thrilling—spectacular; it touches the imagination. But the casualties in both the infantry and artillery are higher proportionately than among the airmen, if we exclude their training period. Of all work done in the face of the enemy, to my mind that of transport men at the Front is the most hazardous.

I have been in front trenches several times for periods of three and four days. The shelling is bad; they fling shrapnel at you and snipe when they see a move; and you have gas alarms and gas attacks and rats and lice and mud and mumps—but you also have some protection. There are dugouts, or you can flatten yourself against a traverse or the revetment when a shell comes screaming over in your direction when you're out in the open trench; but with the exception of night patrols and working in the wire under cover of dark, the daily trench life is a Sunday-school picnic compared to the risks a ration carrier takes. I rode upon a supply wagon one night—and now there are streaks of gray among my clustering golden curls.

The ration carrier, the ammunition-and-supply driver, has to go along roads devoid of protection and often in plain sight of the enemy. He cannot turn aside to get out of harm's way, nor run to cover. There is no place to run; he must just plod along and take his chances. I tell you those boys are game uns!

Enter Hardtack, Bearing Gifts

As for Hardtack himself, he drove a mule team in the mountains of Tennessee for years before he enlisted to make the world safe for democracy. He was a hairy person with a hoarse loud voice and warts on his hands; also, in peacetimes he always had the back of his neck shaved neatly whenever he hit town. But that is the type of men who win wars.

Given a million roughnecks like Hardtack, and a dauntless captain could storm the gates of Hades.

Despite his raucous voice and a fondness for stout Anglo-Saxon oaths and an enduring weakness for liquor with a kick to it, Hardtack was not devoid of finer feeling. No, there was a softer side to his nature.

It came out that time Wally was removed to a field hospital to be operated on for appendicitis. The mule skinner was greatly perturbed when he heard the news. He had all a healthy man's superstitious horror of hospitals and the surgeon's knife, and he feared the worst for his friend.

However, Wally came through all right and word was sent to Hardtack on the second day that he might visit him; and the mule skinner carefully washed his hands and face, slicked his hair, and presented himself at Field Hospital Number Thirteen. On being conducted to the bedside he stood grinning sheepishly. Poor Wally looked white and very weak.

"Hello, Wally!" he boomed.

"Hello!" said Wally.

They grinned at each other a while longer and then Hardtack remarked in a hoarse aside that he'd be eternally damned.

"Makin' it?" he inquired after an interval.

"Sure!" replied the assistant teamster. "I'll be all right."

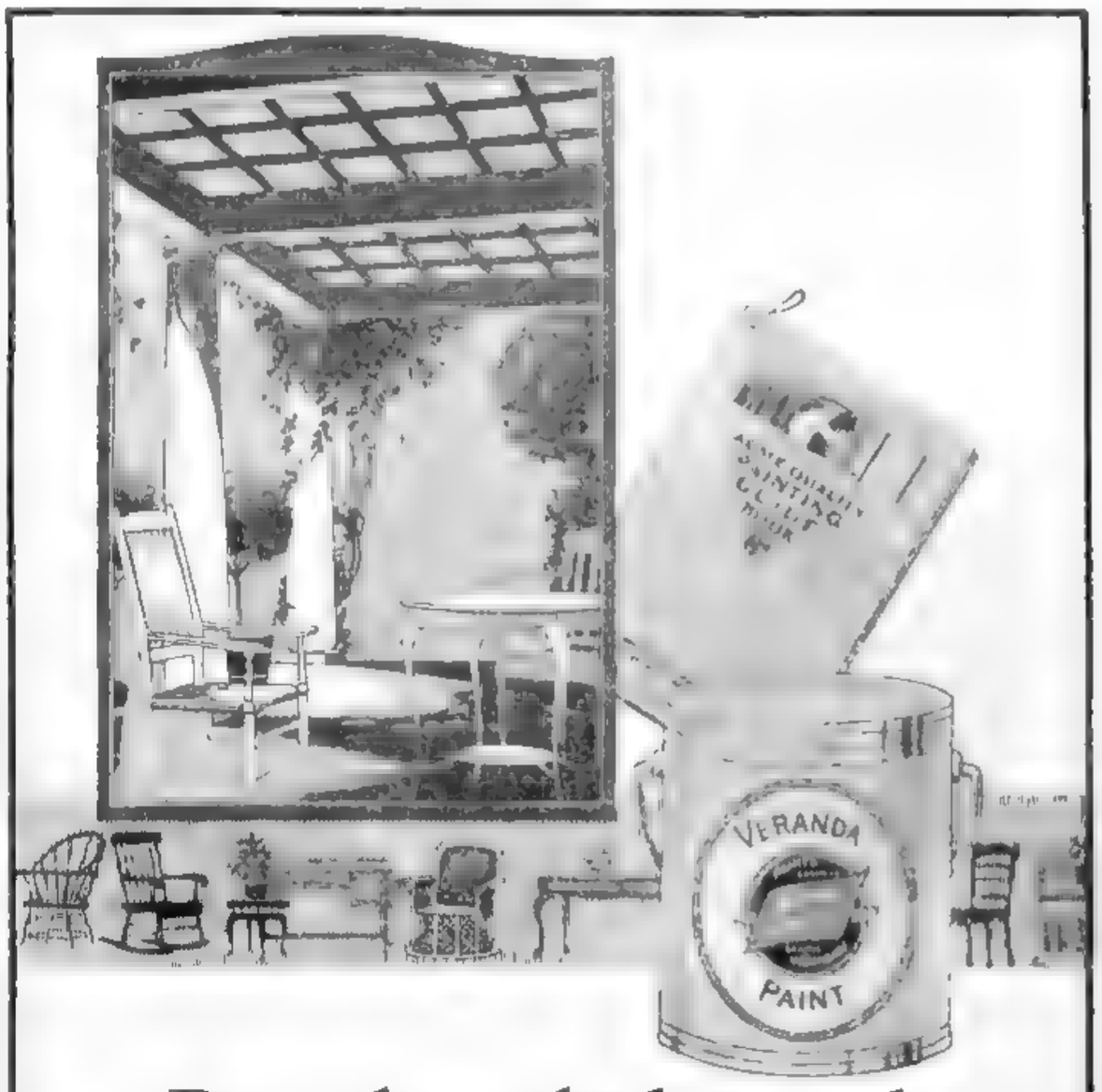
Having now exhausted topics of conversation Hardtack stood uncomfortably beside the patient a few minutes and then announced that he'd have to drift.

"Here's something I brung you, Wally," he said awkwardly, extracting a parcel from under his coat. "I remembered what you liked, ol' timer."

Wally looked at the parcel and looked at Hardtack, but said not a word.

After the mule skinner had tramped out an orderly undid the wrapping. Inside were two bottles of brandy and a hunk of Swiss cheese.

On another occasion, after Wally's return to duty, the two were moving along a road early in the afternoon when on turning too far out for a line of French camions their wagon stuck in the mud of the ditch. It was not an especially bad spot and Hardtack was morally certain that the team could pull it if they half tried; but they were sulky and rebellious.



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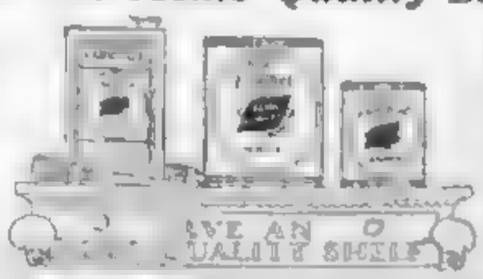

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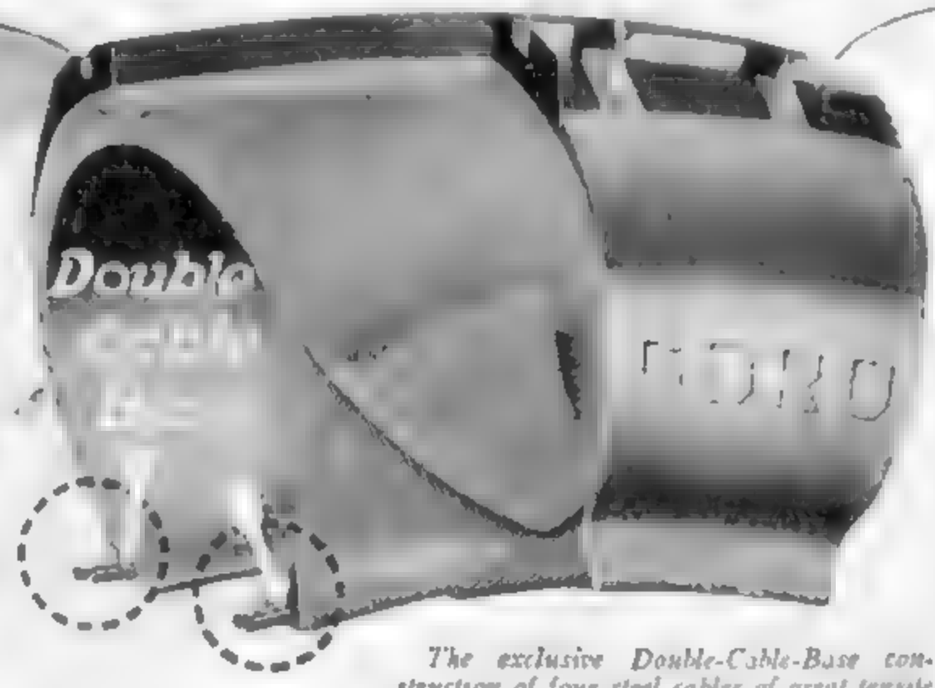

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(Concluded from Page 134)

"No, nothing serious. But there's a splinter of the shell in there and it'll have to come out. The machine will be here in fifteen minutes. Lie down."

Hardtack obeyed. He lay on a bunk and talked to the men round him, and smoked.

"There ain't enough of that ol' wagon left to make a fire," he observed ruefully.

Said Wally, rubbing a bruised shoulder, "I thought you said the boches didn't have a shell with your name on it, Hardtack?"

The mule skinner was at a loss only for an instant:

"Well, they didn't, did they? I'll leave it to these boys here."

"What would you call that one?"

"It only had my initials," answered Hardtack.

A throbbing noise was now heard outside and a youthful ambulance driver strode in. He was a fresh, cocky boy, with an ease of manner betokening excellent nerve.

"Where is he?"

"Right here," replied the mule skinner, rising painfully from the bunk. "Ready to go, Buddy? Where's your li'l' gocart?"

They helped him into the ambulance and it started back toward the hospital. Of course lights were forbidden, so the driver had to feel his way in the dark. He seemed to know the curves of the road by intuition, so that the mule skinner was moved to remark in professional admiration, "You sure handle that wheel, Buddy."

Hardly had he uttered the words when loud imprecations broke out in front and the ambulance drove straight for a tree. Fortunately it was barely crawling, but the shock of the collision tilted the car and rolled Hardtack out. He got up unassisted and stood watching the driver and his helper and Wally right things.

"Those —— ration wagons again!" stormed the driver. A moving blur up the road confirmed his diagnosis; the wagons had not bothered to stop to investigate the trouble. "They keep right along in the middle of the road. Why, the other night I nearly ran into one almost in this very spot! If I hadn't turned out I'd have hit the team."

"Sure!" assented Hardtack. "What can you expect from them roughnecks?"

After some trouble they got the ambulance in the road again and made the rest of the trip without accident.

At Field Hospital Number Thirteen several orderlies stretched Hardtack out preparatory to removing his clothes, that he might undergo the operation.

"Say, wait a minute, doc!" he said to an officer who was superintending the job.

"What's the matter now?"

"Turn me over, will you, so I kin git a coupla grenades out of my hip pocket."

CONFESSIONS OF AN OPERA SINGER

(Continued from Page 34)

by day could be gentlemen and comrades by night. He said their crests were carved above their places on the wall, and no one could belong except those of high birth. All this was years ago; and I have no idea whether such a place still exists.

Formerly when a sudden silence fell on a party in Germany they would say, "A lieutenant pays his debts." Promotion was very slow, and to arrive at a decent income took years. A Bavarian colonel had only $2000 a year. The equipment of officers was very expensive; their parade uniforms must always be spotless, and though you might wear tricot cloth every day your parade uniform must be of the finest broadcloth and your sword knots of shining silver, though a dash of rain would ruin both. The scarlet collars were more extravagant even than the white cloth ones, as white might be cleaned at least once with gasoline, but scarlet was too delicate, and the slightest perspiration made a lasting stain. This was all before the war, though, and perhaps the dazzling uniforms have all given place to dull khaki. If so Germany is the drabber, for the color was a thing to make one's heart leap. In Darmstadt the first four rows in the orchestra were reserved for officers, at reduced rates, and that beautiful border of color always framed the stage in a brilliant band on opera nights.

In Metz the rule against appearing in "civil" on the street was very strict, and F—— used to come to see us in a full set of tennis flannels, brandishing a racket, though he had never played in his life! In Darmstadt the same strictness prevailed. A friend of ours, a major holding a very high position, had to dodge round corners when he was out of uniform, in case the terrible General Pleuskow should see him and order him twenty-four hours' room arrest!

By the way, when General Pleuskow, who was about six feet ten, was in France as a young man the French made a quip about him. "Who is the tallest officer in the German Army?" was the question, and the answer was: "Pleuskow, because he is *Plus que haut.*"

I was, on the whole, very happy in Darmstadt. All the leading contralto work came to me by right, and it was brightened by an occasional rôle in operetta. They found they could use me for smart ladies in such things as Dollar Prinzessin, and I greatly enjoyed the dancing and gayety of those performances. We had many operas in the repertoire that are seldom or never heard of in this country: Evangelimann, Hans Heiling, Sieben Schwaben, all of Lortzing's—Undine, Wildschuetz, Weisse Dame, Zar und Zimmermann—and so on. Such things as Fra Diavolo and Lustige Weiber were always delightful to play.

We gave Königskinder the first year it was brought out in Germany. Our clever Kempin designed charming sets for it, lit in the modern way, and the soprano, though a plain little thing, had a heavenly sympathetic voice, with a floating quality most appealing in the high part. During the *premières* at the end of the last act, just as we were taking our calls from an enthusiastic public, a strange bearded man stepped out of the wings and joined us. Humperdinck, of course, whom I recognized in a minute from his pictures. He said nothing to any of us, and we often speculated why he did not. He must have been pleased with the production or he would not have shown himself; indeed, we heard he was pleased, but no word was vouchsafed us.

For our geese we had gray Pomeranian beauties and immense white birds from Italy. The Italians, besides being bigger, were more numerous; they saw their opportunity to bully the Teutons within an inch of their lives, and they took it. There was a tank of real water on the stage, in which they loved to splash; but do you suppose a German goose was ever allowed to go near it? Ominous hisses kept them away, and they hated hissing, as all actors do. The foreigners gobbled up all the food before the others could get it, and the only time that there was any unanimity among them was when they were doing something they should not. One night the largest Italian stepped into a depression near the footlights, caught his foot, squawked loudly and passed on. The second largest immediately followed suit; there were eleven of them, and they all in turn caught a foot, squawked and waddled on—to the great delight of the audience. It was agonizing for us on the stage.

Animals were always a trial to the performers, though considered to lend a sure magnificence from the manager's point of view. We used to have a pack of hounds in the first-act finale of Tannhäuser. They always behaved beautifully and were allowed to run without leashes. One night, however, our little round prompter, named "Boberle" by the tenor, as she was as broad as she was long, had taken her bread and sausages into her tiny pen. The dogs suddenly winded this, made a dive for the prompter's box, scratched out the package and devoured the contents, poor Boberle in helpless rage prompting the while. Since that night the dogs have been chained two and two.

We often had famous guests. Edyth Walker sang several times with us, and Knote quite as often. Schumann-Heink, a great friend of the Grand Duke's—she told me she would go through fire for him—sang Azucena. She had always been my girlhood's idol and my ideal of an artist, so I embraced the opportunity to send her a wreath. They said she was much pleased

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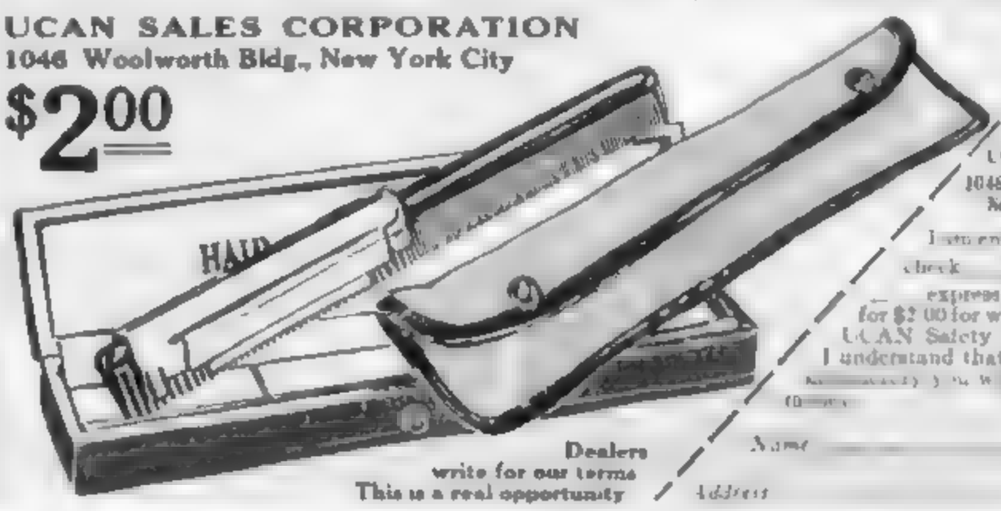

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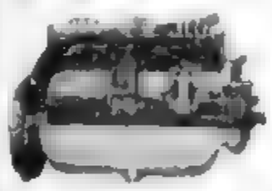

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by the attention from a contralto! She used some of my paint to make up with, and I proudly have the stubs to this day. She made us all laugh in rehearsal. When she said in the last act that they would find only a skeleton when they came to drag her from prison she passed her hands over her ample contours and emitted a spontaneous chuckle that was irresistibly infectious. Bahr-Mildenburg came to us also and revealed to me what Ortrud might be. Especially in the first act was she overwhelming. In playing the part later I always felt her influence, and many things I do in that act were inspired by thoughts she gave me. Watch most Ortruds in that scene: They simply stand in what they consider mantled inscrutability, trying to portray evil in a heavy, unsubtle manner; and then see Bahr-Mildenburg if you can. All the really great people I have ever met are unpretentious and charming to work with.

There was an excellent store of men's costumes to call on; beautiful embroidered coats and waistcoats from the eighteenth century, real uniforms of many regiments of bygone days, and the best Wagnerian barbaric stuff I have ever seen, with perhaps one exception.

One of the principal men singers was a tall, dark fellow, with a most passionate disposition. We played together often and he fell very much in love with me. One day when we were all together at a woods coffee-house his wife asked him how he had broken his watch, which she found smashed on the floor one morning. He said he had dropped it while reading the night before; but he told me he had been sitting thinking of me long after his wife had retired, and suddenly saw his watch shattered in a thousand pieces on the floor across the room, where he had hurled it. He was devoted to his little son—a charming, sunny little chap, with the dark coloring of his father.

When I think of these former comrades of mine I cannot but wonder what the war has done to them. The Hun element was, I am sure, not in all of them, but I can remember it in one. This impossible person, frightfully conceited, lacking absolutely in humor, annoyed and goaded me through two long years with his boorish manners, low ideas of American life, loudly expressed, and crass ignorance of all ideals of living.

I came to rehearsal one day and found my colleagues assembled in the greenroom looking very grave over something. This man H—— said, "Ah, here she is!" Then he proceeded to hand round to everyone a clipping, which seemed to hurt and annoy them all. He would not show it to me, insinuating that I knew all about it. This I stood for an hour and a half; finally I insisted on seeing the clipping, which was from the leading paper of a neighboring city. The critic reviewed a *première* we had just given, slating everyone but myself, and saying that I belonged on the world stage.

This had been sufficient grounds for my persecutor to explain the bad criticisms of my other colleagues to them by telling them that I had an affair with this, to me, of course, utterly unknown, unheard-of critic. When I realized just what he meant I saw black, seized a property crook stick that lay on the table and struck him violently on the arm. I then came to and rushed to the window to cool off. He took the blow without a word, and when I finally turned back from the window, ready in a revulsion of feeling to tell him that I was sorry to have hurt him, I found the others all smiling broadly, in relief that I had cleared the matter up. Of course none of them had believed for a second what he had tried to make them believe.

We gave the whole of Goethe's Faust in two evenings. We had Lassen's music, and I sang two angels and an archangel, a sphinx and a siren during the performances. The mechanical part of the production, with its flying witches, flying swings for Faust and the devil, traps, dark changes, built-up effects reaching from the footlights to almost the level of the proscenium, and a thousand and one details, was managed without a hitch.

Butterfly we gave for the first time while I was there, and the Grand Duke took a great interest in the performance. He sent down some beautiful kimonos from his private collection for the Butterfly to wear, but paid me the compliment of letting me get my own. I had searched costumers and Japanese shops in vain, in London, Paris and Berlin, for a plain-colored kimono such as servants wear, and finally got one direct from Japan. The Suzukis I have always seen have been attired like second editions of Butterfly, not realizing in the least the value of the contrast to them if they looked like a real servant. I have had letters from people who knew the East intimately, who, attending a performance in company with real Japanese, have said very flattering things about my portrayal of the manner of a Japanese. This, considering my height, has always pleased me immensely. If you can feel that even one person in a vast audience knows, understands and appreciates the study you have put upon a rôle to make it true to life you feel rewarded.

Editor's Note—This is the third in a series of articles by Kathleen Howard. The fourth and last will appear in an early issue.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

(Concluded from Page 84)

Isaac F. Marcosson

An Autobiography

most compelling human interest narrative of modern success. This theory has been confirmed by the commandeering of commercial genius by Great Britain in the war and must inevitably be duplicated by the United States if she desires to do her full share in the conduct of the great conflict. While on THE POST I had the good fortune to persuade John D. Archbold to break the thirty years' silence of the Standard Oil Company and make the first authorized defense of that corporation over his own signature.

In the summer of 1915 I went to England to get the English material for the life of Charles Frohman, which I wrote. Then began my wartime commuting across the Atlantic. I bought what amounted to an all-season ticket on the American Line and have had it punched pretty regularly ever since. Going to the war becomes a habit—a very dangerous one to be sure, but with many compensations.

I have made four trips to Europe since 1915. They include many more journeys to the various war zones. I have been shot at in every language and projectile known to the Central Powers and on all the principal battlefields. When an English correspondent tried to make a snapshot of me in Gorizia one day last September an Austrian shell broke up the party and came near breaking us up. It cured me of trying to be photographed under fire.

I was in London when the Russian Revolution broke. Thanks to the British Admiralty I got to Norway on a converted warship and was the first American to reach Petrograd from the outside world after the upheaval which dethroned the Czar. During the new democracy's first joy-ride with freedom I had the opportunity of meeting all the leading figures in that perilous Drama of Regeneration, from Kerensky down.

Since I am acting as "barker" for my own small career it may be of remote interest to say that between October, 1916, and October, 1917, I published four books which not only show the range of a somewhat strenuous life but indicate the varied paths it has followed. They include the Life of Frohman; an interpretation of Preparedness in the terms of Major General Leonard Wood's career; a first-hand study of world war economics embodied in The War After the War and The Rebirth of Russia.

During these past two years I have had the rare privilege of coming in contact with practically every outstanding general and statesman of the Allies; I have been with all the six Allied Armies in the field and I have had the great honor of standing on the sacred soil of the four Valhallas of Allied Valor: Ypres, Verdun, the Somme and the Carso.

Life indeed has been one front after another—all fronts except the straight front!

Josephine Daskam Bacon

An Autobiography

what I mean, when it comes to touching little reminiscences of how I sold my first story!

Of course, if you can write, it is as easy as breathing. The hard part of writing is sitting still, all alone, on a chair, and not doing anything else. I was extremely lazy, as a child, and much averse to playing silly games where you run about trying to catch somebody or something. So I used to sit and read and let the people in the stories do all that for me. You can't do that for many years without perceiving that you might as well write the stories yourself, because you have read them all.

So I wrote stories and put them in envelopes, and somebody at the other end sent back checks to me to send them all the stories I wrote. So I did. And I have done it for years and years. I suppose I shall continue to do it till my hair is white, because I shall always be extremely unwilling to be financially dependent upon anybody, and writing is the easiest way to prevent this that I know anything about.

It is easier than typewriting, I should suppose, because typewriting is noisy and you have to sit up very straight apparently. It is easier than being an editor, because he has to go to his office, and I dislike the idea of that. It must be easier than type setting, because they have to stand up; and it can't be so smelly as bookbinding, because of the paste.

So, from my point of view, it is necessarily about the easiest part of the magazine business there is, and we all know there must be magazines, because look at the advertising matter that has to get through the mails! There simply have to be authors, you see.

And we are the only ones who don't have to pass any tests or really learn how to do anything.

I can't even learn the International Signal Code—but nobody is asked to write her biography on the basis of signaling sixteen words to the minute!

It is all very confusing to me.

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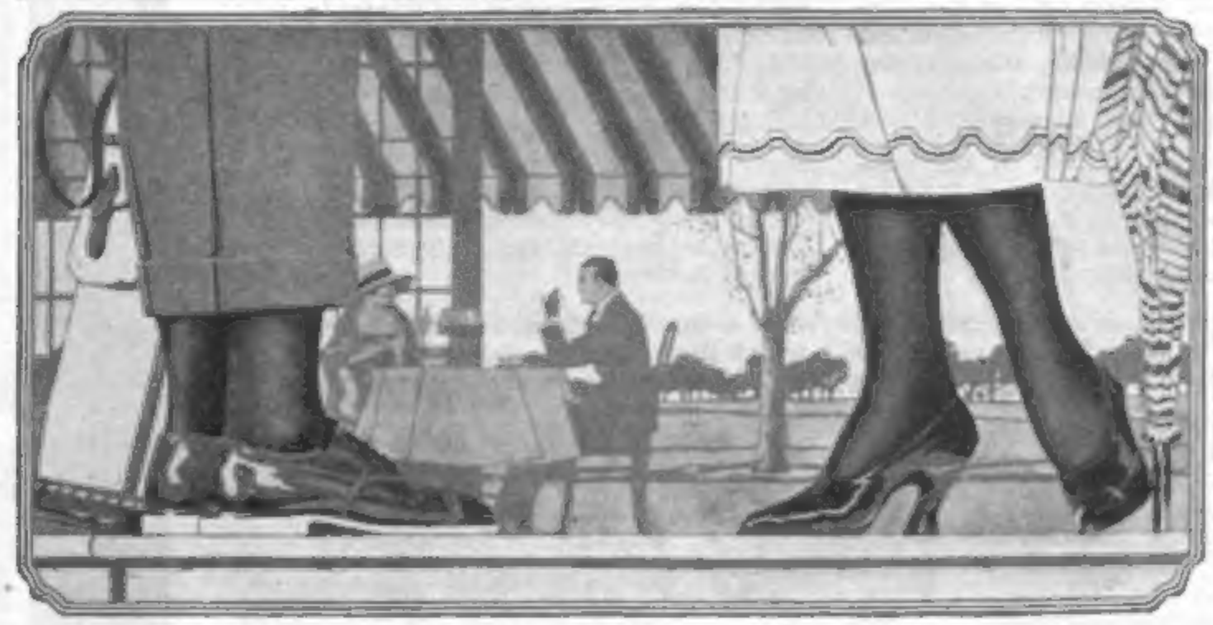

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NO matter what razor you use—it's the *blade* that counts. If your blade is right you are assured of a good shave—if it's a **Gem Damaskeene** you make assurance *doubly sure.*

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"That's what we want on our house"—

Barrett Everlastic Roofings

This will introduce to you the "Big Four" in Barrett Roofings.

This line offers an attractive, durable and economical covering for *every steep-roofed building in America*, including residences, garages, farm-buildings, factories, etc., etc.

We call it the "Everlastic System of Roofings."

These roofings make it possible for you to have exactly the kind of roof you want at a reasonable price.

They may be had in rolls and in shingles, plain or in colors, and offer more in beauty and durability per dollar expended than is offered in any other line.

Everlastic Roofings are made of the best waterproofing materials. They are made to endure. They are made by a company with sixty years' experience in the roofing business.

We know how to make the best roofings, and we stand behind every product bearing our name.

Booklet Free

In the panel to the right are a few details about each of these roofings. Read what it says. Then, if you are interested, *write us for illustrated booklet* covering any or all of the lines and it will be mailed you immediately.

"The Big Four"

Everlastic "Rubber" Roofing

A recognized standard among so-called "rubber" roofings. Famous for extreme durability. Made of the best waterproofing materials, it defies wind and weather and insures dry, comfortable buildings under all conditions. The best roofing in the world for the price.

Everlastic Slate-Surfaced Roofing

Handsome enough for a cottage or home, economical enough for a barn or garage. Has a fire-resisting surface of crushed slate. Comes in rolls in two colors of the natural slate, red or green.

Everlastic Multi-Shingles

Made of high-grade felt, thoroughly waterproofed, surfaced with crushed slate, either red or green. Laid in strips of *four shingles in one* at about one-fourth the cost in labor and time for ordinary shingles. Give you a roof of unusual artistic beauty at astonishingly low cost.

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